PLAYBOY
ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN
MAY 1992 • $4.95
HERE SHE IS, MISS AMERICA
ELIZABETH WARD GRACEN
THE 1992 BASEBALL PREVIEW
MICHAEL JORDAN
A SLAM DUNK INTERVIEW WITH THE GREAT ONE
THE WORST SENATOR IN AMERICA
PLUS: KURT VONNEGUT JOSEPH HELLER SPALDING GRAY
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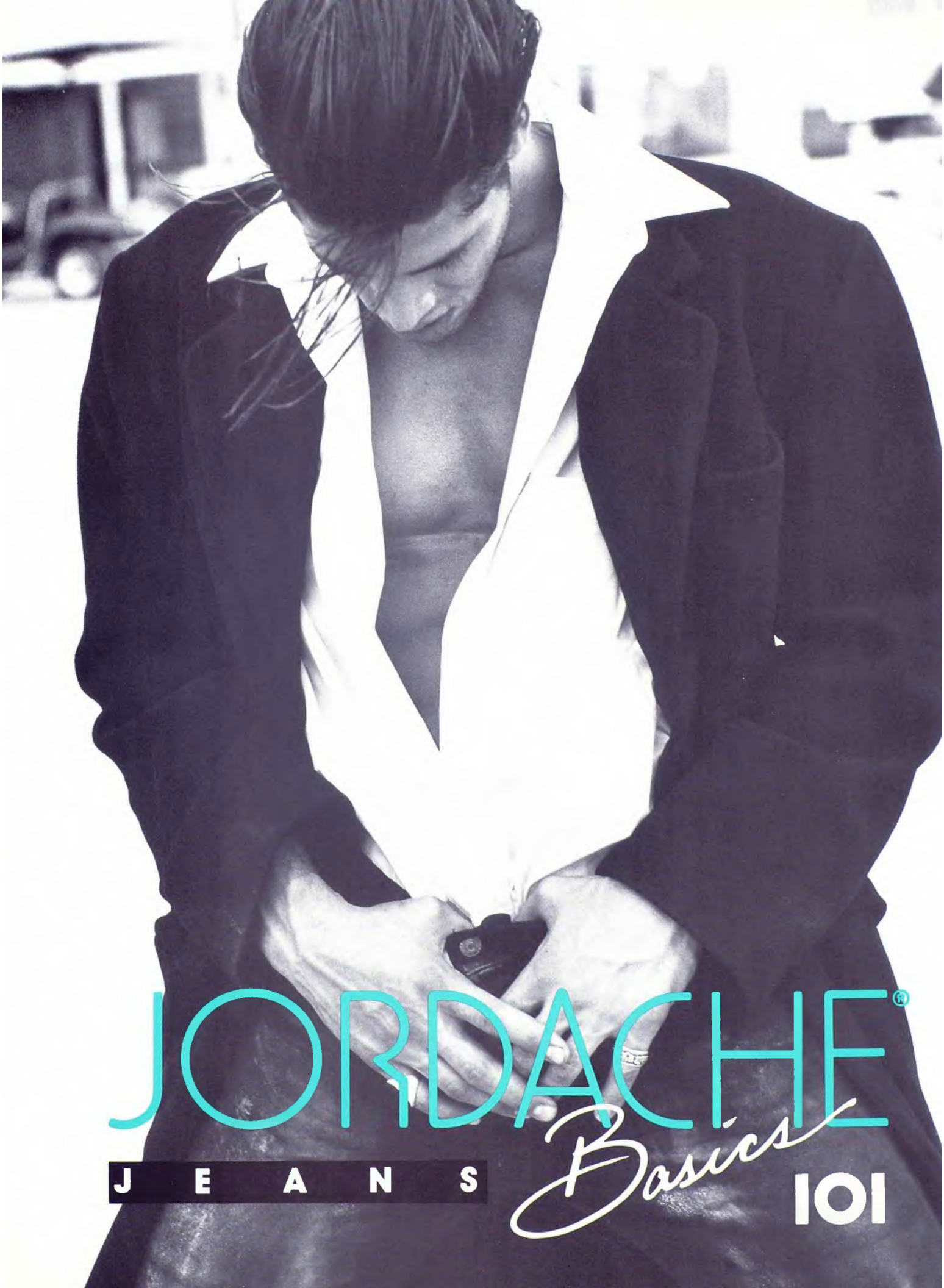
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PLAYBILL

AS THE ELECTION YEAR heats up, America's trade deficit with Japan continues to be a major issue. So here's a radical suggestion: If we can't sell them cars, why not sell them something even they'll admit they don't do as well? Like basketball. Give Tokyo an N.B.A. franchise and soon every Japanese will be talking about Air Jordan. Once Mike starts selling those Chevys on Japanese television. . . . At any rate, read **Mark Vancil's** *Playboy Interview* with Chicago Bulls' star **Michael Jordan,** and think about it. For another strategy—a sexually fulfilled worker is a productive worker—read **E. Jean Carroll's** most-original *Viewpoint*, "Solving the Japanese Problem." On a more practical note, if you're in the market for a new car and have decided to buy American, this is the year to do it, according to *Playboy's Automotive Report*, by Contributing Editor **Ken Gross.**

As we said, it's an election year, and in his *Reporter's Notebook*, "Lust in the White House," **Robert Scheer** deals with the peculiar morality that percolates this season—notably the case of Arkansas Governor **Bill Clinton,** far from the first American political leader ever to have strayed from the marital bed. Coincidentally, shortly before Clinton was being skewered by the *Star*, we were photographing a beautiful young woman from his home state, **Elizabeth Ward Gracen.** We were interested in her because she was a former Miss America and were as surprised as anyone when her name, too, turned up on a list of Clinton's alleged romances. She'd be hard to resist, as Contributing Photographer **Richard Fegley's** photos aptly demonstrate.

Sexual peccadilloes of elected officials are far less worrisome than other characteristics. Probably no more need be said about **Joe Conason** and **Jack Newfield's** profile of New York's Republican Senator **Alfonse D'Amato** than its title: *The Worst Senator in America*. If you're among those who have always held a jaundiced view of politics, you have probably enjoyed the work of novelists **Kurt Vonnegut** and **Joseph Heller,** whose sardonic views of mankind's efforts to do the right things for the wrong reasons have provoked readers for three decades. **Carole Mallory** records what happens when these two great satirists and best chums spend an afternoon together in *The Joe and Kurt Show*, illustrated by **Joseph Ciardiello.**

If there are two subjects that (we hope) transcend politics, they are baseball and sex. Our diamond prognosticator, Contributing Editor **Kevin Cook,** admits that last year, "I was the worst predictor in America, along with everybody else. But the great thing about the game is its unpredictability." Cook takes a stab at it anyway in *Playboy's 1992 Baseball Preview*. As for sex (*we're* certainly for it), there are some mystical traditions that say prolonged sex is a path to enlightenment, a route **Spalding Gray's** hero, Brewster, tried to take in *Impossible Vacation*, excerpted from his forthcoming book by the same title (published by Knopf) and illustrated by **Jim Spanfeller**—no, not our Associate Publisher but his artist dad.

Whether you're a wildlife protectionist, a hunter or merely an armchair adventurer, you'll enjoy *In the Company of Coyotes*, illustrated by **Braldt Bralds.** Author **Elizabeth Royte** hung out with a professional trapper and learned to see predators in a way that most of us never will.

To top off this issue, Contributing Editor **Warren Kalbacker** checks in with an outrageous *20 Questions* with the self-described "portable" monologist **John Leguizamo,** creator of the one-man shows *Mambo Mouth* and *Spic-O-Rama*; Contributing Photographer **Stephen Wayda** unveils this month's Playmate, Texas beauty **Vickie Smith,** and photographer **Byron Newman** offers a delicious pictorial solution to the problem of dull weddings, *A Pride of Brides*. Delightful.

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COVER STORY

There she is, Miss America (and Miss Arkansas) of 1982. Meet Elizabeth Ward Gracen, a classic beauty with a story everyone's talking about. Our cover was produced by West Coast Photo Editor Marilyn Grabowski, styled by Lane Coyle-Dunn and shot by Contributing Photographer Stephen Wayda. Thanks to Tracy Cianflone for styling Elizabeth's hair and make-up and to John Cranham for the gold-leaf background. Our Rabbit is Elizabeth's crowning glory.

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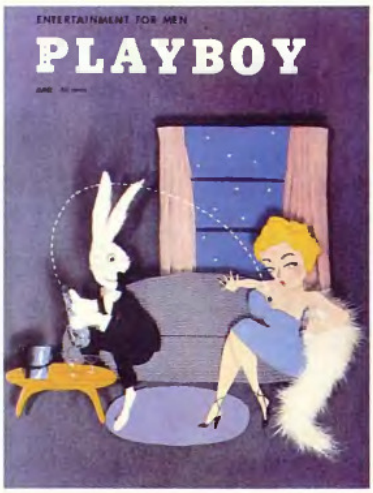

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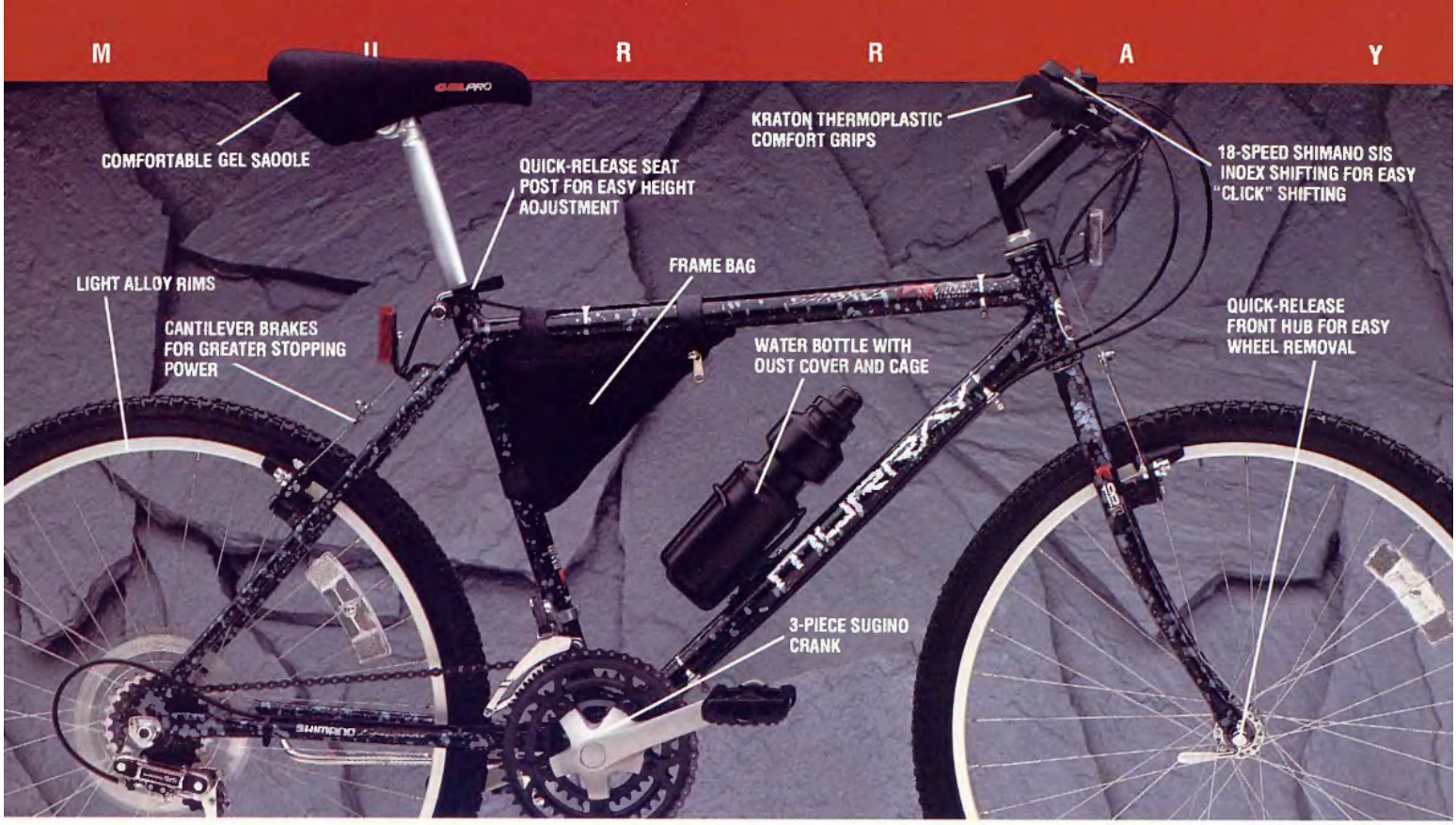
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THE THINKING MAN'S GUIDE TO WORKING WITH WOMEN

After reading Contributing Editor Denis Boyles's February *Playboy* article, *The Thinking Man's Guide to Working with Women*, I'm compelled to express my anger and disgust. And since Boyles remarks that most women "will earnestly and repeatedly deny that menstrual stress influences their behavior," I want to make it clear that my reaction to his belittling article has nothing to do with PMS.

Boyles writes, "When a woman comes to work, she brings with her all the mysteries of girlhood. The same wild jealousies, the same suspicion of other women, the same tendency to want to play the rough games of the boys and the same urge to cry if the game gets too rough." What "rough games" is Boyles referring to? As for wild jealousies and suspicions, my experience in the workplace indicates that men far exceed women in both areas.

A lot of women who hold respectable positions in the workplace have a caring attitude and a fair, unbiased outlook with empathy and concern for men and women alike. Not all women are the monstrosities he has pictured them to be. There are those of us who love our men and stand beside them—*work* beside them—with strong support and pride.

Kristine L. Cassan
Spokane, Washington

Despite its lightheartedness, there is a great deal of truth in what Denis Boyles writes about working with women. As a recent victim of this sexual harassment hysteria, I can attest that when a man is accused of this type of misconduct, he may discover that his male superiors develop an acute case of moral cowardice, in that they would prefer to appease than to make sound judgments.

G. Gideon Rojas
Reno, Nevada

"PUTTING SEX IN ITS PLACE"

I take exception to Robert Scheer's opinions in his *Reporter's Notebook*, "Putting Sex in Its Place" (*Playboy*, February). With his extensive use of the pronoun "we," Scheer engages in the same egregious generalizing and stereotyping that characterize both extremes in the gender war. Certainly, sexual harassment is a problem in many places, but can the quality of the American male population be so low that males must stoop to taking advantage of "situations of social inequality in which the woman can be seduced into losing her bearings"?

While Scheer thinks that "taking advantage is not only easy, it's a drive that's on automatic pilot," I have found the reverse to be true. Using social or job position to dominate women is an idea that is wholly repugnant to me. The people I grew up around would regard a person who did so as having serious sexual-inferiority problems.

I protest Scheer's assertion that "any male who claims to have never exploited [power] for low sexual purpose is probably lying or ranks at the bottom of the testosterone scale." Men and women alike often do things to augment their personal attractiveness, such as padding the prestige of their job, the value of their personal possessions or the power of their social and political connections. But if I had to rely on power, prestige or money to attract a woman, I would have trouble facing myself in the mirror in the morning.

Whatever happened to using personality, personal attractiveness and good humor to gain the attentions of the opposite sex?

Jeff Turpin
San Antonio, Texas

"MIXED COMPANY"

Senior Staff Writer James R. Petersen, in his February *Viewpoint*, "Mixed Company," refers to a *New York Times* article describing how male and female

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students at Hunter College were given a scenario in which a male boss asks a female employee to lunch to discuss her research and instead questions her about her personal life, then later escorts her to other lunches, dinners with drinks, and finally begins to fondle her.

The conclusion of the survey was that women perceived that sexual harassment began when the boss first inquired about her personal life. The male opinion was that it began at the point when he fondled her. What are these women thinking?

If a woman feels so violated by personal questions, she should be assertive enough to tell the man to stick to the subject of business—and not agree to meet again outside the office. After several lunch dates, dinners and drinks, a man is rightfully going to feel he has her approval.

I'd further like to suggest that the "feminists" out there get off their high horses and stop yelling "sexual harassment" over a man's slightest remark. We women are becoming our own worst enemies. I'd also like to reassure men that not all women dislike your compliments. Please hold the door open for me and help me carry my packages. Some women, like myself, realize how many double standards there are now that men and women are trying so hard to define their roles. We still have a long way to go.

Shannon Herndon
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

"NEW RULES FOR HER"

Although a thoroughly nonprudish woman (as evidenced by the fact that I read *Playboy* and enjoy it), I am nonetheless offended by Contributing Editor Asa Baber's tack on sexual harassment in his February *Men* column, "New Rules for Her." First, it is ludicrous for Baber to suggest that as men "your behavior will be placed under a microscope but hers will not."

What is the very first maneuver a woman has always faced when she accuses someone of sexual harassment or rape? The complete dissection and assassination of her character. For example, Judge Thomas' defenders immediately went to work to discredit Anita Hill's character as soon as her charges were made public.

This kind of antagonistic column sets us all, men and women, back a few paces and stirs up more resentment. Would *Playboy* take a position that blacks shouting "racism" in the workplace ought to be dealt with in a hostile and defensive manner? I doubt it. Open the dialog with consideration and soul searching, not macho posturing. Oh, yes, and three cheers for Robert Scheer's *Putting Sex in Its Place*. I think he gets it.

Sydney Coale Phillips
Los Angeles, California

RACHEL, RACHEL

After seeing your pictorial on supermodel Rachel Williams (*Rachel, Rachel, Playboy*, February), my life has new meaning. She's sensuous, eccentric and has a body to die for. Thank you for capturing the essence of *the* ideal woman.

Michael W. Sikora
Austin, Texas

Thank you for the wonderfully understated pictorial of Rachel Williams. I secretly read my wife's *Elle* magazine and have long had an eye on this gorgeous model. Your ability to portray beautiful women in a tasteful manner is one reason why I continue to be a subscriber.

David D. Johnson
Geneva, Illinois

J.F.K. CONSPIRACY

I've just finished reading Carl Oglesby's article *The Conspiracy That Won't Go Away* in the February *Playboy* and, having seen Oliver Stone's brilliant film *JFK*, I can see why the film has received a barrage of criticism. Even former Texas Governor John Connally said that Stone "went too far." Still, whatever facts Stone might have ignored can't be more frightening than those Jim Garrison brought to light at the trial of Clay Shaw.

Two things bother me. One is how easily I bought the lie of the Warren Commission, and the second is why Robert Kennedy, the most powerful man in the Justice Department, didn't declare the Warren Commission's report the fantasy that it is.

Vincent DePaul Parker
Chester, New Jersey

How much longer are conspiracy buffs going to try to sell their half-baked ideas on John Kennedy's assassination to the public? If *The Conspiracy That Won't Go Away* is any indication, they won't quit soon. The so-called conspiracy experts maintain that the Warren Commission's investigation was flawed, but they always manage to ignore certain pertinent facts in the Warren Commission investigation that point to Lee Harvey Oswald's and Jack Ruby's having acted independently. All of the conspiracy theories I've heard have holes large enough to drive trucks through.

George Schiro
Baton Rouge, Louisiana

Playboy has performed a public service in publishing *The Conspiracy That Won't Go Away*. Many of us remember that in the months after J.F.K.'s tragic death, there were many people who questioned the government's "lone nut killed by a lone nut" position. But after the Warren Commission's report in September 1964, anyone who persisted in suggesting that it was unlikely that there was only one marksman was regarded as paranoid.

Oglesby's article cries out for a rebirth of credibility in government. The call to open the files of the Warren Commission and of the House Select Committee on Assassinations and to declassify the Lopez report as well as the files of Operation Mongoose should be heeded as a first step toward reestablishing trust in the relationship between Americans and their government.

John Schultz
Chicago, Illinois

BUGSY'S DREAM

Pete Hamill's February *Playboy* article, *Bugsy Siegel's Fabulous Dream*, is one of the best I've read in decades. Perhaps the good citizens of Las Vegas should erect a statue of Bugsy in the center of the Strip, with water flowing from the nose that was blown away in his senseless murder.

Robert Hanrahan
Wilmington, Massachusetts

PLAYBOY'S WORLD TOUR '92

Thank you for the wonderful smorgasbord of beautiful women in February's *Playboy's World Tour '92*. For years, I've been pleading to let your readers see some of the beautiful women who appear in your international editions, and now that *Playboy's World Tour* has become (I hope) a regular feature, I'm the happiest guy in the world.

Gary Carlson
Chicago, Illinois

TANYA BEYER

You've outdone yourselves once again! The moment I saw February Playmate Tanya Beyer, I fell in love. She should make the 1993 Playmate of the Year competition a lot more interesting.

Robert B. Gillander
Tallahassee, Florida

I just get to the fridge when I hear the sportscaster.
"Another sell-out at today's game..."
I had to get back.
I made it.
And I didn't miss a thing.
Then I hear this noise.
It was Michelle. She asks me what I'm doing. I tell her...
I'm at home watching the news.
Then that weird Bud commercial comes on.
I say to my best friend,
"Maybe I'll start practicing right now.
I'll be able to play better than she does."
Anyway, an ice-cold Bud would really hit the spot.
But there's no time to waste,
sports will be on soon.
Budweiser
KING OF BEERS
Bud
KING OF BEERS
NOT

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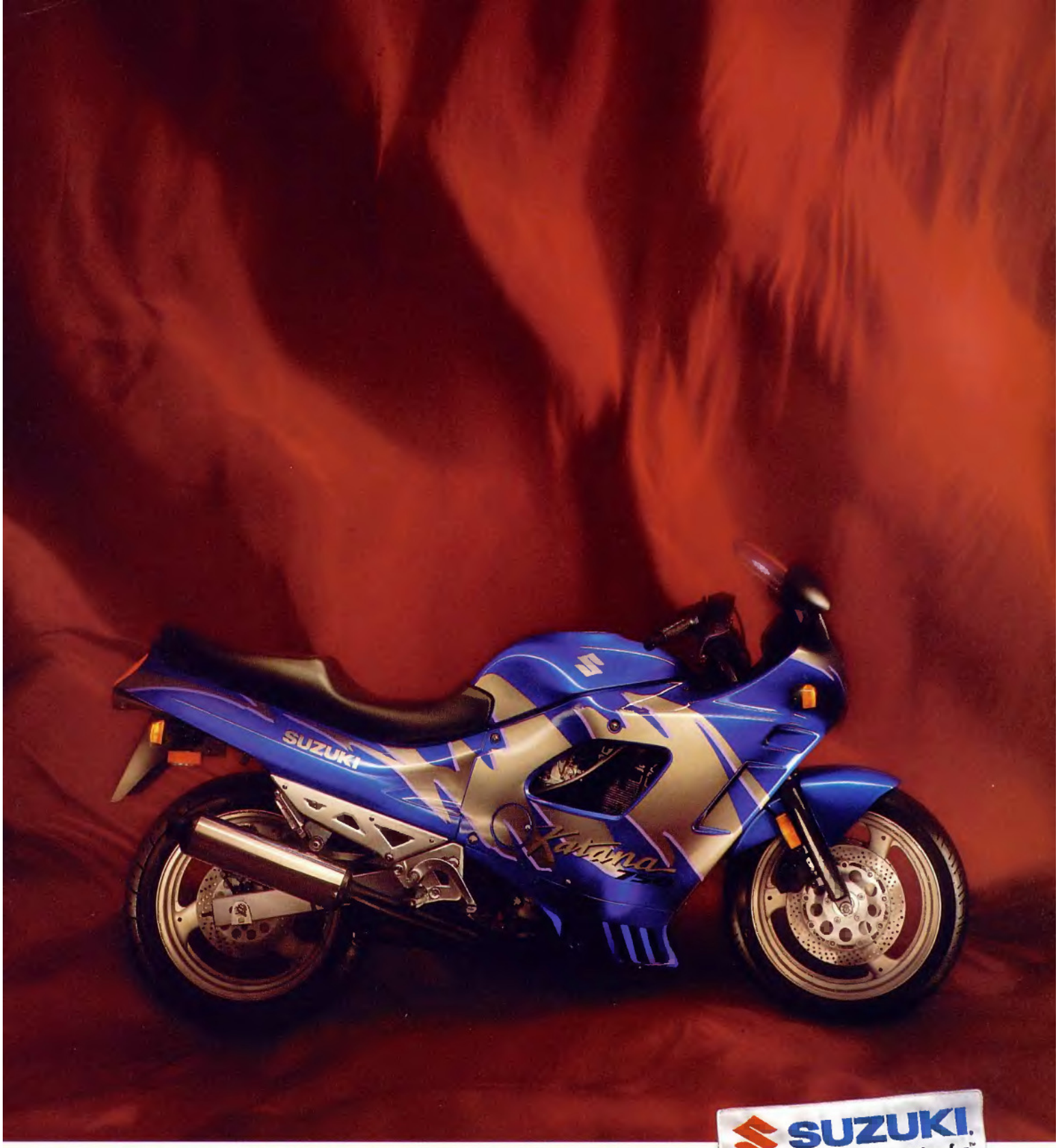

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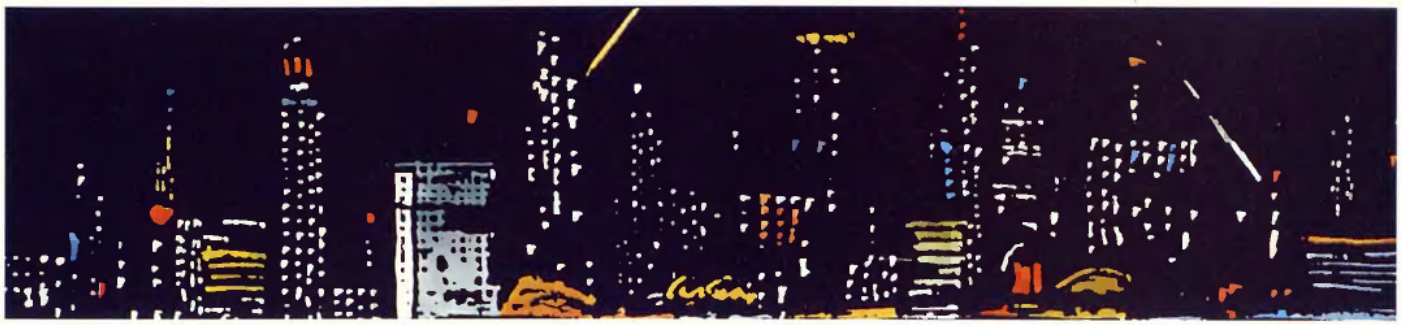
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



WALL NUTS

Seven years ago, David Letterman slipped into a suit equipped with Velcro straps, flung himself against a Velcro wall—and stuck like a squashed bug. Many reruns later, beer-guzzling New Yorkers have transformed this Stupid Human Trick into an interactive bar sport. The weekly wall-jumping contest at Perfect Tommy's—a Manhattan bar that imported the Velcro equipment from New Zealand where it was developed—attracts a large crowd of swingers and flingers. The barflies fortify themselves with a shot (or not), then bound off a mini-trampoline in Velcro-covered jumpsuits and attempt a forward half-somersault onto a padded Velcro wall. If it works, they hang upside down and their jump is judged by how far their feet are off the ground (the U.S. record is 11'4"). Spotters are ready to help the losers crumple to the floor. Stock trader Madison Gulley offers this analysis of the sport's allure: "I guess it's another of those Yuppie experiences. What else is there to do after a few cocktails but jump against a Velcro wall?" How about switching to seltzer?

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In honor of George Bush's performance in Tokyo, the White House press corps presented him with a signed air-sickness bag that read, "Mr. President, next time, dinner's on us."

NAMES OF THE GAME

When we last saw our pal David Friend, the photography director at *Life* magazine, he left us with some thoughts on the upcoming diamond season:

"Nowadays, ballplayers are named Darling or Smiley. Strawberry or Goodden. Gladden or Grace. Baseball players' names are turning soft. Check out the box scores and see if your heart doesn't plop like a Charlie Hough knuckleball.

"Time was when guys had names that evoked things altogether woolly. Such unabashedly baseball names as Jack Crouch, Herb Score, Earl Battey, Al McBean and Jim Greengrass. Tough names: Enos Slaughter, Jim Battle and Red Ruffing. And strange names: Bucky Guth and Ducky Hemp, Podge Weihe and Wally Pipp, Rance Pless and Snooks Dowd, Chicken Wolf and Heinie Manush.

"Today, when I peruse the programs, I feel the golden age of names is over. Gone are the lineups strewn with Reds, Caps, Dizzies, Choo Choos, Chi Chis, Lefties, Titos, Sparkies, Hacks, Macks, Tacks, Homers, Panchos, Cookies, Smokies, Caseys, Guses, Rubes, Lukes, Dukes, Pugs, Tugs, Hoots, Chicks, Kids, Babes and Peewees. Gone are the teams that used to field a pride of Pedros or an exaltation of Jesuses (say Hey-soos-es).

"But wait. Hold that box score. Thanks to America's fascination with all things retro, my field of dreams may be newly mowed. A few years ago, an old-timers' league was formed for baseballers now past 35. The rosters appeared positively Proustian—full of athletic names such as Clete Boyer and Clint Hurdle; mumbly names such as Jim Bibby, Jim Busby and Al Bumbry; mouthful names such as Manny Sanguillen and Al Hrabosky; vowel-reverberating names such as Rennie Stennett and Blue Moon Odom.

"And now I can spot them plain as day, Lou Lowdermilk and Kemp Wicker, throwing smoke in that great bull pen in the gloaming."

ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO

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Hard-boiled ad of the month: The Arizona Sew & Vac Center recently boasted in a sign, IF IT SUCKS, SEWS OR BLOWS, WE REPAIR IT. Question: If it sucks, sews or blows, what needs fixing?

BIG BLUE BALLS

Computer nerds are special, special people. Here's something—an alert for IBM field engineers—that appeals to their special, special kind of humor:

"Mouse balls are now available as FRUs (field replacement units). Therefore, if a mouse fails to operate or should it perform erratically, it may need a ball replacement. Because of the delicate nature of this procedure, replacement of mouse balls should be attempted only by properly trained personnel.

"Ball-removal procedures differ, depending upon manufacturer of the mouse. Foreign balls can be replaced using the pop-off method. Domestic balls are replaced using the twist-off method. Mouse balls are not usually static sensitive. However, excessive handling can result in sudden discharge.

"It is recommended that each replacer have a pair of spare balls for maintaining optimum customer satisfaction, and that any customer missing his balls should suspect local personnel of removing these necessary items."

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Outside Business reports that the National Forest Service plans to bar employees from wearing neon-colored clothing in the forest on the grounds that it is visually polluting.

PIXIE POWER

Students at the University of California–Santa Cruz are fighting administrators over a beautiful redwood forest on

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"If a woman has to choose between catching a fly ball and saving an infant's life, she will choose to save the infant's life without even considering if there are men on base."—COLUMNIST DAVE BARRY, AS QUOTED IN *The Fourth and By Far the Most Recent 637 Best Things Anybody Ever Said*

TAX TIME

Joel Slemrod at the University of Michigan's School of Business Administration reports that the average number of hours Americans spent working on taxes in 1982 was 21.7; in 1989, after the simplification of tax laws, 27.4.

WALLY HEBART

FACT OF THE MONTH

According to the University of California's *Wellness Letter*, riding to the airport can be a lot more dangerous than flying: The U.S. has just 150,000 registered taxicabs; however, cabs are involved in 100,000 crashes each year.

SLENDER GENDER GAP

In a survey by Bruskin/Goldring Research, the percentage of women who said that a co-worker's standing or sitting too close to them constitutes sexual harassment, 29; percentage of men who agreed, 22.

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Percentage of women who considered a friendly pat on the shoulder as harassment, 18; percentage of men who thought this, 24.

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Percentage of women who said telling off-color jokes at work is sexual harassment, 42; percentage of men, 42.

BATTER UP!

According to *Team Marketing Report*, number of fans attending spring-training baseball games in Florida last season: 1,400,000.

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Average amount spent per game by each fan: $17.49.

GRAY POWER

Number of major-league baseball players who were age 35 or older in 1971, 26; in 1991, 58.

THE NINETIES MAN

According to a study by Dr. Charles A. Waehler of the University of Akron, percentage of heterosexual men over the age of 40 who have never married but say they're satisfied with their lives: 50.

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Of those who were dissatisfied, the percentage who feared losing control through an emotional connection with another person, 53; who feared they would make a major, irreversible mistake by committing to a relationship, 47.

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Percentage of all participants who were opposed to the idea of getting married: zero.

DIRTY TALK

In a recent study in the *Archives of Sexual Behavior*, the percentage of heterosexual men who said that the most arousing term to describe coitus is "make love," 60; percentage of heterosexual women who said this, 90. Percentage of men who thought "fuck" is most arousing, 27; percentage of women, 3.

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Percentage of men who thought the most erotic term for female genitalia is "pussy," 30; percentage of women, 33. Percentage of men who chose "cunt," 23; percentage of women who agreed, 9. —BETTY SCHAAL

campus. Since the sylvan Sixties, students have called the woods Elfland and have erected totems, altars and fairy rings—circles of branches to you—among the trees. One collegian, a member of a group called the Circle of 13 Moons, said, "The forest of Elfland has become my cathedral." Appealing to the laws of nature, this invocation on a scroll was left in the woods: "Lord of the gnomes and earth elements, let your kingdom of little people surround this area, forming a cordon to protect and defend it from interlopers, developers, realtors, construction, vandalism, ruin and assassination." The university—appealing to the laws of California—differed, however, and recently felled 150 trees to make way for expansion. We have messages for both parties involved here. To the administrators: Stop with the cutting. To the students: When picking mushrooms, don't expect to conduct conversations with the tiny people you imagine sitting on them.

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Coldcocked in Australia: Fifteen enterprising aborigines attacked police with frozen kangaroo tails and then ate the evidence.

SEEING DOUBLE

Why, we wondered, is drunk driving referred to as D.W.I. (driving while intoxicated) in some states and D.U.I. (driving under the influence) in others? Turns out many states, such as Illinois, use the term D.U.I. because it implies that a driver can be impaired by a substance other than alcohol—though Wisconsin defines D.W.I. as driving while *impaired*. Some states changed their statutes' names during the Seventies when serious numbers of drug users were dumb enough to get behind the wheel. Our source at MADD (Mothers Against Drunk Driving) confirmed that D.W.I. and D.U.I. are fundamentally interchangeable. We'll drink—but we won't drive—to that.

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After the loss in a driving rainstorm to the eventual Super Bowl winner, the Redskins, *The Atlanta Journal–Constitution* summed up the Falcons' short-lived 1991 play-off hopes with this equally short-lived headline: FALCONS LOSE A WET ONE; THE DREAM'S OVER. The head ran once and was changed for later editions.

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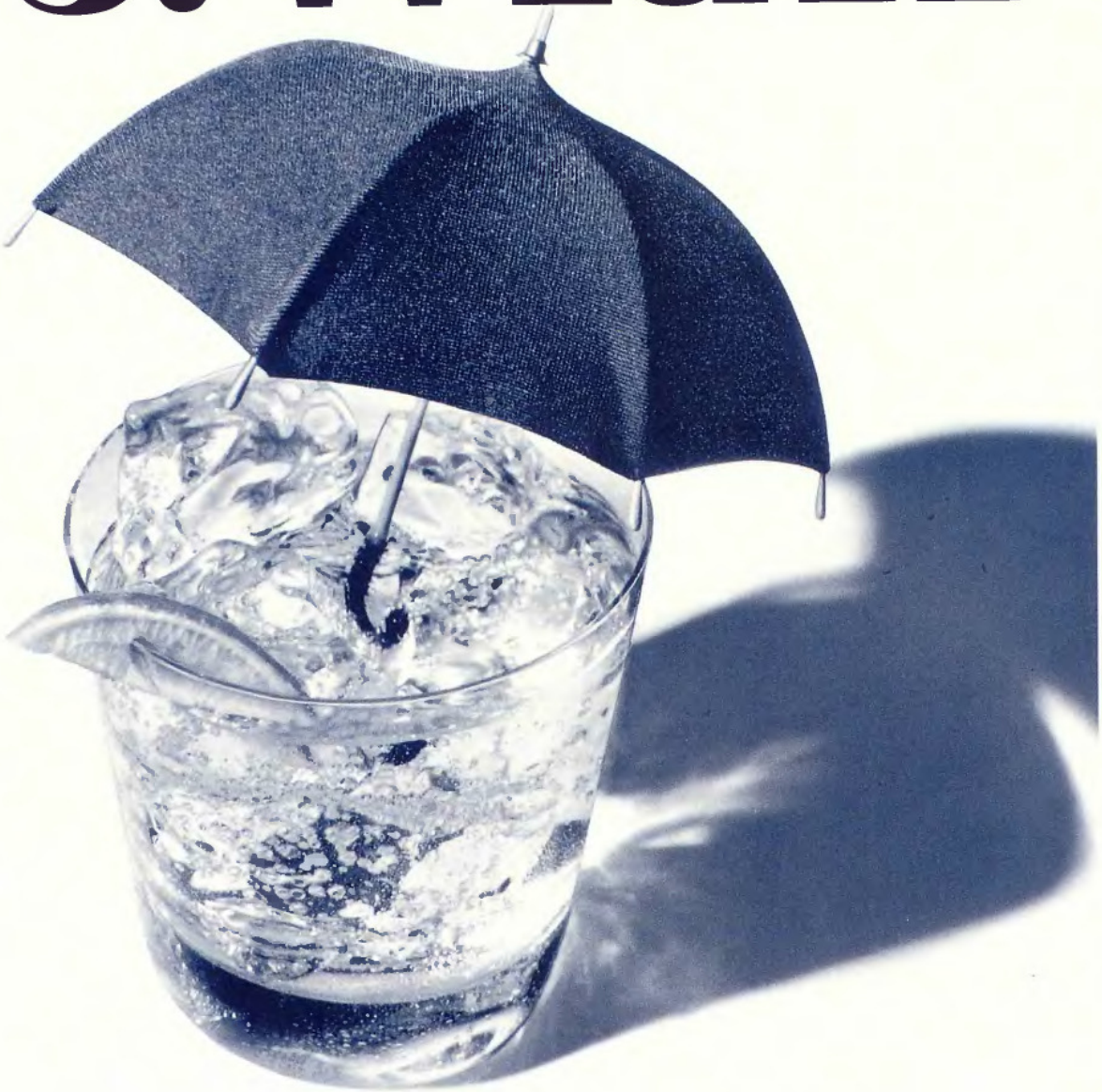
When a panel of experts in England was called upon to determine the world's worst postcards, it chose a dismal view of high-rise buildings and buses in Redditch, in central England. We are puzzled, though, as to how it beat out finalists that included "Cassava Bread Baking on Roof of Amerindian Hut in Rupununi" and "View of the Gasworks from Addington Street Toilets in Leeds."

C.J.WRAY



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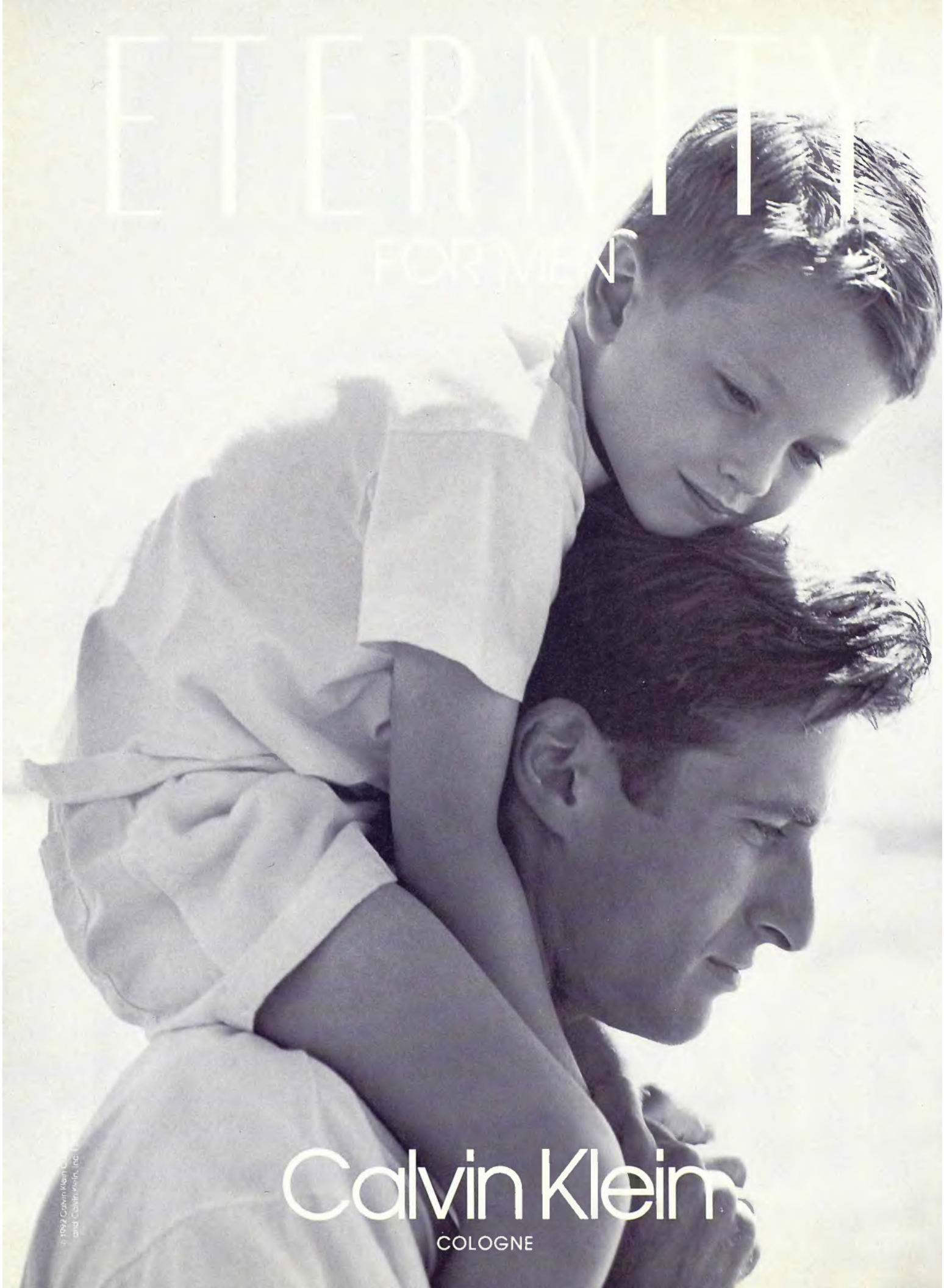
ETERNITY
FOR MEN
Calvin Klein
COLOGNE

MUSIC

VIC GARBARINI

ROCK AND ROLL has always been a voracious mongrel, constantly assimilating and recycling its elements. While Eighties groups like Guns n' Roses drew on Seventies bands Led Zep and Aerosmith for inspiration, those Nineties upstarts, the La's and Scotland's Teenage Fanclub, leapfrog back to the Sixties. On ***Bandwagonesque*** (Geffen), Teenage Fanclub fashions an alternate musical universe where Neil Young joins the Beatles (or is it Peter and Gordon?) to create melodic, if curdled, valentines. *Metal Baby* and *I Don't Know* feature Fanclub's trademark saccharin, stacked harmonies and squall guitars. *I Don't Know* sounds like Neil's *When You Dance You Can Really Love* hijacked by *Things We Said Today*. Does it work? As a *Concept* (the title of the band's first song on the album), these guys click. Melody is making a comeback to counter the relentless atonal despair of so much of modern music. Still, Teenage Fanclub is most vibrant when dropping cleverness in favor of sincerity, as on the soon-to-be classic *What You Do to Me*. So is pop becoming relevant again as music instead of product? With Teenage Fanclub's catchy odes to ambivalence on one hand and Seattle trash-crazies Nirvana topping the charts with an eerily tuneful update of *Louie Louie* on the other, better stay tuned.

FAST CUTS: Buckwheat Zydeco, ***On Track*** (Charisma): Pungent, bluesy squeezebox mania. ***Antietam Comes Alive*** (Triple X): Tara Key shreds stereotypes with her six-string brilliance.

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Every history of rock and roll devotes a paragraph or two to sexy Fifties R&B, smirking over Hank Ballard's *Work with Me Annie*, Billy Ward's *60 Minute Man* and the back seat of Dad's Ford. But only collectors own even those two censored hits, much less Bull Moose Jackson's *Big Ten Inch Record*, covered by Aerosmith in 1975, or the Bees' *Toy Bell*, which resurfaced as Chuck Berry's *My Ding-a-Ling*. So Rhino's ***Risque Rhythm,*** which compiles 14 blues obscurities (plus four bonus tracks on the CD version), is a revelation.

Since I'm a heterosexual male, I wasn't surprised at the erotic charge of Dinah Washington's *Big Long Slidin' Thing* (about a trombone player) and *Long John Blues* (about a dentist filling her cavity). I'd expected salaciousness, à la Julia Lee and her Boyfriends' *My Man Stands Out* or Roy Brown and his Mighty Mighty Men's *Butcher Pete (Part I)* ("chopping up all the women's meat," students of rap metaphor will want to know). But nothing prepared me for the sensuality of the Swallows' deep-swinging *It Ain't the Meat* or the insufficiently legendary Wynonie Harris' simply titled *Wasn't That Good*. It's about how wonderful good sex is. And it makes you hear the magic. *Risque Rhythm* is more than a great collection of dirty songs. It's a great introduction to a rich music.

DAVID CONNES

Fanclub leapfrogs back to the Sixties.

Teenage Fanclub's catchy odes to ambivalence; a collection of salacious songs.

FAST CUTS: ***Let's Cut It: The Very Best of Elmore James*** (Flair/Virgin): The man who perfected electric bottleneck. John Lee Hooker's ***The Ultimate Collection 1948–1990*** (Rhino): You've heard of forever young? This is never young.

DAVE MARSH

For a lot of his fans, Magic Sam was the last of the great Chicago bluesmen, the true king of the West Side scene. And then, just a few weeks after his triumphant appearance at the 1969 Ann Arbor Blues Festival—where he was all anybody in a crowd that saw Muddy Waters, Howlin' Wolf, Son House and Lightnin' Hopkins wanted to talk about—Sam, who was all of 32, keeled over and died.

Sam's best records (recorded for small Chicago labels and often reissued, mainly on Delmark) revealed a good guitarist and the sweetest voice in town. But ***Give Me Time*** (Delmark, 4121 North Rockwell, Chicago 60618) is something more than that. It's a grab bag of old home recordings, a dozen casual performances. Kids holler and romp around the room, pals kibitz—the absence of formality is akin to a field recording, but this wasn't Mississippi, it was Chicago in January 1968, and Magic Sam was looking for the main chance. He sings the Falcons' rock-and-roll hit *You're So Fine* and Faye Adams' old gospel R&B hymn *Shake a Hand*, as well as such standard blues as *Sweet Little Angel* and *I Can't Quit You Baby*. Nobody ever made a more atmospheric record. And what an atmosphere: both joyous, as Sam takes delight in the spell his own voice can cast, and heartbreaking, as you realize that this is it, there ain't no more from this beautiful, supremely gifted artist. If you listen to music for its power to stir your heart, *Give Me Time* will shake you to your soul.

FAST CUTS: Jackie and the Starlites' ***Valerie*** (Relic): Makes Little Richard sound like the least histrionic man in showbiz (Box 572, Hackensack, New Jersey 07602). Jim Lauderdale's ***Planet of Love*** (Reprise): Honky-tonk with heart. John Lee Hooker's ***More Real Folk Blues*** (Chess/MCA): Unreleased for a quarter century, *This Land Is Nobody's Land* was written in response to—what? Vietnam, Selma, the Civil War centennial? It now sounds like the most somberly prophetic song of the Sixties: "This land is nobody's land/I wonder why they're fighting over this land."

CHARLES M. YOUNG

For all the white people who still turn on MTV and ask, "Where did this hip-hop stuff come from?" I recommend ***Street Jams*** (Rhino), a four-CD history of rap music that revives most of the essential early cuts by such founding fathers (and mothers) as Kurtis Blow, Sugarhill Gang, Dimples D., Grandmaster Flash & the Furious Five. The roots that led to every branch of current dance pop are evident here in a glorious profusion of ideas that belie the notion that rap is somehow "not music." Since these songs document the era when instruments were just giving way to sampling and scratching, they are much easier on the unacclimated ear than current stars like Public Enemy, who have crossed over mostly to metalheads who want their noise inaccessible to Mom. Great social history and great for parties. Is it time yet for early Eighties nostalgia?

FAST CUTS: ***Bring the Noise: A Guide to Rap Music and Hip-Hop Culture*** (Harmony

FAST TRACKS

ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Magic Sam *Give Me Time*	4	7	8	9	8
Mr. Scarface *Mr. Scarface Is Back*	6	4	9	7	4
Various artists *Risque Rhythm*	10	8	8	7	7
Various artists *Street Jams*	7	8	10	9	8
Teenage Fanclub *Bandwaganesque*	7	7	4	5	7

BRINGING UP BABY DEPARTMENT: **Eddie Van Halen's** instrumental *316* was written for son Wolfie before he was born. Says Eddie, "When Valerie was pregnant, he was totally nailing her bladder. I'd take an acoustic guitar, lay it on her belly, play the song and it would chill him out." Eddie says Wolfie is still a big fan. Sounds like useful info for Dr. Spock.

REELING AND ROCKING: **Maxi Priest, Branford Marsalis** and actor **Alan** (*New Jack City*) **Payne** will be featured in *Rhythm*, a movie about London's underground-club music scene.

NEWSBREAKS: **Natalie Cole** taped a concert for the PBS series *Great Performances*. . . . **Fine Young Cannibals** are in the studio working on an LP for release late this year. . . . **George Michael's** new album won't be *Listen Without Prejudice, Volume II* after all (look for that in 1993). Instead, he's about to release a dance disc called *Extended Play Thing*, containing seven original studio cuts and two live covers. . . . **Pete Townshend** has agreed, for the first time, to help a theatrical company stage *Tommy*. It's scheduled for a July run at the La Jolla Playhouse in California. The **Who** does not expect to perform *Tommy* in concert anymore, which is the main reason Townshend is interested in adapting it for the stage. . . . **Don Everly's** son **Edan** has a band by the same name, and his debut LP will include member **Frankie Avalon, Jr.,** on drums. Guest artists **Avalon** senior, uncle **Phil Everly** and Dad will be featured on the cut *Sometimes*. . . . Some record-company execs are predicting that these bad economic times will reduce the number of new bands getting contracts. Hardest hit? Rock-and-roll groups. Country music is meeting with more success. . . . In spite of lots of whining from the record companies, which won't make as much money this way, another major trend to look for this year is the used-CD shop. It's a cheaper way to get the sounds. . . . The new **Commitments** LP is one of the rare examples of a sound track having a sequel even when the movie hasn't. . . . Just to keep you on your nostalgia toes: June 1992 will mark the 25th anniversary of *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*. . . . Don't expect to see the **Queen** boxed set before the end of the year. . . . **Heart's Ann** and **Nancy Wilson** are wondering why MTV rejected the band's video for *You're the Voice*. They're calling it political censorship because the video features antiwar and pro-choice demonstrators. Are they right? . . . The **Dead's** latest LP, *Infrared Roses*, is only available through the band's mail-order label (800-225-3323) and is billed as a live improv. Sound-crew member **Bob Bralove** has taken portions of the concerts' free-form improvisations to create the album. . . . There seems to be a new disagreement brewing between the Parents Music Resource Center and the record companies. The record companies interpret their agreement with the PMRC as requiring warning labels to be placed only on records released after 1985. PMRC wants everything labeled. More than enough, already. . . . Fender has created an official **Stevie Ray Vaughan** guitar that you, too, can own. . . . Concerts still yield the smallest revenues of any pay-per-view telecasts. Producers are trying to figure out answers to two problems: how to make them more exciting and how to get them to more potential subscribers. . . . Finally, **Guns n' Roses** have given up trying to start their concerts on time. Tickets now say, "around eight P.M." Isn't it amazing what the fans will put up with?

—BARBARA NELLIS

Books), by Havelock Nelson and Michael A. Gonzales: Idiosyncratic encyclopedia that vividly conveys rap's declaration of self and howl of outrage at the dominant culture. Not definitive, but enlightening. ***Dance the Devil Away*** (Hannibal/Rykodisc), by Outback: Australian band combines eerie sounds of aboriginal didgeridoo with guitar, violin and percussion for an exotic blend of music. Catchy and surprisingly accessible. ***Heather Mullen*** (east/west): Gorgeous voice, believable emotion and melodic gift make for nonschmaltz pop that is way beyond easy listening. ***Rhythmic Essence: The Art of the Dumbek*** (Lyrichord), by R. A. Fish: A small, marvelously expressive Middle Eastern drum called the dumbek carries the entire CD. In this new age of manly drumming, any musician can learn (steal) something useful here. ***Cowbeat of My Heart*** (Shiffaroe), by Pal Shazar: Ex–Slow Children singer goes solo with quirky pop melodies and strange enunciation that fits her we're-all-drowning-in-dysfunction lyrics. Smart and charming.

NELSON GEORGE

In the annals of hip-hop, few LPs have captured the edgy paranoia of the street-level drug dealer as chillingly as Mr. Scarface's ***Mr. Scarface Is Back*** (Rap-a-Lot Records). Building on his views in the Geto Boys' classic *Mind Playing Tricks on Me*, this first solo LP by Brad Jordan (a.k.a. Mr. Scarface) contains a series of raps told in the first person by a self-described insane crack dealer. The song titles (*Born Killer, Murder by Reason of Insanity, Diary of a Madman*) only suggest the artful brutality of the writing. Scarface is the Sam Peckinpah of hip-hop violence. His raps are stuffed with images of mayhem, fear and machismo that the maker of *The Wild Bunch* would have savored like good tequila. Is Scarface socially redeeming? Let's put it this way: If you like such Joel Silver movies as *The Last Boy Scout*, then *Mr. Scarface Is Back* is for you, my friend.

FAST CUTS: Those nostalgic for another era of streetwise music should pick up ***Pimps, Players and Private Eyes*** (Sire/Rhyme Syndicate), a ten-song compilation of tunes from early Seventies blaxploitation movies. Isaac Hayes's theme from *Shaft* is well remembered, but the Four Tops' *Are You Man Enough?* from *Shaft in Africa* and Curtis Mayfield's *Pusherman* deserve revival as well. Louis Jordan, a Forties singer and bandleader, influenced Chuck Berry and is a link between swing and R&B. ***Five Guys Named Moe*** on CD (Relativity) and now on Broadway showcases Jordan's songs, standards such as *Caledonia* and obscurities such as *Messy Bessy*, with wry observations about love and life. This is a fine intro to Jordan's music and to the play.

There are three indispensable items for every Finnish fishing excursion: a fishing pole, a fishing buddy, and, of course, Finlandia. (As you might guess, one of these items may be a little more essential than the other two.)

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Finlandia. Vodka From The Top Of The World.

MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

A CROWD-PLEASING comedy called ***My Cousin Vinny*** (Fox) is carried from fitful start to hilarious finish by Joe Pesci, in a total departure from his Oscar performance as a psychopathic killer in last year's *GoodFellas*. This time, Pesci plays a seemingly inept New York lawyer who took six years to pass the bar exam and has never handled a court case. Vinny drives his Cadillac to rural Alabama to defend his cousin Bill (Ralph Macchio) and Bill's college buddy (Mitchell Whitfield), who face a murder charge stemming from a convenience-store robbery they didn't do. From a screenplay by Dale Launer (who wrote *Ruthless People*), director Jonathan Lynn wages a North-South cultural war with some capable accomplices—among them Marisa Tomei as Vinny's quick-witted girlfriend and Fred Gwynne as the bemused judge. *Cousin Vinny* wins the day as pop entertainment worth more than its weight in wisecracks. ¥¥¥

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Hot men, head-turning women and an insistent Latin beat keep everything on the move in ***The Mambo Kings*** (Warner Bros.), a dramatic and tuneful tale of brotherly love. As the Castillo brothers, who emigrate from Havana to New York in 1952, Armand Assante and Antonio Banderas ignite the screen with passion. Although Banderas, the Spanish star of Pedro Almodóvar's major hits, might steal every scene opposite a lesser actor, it's Assante who dominates *Mambo Kings* with a prodigious outpouring of sexual energy that beats any film work he has done to date. Cathy Moriarty and Dutch-born Maruschka Detmers (like Banderas, scoring high in a first American movie role) warmly play the women in their lives. On piano, drums and trumpet, the Castillo boys rise to fame and fortune when they're booked on the *I Love Lucy* show. Desi Arnaz, Jr. (playing his own father), bandleader Tito Puente and Cuban singing star Celia Cruz add flair to a moving, sentimentalized showbiz saga adapted freely by Cynthia Cidre from Oscar Hijuelos' Pulitzer Prize novel. Producer-director Arne Glimcher brings some nice touches to *Mambo Kings*. A novice director, he's got heart, rhythm and some of the good old-fashioned glitz that made Hollywood the home of movie musicals. ¥¥¥

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An entirely different sort of film is ***The Puerto Rican Mambo*** (Cabriolet), in which stand-up comedy sequences alternate with sketches reminiscent of early Woody Allen films. Writer, star and moving spirit of the piece, which is subtitled in parentheses "not a musical," is Luis Cabarello, with helpful input from writer-director Ben Model. The movie is made on the cheap and looks it, but a low budget has not inhibited Cabarello's rambunctious but good-natured sense of humor. He sharpens his ax on movies—from *West Side Story* to *La Bamba*—that pointedly find non-Hispanics to play the big parts. When he puts on a suit for a job interview, they think he has come to wash windows. Casual acquaintances assume he's pushing drugs, and in one droll episode he befuddles a shrink who suggests that New York's Puerto Rican Day parade will polish his self-image with the retort: "What are we celebrating—sixty years of food coupons?" From the wrong person, such jokes might be considered politically incorrect. Making the most of being "mamboed to death," Cabarello turns his jibes into exhilarating, sharp-edged social comment. ¥¥¥

Vinny's Joe Pesci, Marisa Tomei.

Pesci's comic side shines in *Vinny*; two dissimilar films move to a mambo beat.

•

Being an acknowledged movie genius gives Woody Allen plenty of elbow room. All the same, Allen's obscure ***Shadows and Fog*** (Orion) may be pushing his luck. Based on his own little-known play called *Death*, Woody's expanded film version is a philosophical horror show that simultaneously looks Chaplinesque, Felliniesque, Bergmanesque and something like German expressionism. Allen plays a kind of Everyman wandering through murky European streets where a crazed killer is at large. En route, he bumps into circus people (Madonna, John Malkovich and Mia Farrow), vigilantes and a houseful of whores played by such illustrious types as Lily Tomlin, Jodie Foster and Kathy Bates. They appear to be amusing one another, but *Shadows and Fog* isn't much fun for the rest of us. Allen has been quoted as saying that his true ambition is to be somebody else. Please, Woody, just be yourself. ¥¥

•

Set in an urban Everytown in a period that seems more or less modern, ***Johnny Suede*** (Miramax) is primarily a surrealistic showcase for Brad Pitt. This lad's future as a movie star was pretty well fixed by his scene stealing as the amoral cowboy who seduces Geena Davis in *Thelma & Louise*. Playing the title role, Pitt sports a mile-high hairdo that seems to be some sort of homage to Ricky Nelson. Johnny's a musician with minimal talent, throwaway sex appeal and a history of unsuccessful relationships. He fights with his young black friend, Deke (Calvin Levels), loses the girl he wants (Alison Moir) and mistreats the girl who wants him (Catherine Keener). While writer-director Tom DiCillo's offbeat comedy has marginal momentum, it reaffirms Pitt as a screen legend in the making. ¥¥¥

•

The movie version of ***Edward II*** (Fine Line) is an eroticized adaptation, in modern dress, of a play by Shakespeare contemporary Christopher Marlowe. Derek Jarman, the English director whose flair for outrageous overstatement had free rein in such films as *Sebastiane* and *Caravaggio*, stresses the theme of homosexual politics. His Edward (Steven Waddington) is a sullen English monarch who loves his crown less than he loves his boon companion, Piers Gaveston (Andrew Tiernan). As the queen mother who conspires to unseat her son, Tilda Swinton is stylishly chic in a movie so high, wild and handsome that almost anything goes. Matter of fact, one of the maddest moments is a dance sequence between Edward and Gaveston, spruced up with a sudden cameo by the Eurythmics' Annie Lennox in a torchy rendition of the Cole Porter classic *Every Time We Say Goodbye*. Purists beware: Jarman turns tradition upside down. ¥¥½

•

Director Rowdy (*Road House*) Herrington manages to talk out of both sides of his mouth in a blood-and-guts drama called ***Gladiator*** (Columbia). The familiar story concerns a tough white high school kid named Tommie (James Marshall) who'd rather go to college than take up

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OFFICIAL GOVERNMENT ISSUE

amateur boxing. He decides to fight when two ruthless promoters (Brian Dennehy and Robert Loggia) almost force him into the ring. The locale is Chicago's South Side, where Tommy's peers are predominantly black youths trying to slug their way up from poverty. One of them, Lincoln (Cuba Gooding, Jr.), becomes Tommy's best friend after a stormy start. Thus *Gladiator* plugs nonviolence and racial unity while virtually shaking the rafters—and pleasing the crowd—with knockout punches of sheer exploitation. The acting is excellent throughout, but all that talent can't salvage a dubious cause. ¥¥

•

Spain's reigning sex symbol, Victoria Abril, brings artful seduction to a new high in the subtitled **Lovers** (Aries). Abril plays a wicked widow who rents out the spare room in her Madrid apartment to a recently discharged soldier named Paco (Jorge Sanz). While Paco's virtuous, virginal girlfriend Trini (Maribel Verdu) awaits his visits in a quiet village, his racy landlady introduces Paco to sex, lies and swindling. After deflowering Trini and talking her out of her life savings, his next move is to get rid of her. As *Lovers* lurches to a tragic ending, it holds interest mainly because of Abril's sensual witchery. ¥¥½

•

The exotic Sea Islands, off the South Carolina/Georgia coasts, provide the lush background for **Daughters of the Dust** (Kino International). Written and directed by Julie Dash, who hereby stakes her claim as a young black film maker to watch, *Daughters* focuses mostly on the womenfolk of a Gullah family—originally, slaves from West Africa—facing a move to the mainland from their idyllic isle circa 1902. Like the world-weary Yellow Mary (Barbara-O), who has been there and back, you may wonder why anyone wants to go. The thick regional accents can often be impenetrable, but Dash seldom misses the earthy humor and home truths of a rich native culture. ¥¥¥

•

The dark and deadly **Docteur Petiot** (Aries), co-authored and directed by Christian de Chalonge, is a frightening French thriller about a mass murderer at work during World War Two. Petiot was a married, fatherly physician who was ultimately executed for his mad hobby—drugging and killing people, mostly Jews who believed he was arranging their passage to South America. Playing a grisly role as if it were the grandest Guignol, Michel Serrault achieves a level of lip-licking horror seldom seen on the screen since Charlie Chaplin played the infamous Parisian bluebeard Monsieur Verdoux in 1947. As realistic drama, *Petiot* might have been little more than depressing. In Serrault's brilliantly surreal interpretation, it's a seriocomic shocker of unnerving impact. Stay away or brace yourself. ¥¥¥

Kate as waitress, mom.

OFF CAMERA

Rain-soaked and rushed, actress **Kate Nelligan** slips into her corner seat at a New York eatery for a brief lunch before dashing off to a famous designer's atelier to borrow a gown she'd wear at the Golden Globe awards in L.A. "I'm co-presenting something with John Goodman, who was so marvelous in *Barton Fink*. I guess they choose people who aren't nominated as presenters, to make them feel better." Nelligan obviously feels great, whether or not Oscar should recognize her two stunning 1991 performances—as the randy waitress in *Frankie & Johnny* and as the vivacious mother in *Prince of Tides*, whom she played young and old with dazzling aplomb.

Nelligan, the former London-to-Broadway star of *Plenty*, is an established stage luminary with four Tony nominations behind her, but her movie career hit a major snag after *Without a Trace* and *Eleni*. "I hardly worked for five years. In Hollywood, *nothing*. They thought: She's 50, she's English and she does those asexual parts." In fact, she is 40, Canadian-born but trained in London, earthy, currently pregnant ("I'm having the baby in July"), married to a songwriter she met on a project to help street kids. "Now people who would not see me six months ago are calling up. But why should I be labeled a character actress? That's the kiss of death. I'm not ZaSu Pitts."

Nelligan thanks *Frankie & Johnny* director Garry Marshall "for bringing me out of cold storage. You have to be a movie star even to get a play on Broadway now. People expect me to act like a grande dame, but I'm not above making movies. I want to *win*."

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films by bruce williamson

American Dream (Reviewed 4/92) Strikers' saga won an Oscar. ¥¥¥

Daughters of the Dust (See review) Gullah women in stunning saga. ¥¥¥

Docteur Petiot (See review) Serial murderer in the Nazi era. ¥¥¥

Edward II (See review) Boy meets boy, and one gets a crown. ¥¥½

Final Analysis (4/92) Basinger bamboozles Gere in a psycho-shocker without a brain in its head. ¥

Gladiator (See review) Slugging it out while preaching against it. ¥¥

Hear My Song (4/92) Ned Beatty's the rediscovered Irish tenor in a daft, disarming folk comedy. ¥¥¥

Howards End (4/92) Another Forster triumph on film, from the team that delivered *A Room with a View*. ¥¥¥¥

I Don't Buy Kisses Anymore (4/92) A chubby salesman in love. ¥¥½

Into the Sun (4/92) *Top Gun* taken with a grain of sand. ¥¥½

Johnny Suede (See review) Shining up a showcase for Brad Pitt. ¥¥¥

K2 (12/91) Stirring adventure for climbers scaling heights. ¥¥¥

Lovers (See review) Abril in Madrid, naughty as ever. ¥¥½

The Mambo Kings (See review) Two Cuban swingers take New York. ¥¥¥

A Midnight Clear (2/92) World War Two GIs on a mission. ¥¥¥

Mississippi Masala (3/92) Interracial romance down South. ¥¥¥½

My Cousin Vinny (See review) Dixie doings for a New York lawyer. ¥¥¥

Othello (4/92) Shakespeare's Moor, according to Orson Welles. ¥¥¥

The Puerto Rican Mambo (See review) Pointedly tongue-in-cha-cha. ¥¥¥

Raise the Red Lantern (4/92) In China circa 1920, a beautiful woman learns marriage is hell. ¥¥¥½

Rhapsody in August (1/92) Back to Japan with Gere and Kurosawa. ¥¥¥½

Roadside Prophets (Listed only) Not really worth a side trip. ¥

Secret Friends (4/92) Alan Bates has a breakdown in transit. ¥¥

Shadows and Fog (See review) On the dark side with Woody Allen. ¥¥

Spotswood (4/92) As an efficiency man, Anthony Hopkins is below par. ¥¥

This Is My Life (Listed only) Nora Ephron gets into showbiz. ¥¥½

Toto the Hero (4/92) A brilliantly comic ode to Everyman. ¥¥¥¥

Where Angels Fear to Tread (4/92) More E. M. Forster film fare. ¥¥

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

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VIDEO

GUEST SHOT

"I like experimental films," squeals *Saturday Night Live*'s creepy androgyne, **Pat**, "and romances because I'm a very sexual being." Like those before us, we couldn't nail down Pat's gender (though, video-wise, we learned that he/she prefers Beta to VHS: "I have a Beta machine. It was given to me by my old flame, Leslie"). Pat's favorite rentals: *Tootsie, Switch, Victor/Victoria, A Man and a Woman* and *Some Like It Hot* ("There's a male and female side in everyone"). Fave directors: the weird Davids—Lynch and Cronenberg. ("Oh, and John Waters! I'm *mad* for Divine!") Sex symbol: Rambo or Linda Hamilton? "Neither. I like David Bowie." One last try: Would Pat pose for *Playboy*? "Oh, yes! But you'll have to wait. I need to lose ten pounds."

—D. B. ATCHESON

VIDEO SLEEPERS

good movies that crept out of town

Defenseless: Murder, pornography and incest in a tangled tale well-acted by Barbara Hershey, J. T. Walsh, Sam Shepard and, especially, Mary Beth Hurt.

Drowning by Numbers: Three women rid the world of their expendable menfolk. Arguably the funniest, most accessible effort so far by kinky Peter Greenaway (of *The Cook, the Thief* fame).

The Householder: This Anglo-Indian domestic comedy was the beguiling first feature in what will be a memorable series of vid releases by the Merchant-Ivory (*A Room with a View*) team.

Love Hurts: As a habitual rover facing a divorce on the eve of his sister's wedding, Jeff Daniels has heart, humor and an easy, breezy comic style.

Wait Until Spring, Bandini: Homey amusement in the Rockies—with Joe Mantegna as a bricklayer devoted to his son, his wife (Ornella Muti) and a well-built widow (Faye Dunaway). —BRUCE WILLIAMSON

THE NATIONAL VIDTIME

Don't wait for the first pitch of the 1992 season—catch the best and latest from Major League Baseball Productions.

Baseball 1991: A Video Yearbook: A season of highlights and bloopers in one sitting. Nolan Ryan unloads a fastball to ice his seventh no-hitter; Joe Carter marvels at Cal Ripken's All-Star Home-Run Derby barrage; a security guard bumps bellies with a third baseman chasing a foul; an out-of-this-World Series. Final score: a grand slam, thank you, fans.

1991 World Series: The Twins–Braves masterpiece through a new lens. Exclusive field-level camera angles and interviews help unravel the mysteries of classic baseball drama (e.g., ump reveals why he called Braves' Ron Gant out on Kent Hrbek's tough tag). With five one-run games, this vid can't miss—and doesn't.

This Week in Baseball's Greatest Plays: Mel Allen brings you 15 years of the best of *TWIB*: Triple plays, amazing throws, catcher crashes and defensive wizardry from the Oz.

Baseball's Greatest Moments: Twenty historic memories relived. The stars glow and gloat in their shining moments, captured in archival footage. Biggest surprise: Willie Mays says, hey, he knew he would make that over-the-shoulder catch in the 1954 Series. He was worried about the *throw*. —GARY A. WEINSTEIN

(All tapes $19.95; from Major League Baseball Productions, 1-800-223-2200.)

VIDBITS

With the publication of ***The X-Rated Videotape Guide II*** (Prometheus), Robert Rimmer's two-volume set now boasts more than 3000 minireviews of adult films released through September 1991. The books go for about 18 bucks each; call 800-421-0351. . . . Get out your dumbbells and fire up the VCR. In ***Keys to Weight Training for Men and Women,*** five-time Mr. Universe winner Bill Pearl takes you through three free-weight routines designed to get your bod back in shape—just in time for the beach. Tape comes with 20-page handbook and exercise log; call Critics' Choice, 800-367-7765. . . . Actor-singer Hoyt Axton is the sharpshooting host of ***Guns of the Old West*** (Cassel), a video browse through the world's vaunted firearms collections, supervised by noted Smith & Wesson historian Roy Jinks.

GLOBAL VIDEO

New Yorker Video has a new world order of its own. From Germany, China and Japan comes a triple-header release of:

The Marriage of Maria Braun: Rainer Werner Fassbinder's quirky romance about a World War Two survivor (Hanna Schygulla) whose sexy wiles see her through Germany's postwar reconstruction.

The Girl from Hunan: A landmark of new Chinese cinema, this is the story of a 12-year-old girl's arranged marriage to a toddler. Healthy doses of social commentary, stunning cinematography; directed by Xie Fei.

The Idiot: Akira Kurosawa's 1951 saga transposes Dostoievsky's classic novel to Japanese shores. Visually captivating; stars Toshiro Mifune.

(All tapes $79.95; from New Yorker Video, 800-447-0196.)

VIDEO STIMULI

Step away from your couch and onto the fringe. From Mystic Fire Video

VIDEO MOOD METER

MOOD	MOVIE
MYSTERY	***Barton Fink*** (playwright goes to hell via Hollywood; surreol thriller from the brothers Coen); ***Dead Again*** (serious déjà vu flummoxes private dick Kenneth Branogh, who also directed); ***Fatal Attraction*** (director Adrion Lyne's original cut—whole new ending).
MUSIC	***Eric Burdon and the Animals*** (A•Vision's retro nod to the gang thot gave you House of the Rising Sun); from MPI, two three-tape sets: ***Music Classics*** (jukebox gems from Duke Ellington, Benny Goodman, Nat "King" Cole et ol.) and ***Liberace*** (candelabra glitz from the piono legend).
DRAMA	***Boyz n the Hood*** (teens hang tough in violence-crippled South Central L.A.; director John Singleton's gritty debut); ***Little Man Tate*** (seven-year-old genius learns that being smart smorts; Jodie Foster directs/stars); ***The Doctor*** (detached surgeon Bill Hurt gets sick—then sweet).
DOCUMENTARY	Three from PBS: ***LBJ: A Biography*** (four hours on the man who inherited the Presidency—then Vietnom); ***A. Einstein: How I See the World*** (diaries and home movies drive this bio of the egghead's egghead); ***The Second American Revolution*** (documeister Bill Moyers on the civil rights movement).

comes the ultimate in sight-and-sound stimulation:

War Requiem: Visual interpretation of the titular musical opus by Benjamin Britten explores the horrors of war. The only dialog is Wilfred Owen's poetry read by Sir Laurence Olivier. Directed by Derek Jarman; music by the London Symphony Orchestra and Chorus.

Dance of the Warriors: From the PBS documentary *Ring of Fire*, this vid tracks the ten-year journey of Lorne and Lawrence Blair through the volcanic isles of the South Pacific. With beautiful landscapes as background, the brothers trail giant lizards, watch a sacrificial ceremony and sit down to supper with cannibals.

Cyberpunk: The title is a term coined by William Gibson in his science-fiction novels; today's real-life cyberpunks are computer whiz kids who fancy themselves high-tech outlaws of the future. This so-called video edutainment uses animation and live action to explore the underground worlds of artificial reality, computer hacking and industrial music.

Heaven and Earth Magic: Harry Smith: Take an hour of Monty Pythonesque animation and set it to a sound track that rings of rush-hour traffic in Manhattan—and that's what you get here: a noisy, cosmic collage from the late film maker once called "an alchemist." Truly weird stuff.

—RICK SABATINI

(All films available from Mystic Fire Video, 800-727-8433.)

HOLY VIDEO

In observance of Easter and Passover, FoxVideo is serving up its Films of Faith collection featuring 13 classics at $19.95 each. The lineup, which ranges from Biblical to biographical to pure Hollywood piety, includes *The Robe* (1953), *The Agony and the Ecstasy* (1965), *Moses* (1976), *The Song of Bernadette* (1943), *The Bible* (1966) and *Cleopatra* (1963).

LASER ALERT

Pioneer Laser Entertainment has released a new batch of *karaoke* discs—those sing-along specials with background voices and subtitled lyrics. Included in the eclectic lineup: *Soul Man* (Sam and Dave), *I Go to Extremes* (Billy Joel), *Nick of Time* (Bonnie Raitt) and *Witchcraft* (Frank Sinatra).

VIDEO

BRITWITS

WEIRD BRITISH COMEDY INVADES THE VCR

In the beginning, there was *Monty Python's Flying Circus*. Actually, there was radio's *Goon Show*, with Peter Sellers and Tony Hancock; then, in 1969, six university-bred loonies launched Python mania and forever changed the face of British humor. Before long, Americans were cheering for Monty—and more. Here, then, is a Yankee's sampling of U.K. yuks, many of them new to video:

Fawlty Towers: Pure farce, with *Flying Circus* alumnus John Cleese in peak form as Basil Fawlty, harried manager of a grungy seaside hotel. The episode in which Basil unwittingly insults a group of German tourists is nothing short of genius and only one reason why *Towers* is often considered the greatest sitcom ever (CBS/Fox, 12 episodes on four volumes).

Ripping Yarns: Fellow Pythoneer Michael Palin has a gentler touch but equally askew comic style. In each of his *Yarns*, Palin appears as a plucky hero who, by sheer stick-to-itiveness, becomes a school bully, robs a train, breaks an ancient curse and crosses the Andes—by frog (CBS/Fox, nine episodes on three volumes).

The Young Ones: That would be Vyvyan (Ade Edmondson), the homicidal punk; Neil (Nigel Planer), the suicidal hippie; and Rik (Rik Mayall), the anarchist and self-proclaimed people's poet—all sharing a ramshackle house in London. Popular U.K. comedian Alexei Sayle got his start here, playing a deranged landlord (CBS/Fox, three episodes on one volume).

Kevin Turvey: Rik Mayall goes solo as a demented researcher serving up minimonologs about "work, media, sex, leisure, sex again, death, depression and nasty little sticky things." Fun—in small doses (BFS, one volume).

Black Adder III: Edmund Blackadder, 18th Century butler to a submoronic prince, connives his way in and out of calamities, backed by a stellar supporting cast of fools and fops. Acid-tongued Rowan Atkinson is the perfect match for the gloriously witty scripts of Richard Curtis and Ben Elton. (CBS/Fox, six episodes on two volumes).

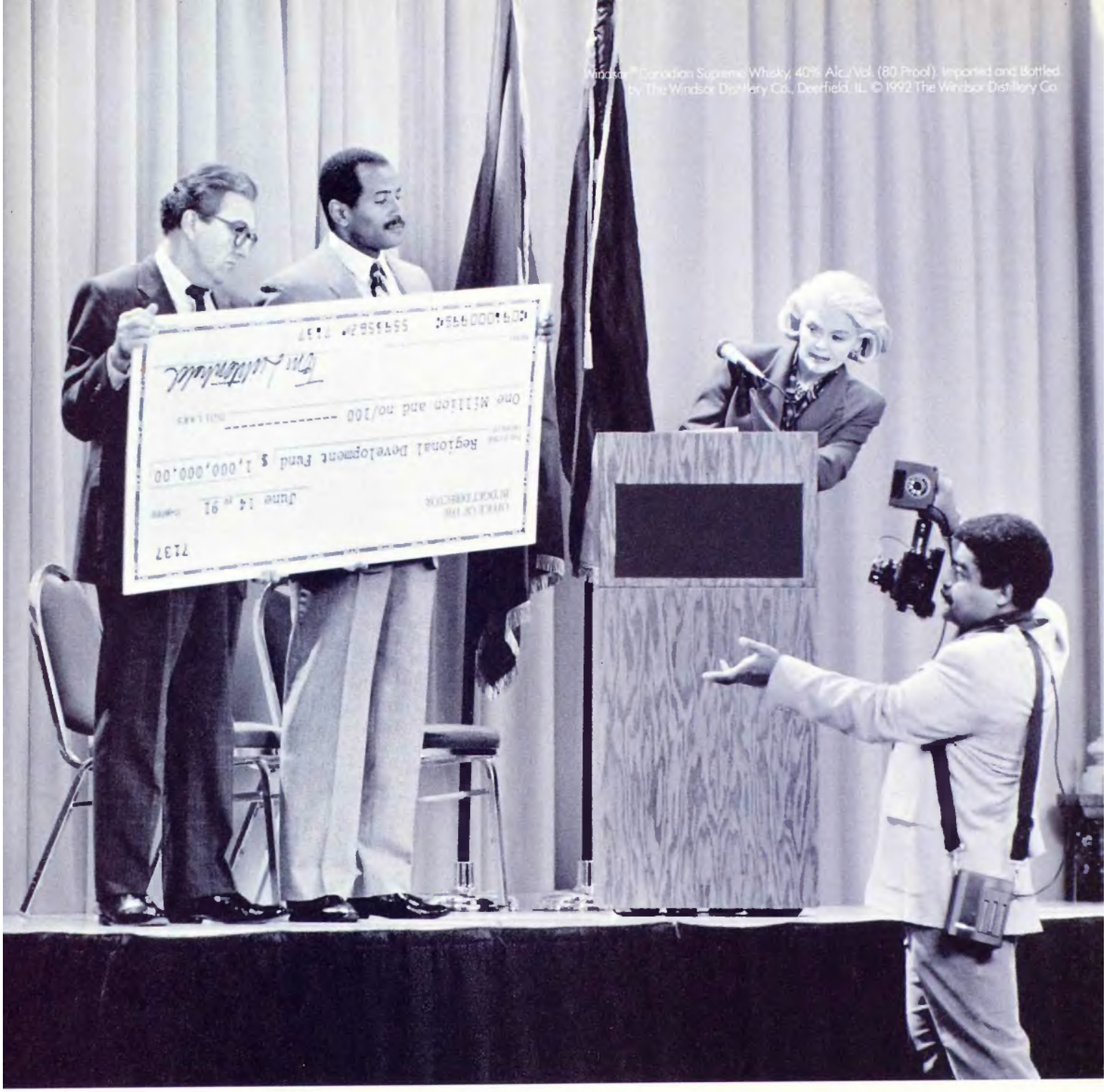
Three of a Kind: This *Laugh-In*–inspired comedy hour stars Tracey Ullman and Lenny Henry delivering lines such as: (Preacher) "We are gathered here today for peace and quiet. I've had a little piece and I hope she keeps quiet." Definitely a mixed bag (CBS/Fox, one volume).

The Best of the Two Ronnies: Barker's the big one, Corbett's the short one with the huge glasses—and this greatest-hits collection culled from their TV variety show is surprisingly weak. (Still, our favorite line: "*The Stock Breeder's Gazette* and *Playboy* magazine are merging to produce the *Farma Sutra*.") Instead, stick with the Ronnies' ***By the Sea*** and ***The Picnic,*** two "silent" film farces with slapstick as belly-laughable as Benny Hill's best (*Ronnies*, CBS/Fox, one volume; *By the Sea/Picnic*, BFS, one volume).

Scotch & Wry: Scottish comic Rikki Fulton headlines sketches straight from the old school. Funniest: the little old lady and her petrified driving instructor. But be warned—these accents should come with subtitles (BFS, one volume).

Cool It—With Phil Cool: Cool's remarkable for his amazing physical mimicries. Victims include Mick Jagger, Bryan Ferry, Pope John Paul II and foreign cars. Best did-he-really-say-that? line: "Marianne Faithfull [is] someone who crawled out from under a Stone." Funny stuff (BFS, one volume).

—DAVID LEFKOWITZ



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BOOKS

By DIGBY DIEHL

DESPITE DECADES of excessive press given to the business of moviemaking, only a handful of book-length reports from inside Hollywood have captured the essence of the beast—such books as William Goldman's *Adventures in the Screen Trade*, John Gregory Dunne's *The Studio*, David McClintick's *Indecent Exposure* and Julia Phillips' *You'll Never Eat Lunch in This Town Again*. Now add to that select library Paul Rosenfield's catty, chatty, deliciously telling ***The Club Rules: Power, Money, Sex, and Fear—How It Works in Hollywood*** (Warner). The list of 400 producers, actors, agents and studio execs—the true Hollywood insiders' club—that makes up the annotation for this book is a devastatingly accurate directory of the Hollywood power structure.

This is, however, much more than a *Who's Who* of the rich and famous. Rosenfield understands the importance in Hollywood (as elsewhere) of personal history, old connections, nepotism, family secrets, past marriages, forgotten trysts, ancient business favors and buried bodies. With breezy (and occasionally bitchy) enthusiasm, he traces the lineage of club members through revealing anecdotes, like some racetrack tout running down Thoroughbreds:

"Mike Nichols got in because of Neil Simon and Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton. Neil Simon got in because of Robert Redford. Robert Redford got in because of Sydney Pollack. Robert Redford stayed in because of William Goldman (and *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*) and Natalie Wood. Natalie Wood got in as an adult, because of Elia Kazan and Warren Beatty," and so on.

A star-struck kid from Ohio, Rosenfield started in Hollywood as legman for the last real gossip queen, Joyce Haber. He absorbed a lot of club lore and club secrets in 20 years as a showbiz journalist and he pours it all into this candid, insightful book. Savor it, because after this betrayal, they'll cancel his clubhouse press pass.

Large chunks of nostalgic California history, a bizarre cast of low-life characters that only Elmore Leonard fans could love and a knockout prose style are among the good news in Kem Nunn's most recent novel, ***Pomona Queen*** (Pocket). This witty roller-coaster trip through a part of suburban Los Angeles begins when a vacuum-cleaner salesman named Earl Dean knocks on the door of Dan Brown's house in the run-down part of town. Dan is a drunken, mean biker whose brother, Buddy, has just been killed in a knife fight and is laid out naked in the living room on top of a freezer. Much against his better judgment, Earl is drawn into Dan's plans for revenge and burial. It's a wild and funny ride into the night.

CHARLES DWYER

Inside Hollywood.

Catty, chatty, delicious
tell-all books;
memories of the Chicago Mob.

Studs Terkel, who turns 80 this month, celebrates with what is perhaps the most important book in his series that probes the collective national conscience on important issues: ***Race: How Blacks and Whites Think and Feel About the American Obsession*** (New Press). Again using his extraordinary interviewing talents, Terkel explores attitudes about race expressed by people from all walks of life—some of whom have appeared in his earlier books. No consensus emerges from the 80 voices in this book, but his survey clearly documents that we are a nation still divided by mistrust and misunderstanding.

The first interview in *Race* is with Mamie Mobley, whose 14-year-old son Emmett Till was brutally murdered by two white men in Mississippi in 1955. Instead of hating the killers or hating white people in general, Mobley dedicated herself to helping other black children as a teacher and as a worker for the NAACP. Terkel's most moving interviews, however, are with C. P. Ellis, a former Ku Klux Klan leader in Durham, North Carolina, who became a labor leader, and with Ann Atwater, a black woman who fought against him until they discovered that, as poor people, they had a lot in common.

In the summer of 1969, Mary Jo Kopechne died beneath the Dike Bridge on Chappaquiddick and Charles Manson went on his killing spree in Bel Air. In that same month in Vietnam, the case of eight Green Berets charged with murdering a Vietnamese civilian generated smaller headlines but eventually had a stunning impact on the Vietnam war and on American politics. Jeff Stein's ***A Murder in Wartime*** (St. Martin's) is a fascinating, detailed study of how General Creighton Abrams' determined prosecution of the Berets unraveled a vast CIA secret assassination program called Project Phoenix. Eventually, President Richard Nixon was forced to abort the trial in an attempt to prevent further revelations of illegal CIA activities, but he was too late. This trial persuaded Daniel Ellsberg to send the top-secret Pentagon papers (which were a record of government deceit in Vietnam) to *The New York Times*. Additional revelations about Project Phoenix and other CIA operations hastened the end of the war. Stein brings a sensitivity to the human side of these individual stories, as well as a strong sense of history to his narration of a pivotal event in our recent past.

Barry Gifford, author of *Wild at Heart*, continues to be one of America's most original writers. His latest book, ***A Good Man to Know*** (Clark City), is the story of a small-timer named Rudy Winston in the Mob world of Chicago's South Side, presented as a semiautobiographical fictional memoir. Most of the book consists of the poignant childhood memories of Winston's son, supplemented by photographs, obituaries, newspaper clips and an FBI file on "The Gulf Coast Bank Sneak." There are touches of Nelson Algren, E. L. Doctorow and Bugsy Siegel in this evocation of America in the Forties and Fifties; mostly, though, this is top-notch Gifford. It hardly matters how much of it may be true.

BOOK BAG

Roadfood (HarperCollins), by Jane and Michael Stern: A brand-new version of the highway bible is a flavorful guide for hungry travelers on a tight budget.

One of a Kind: A Compendium of Unique People, Places and Things (William Morrow), by Bruce Felton: More than 500 entries, including the only ambidextrous President, the only U.S. state that was once a kingdom and the only breakfast cereal ever marketed as a sex-drive suppressant.

Elevating the Game: Black Men and Basketball (HarperCollins), by Nelson George: In a lively and compelling narrative, *Playboy* music critic George traces the evolution, triumphs and trials of black on-court performance.

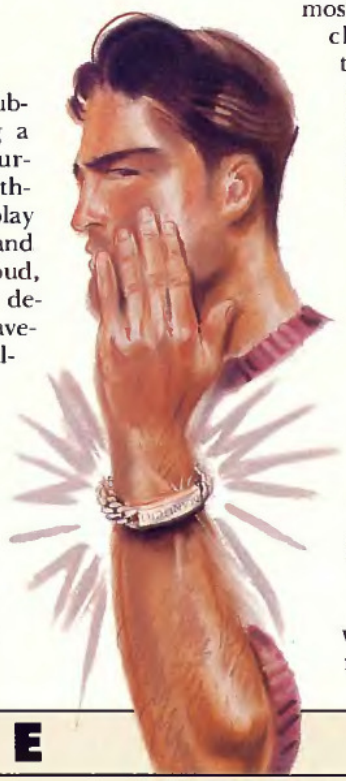
STYLE

PRINTS CHARMING

If last summer's burst of wildly colored prints made you run for your sunglasses, be warned: Prints are going to stay hot. This summer's styles will fall into two categories: ethnic patterns and op-art effects. Fortunately, ethnic prints come in earthy colors such as olive, gold and brown, so they're much easier on the eyeballs than last year's creations. Among our favorites are the African tribal designs that have the look of batik—an Indonesian method of hand-printing fabric to give it the same rough-hewn style of woodcut art. The shirt-and-shorts combination by Island Trading Company shown here is a good example ($65 and $60, respectively), as are shirts by Terranova ($60). On the other end of the print meter—straight out of the Seventies black-light era—are op-art (line illusion) designs. Versace sent bold op-art shirts and jeans, primarily in black and white, down the fashion runway, and now other companies are following suit. Check out shirts by Aqualung ($44 to $60) and Autograph ($55), jeans by Gurilla Biscuit ($65) and op-art bicycle shorts by Nit;Wit ($30). One thing to count on—no one will miss you coming.

DARE TO BARE IT

Taking a cue from the wilder frontiers of clubland, many designers are literally taking a stripped-down approach to spring by featuring sleeveless shirts and vests worn with nothing underneath. Other spring styles also play peekaboo. See-through-eyelet shirting and sheer fabrics are one option; Joseph Abboud, considered one of the most refined men's designers, offers another with his open-weave-cotton fisherman sweaters ($685). There's also mesh, which turns up in back-baring vests, and even eye-catching all-mesh hooded jackets by Gianmarco Venturi ($695). Of course, the spring's ultimate mesh-master is Jean Paul Gaultier (the man who created those cone bras for Madonna's male dancers). His fishnet-and-Lycra tops ($460) come emblazoned with muscleman appliqués—not too subtle reminders of the shape you have to be in to wear them.



HOT SHOPPING: VANCOUVER

A collection of hip new shops in Vancouver, British Columbia, suggests that the city's sleepy, laid-back style is getting a wake-up call from the steady stream of Hollywood moviemakers passing through. Mark James (2941 West Broadway): High fashion amid an interior complete with carved totems. • Boys' Co. (1080 Robson): Young-designer duds ranging from daring denims to the latest club clothes. • Bench Sports (1331 Robson): The place for funky Hawaiian surf jams and collectible embroidered sweats. • The Syndicate (438 West Pender): Catch up on your kitsch here with items such as vintage lighters and Sixties-era G.I. Joe dolls. • Boboli (2776 Granville): Shop here for the most exclusive clothes in town. • Mescalero (1215 Bidwell): A bordello-turned-eatery with tasty *tapas* and lots of celebs.

VIEWPOINT

"If I like something, I buy twenty of them," says Tony-winning actor and singer **Mandy Patinkin.** It's no surprise then that he owns more than 25 pairs of New Balance M997s, which were recommended to him by his doctor. It's all about comfort, he says. "I don't own a tie and I hate tuxedos—they're so restricting." That explains the title of his latest album, *Mandy Patinkin: Dress Casual*. It also explains why his performance wardrobe consists of "lucky red T-shirts and baggy cotton trousers from Marithé & François Girbaud." To what lengths will Patinkin go to maintain this laid-back look? When Banana Republic redesigned his favorite T-shirts, he bought some and had the new necklines lowered to match the older, looser style.

MOONLIGHTING STARS

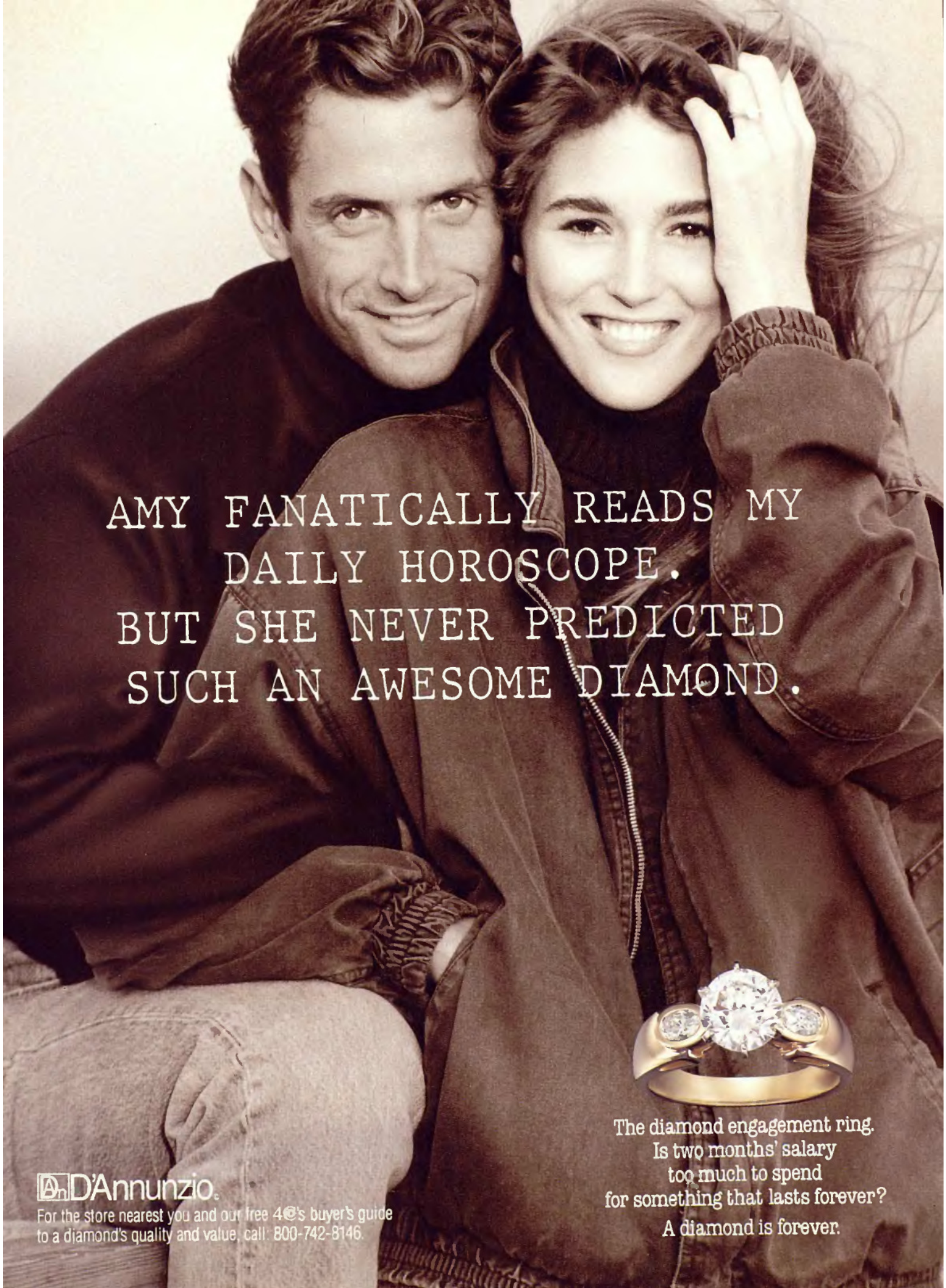
Even the biggest names in Hollywood can't bank on the box office these days, so many of them are amusing themselves in the restaurant business. Dudley Moore and Tony Bill got the ball rolling with 72 Market Street in Los Angeles. Since then, everyone from Robert De Niro (Tribeca Grill, New York) to Johnny Carson (Granita, Malibu) has gotten in on the action. Arnold Schwarzenegger even boasts ownership in two eateries: New York's Planet Hollywood and Schatzi in Santa Monica. However, marquee menus aren't always hits. Steven Seagal's short-lived Chicago restaurant was *Marked for Death* from the start.

MARTIN HOFFMAN

STYLE METER

JEWELRY	IN	OUT
ITEMS	Vintage-style watches, cuff links; chronographs; I.D. bracelets; ethnic pendants	Multiple necklaces; pinkie rings; oversized cuff links; tie tacks
SETTINGS	Subtle gold and silver; brushed silver; thong necklaces and bracelets	Heavy silver, gold or platinum; pewter; plastic fakes
STONES	Onyx; mather-af-pearl; semiprecious stones; stone mosaics	Large, flashy gemstanes; rhinestones; star sapphires; aversized turquoises

Where & How to Buy on page 163.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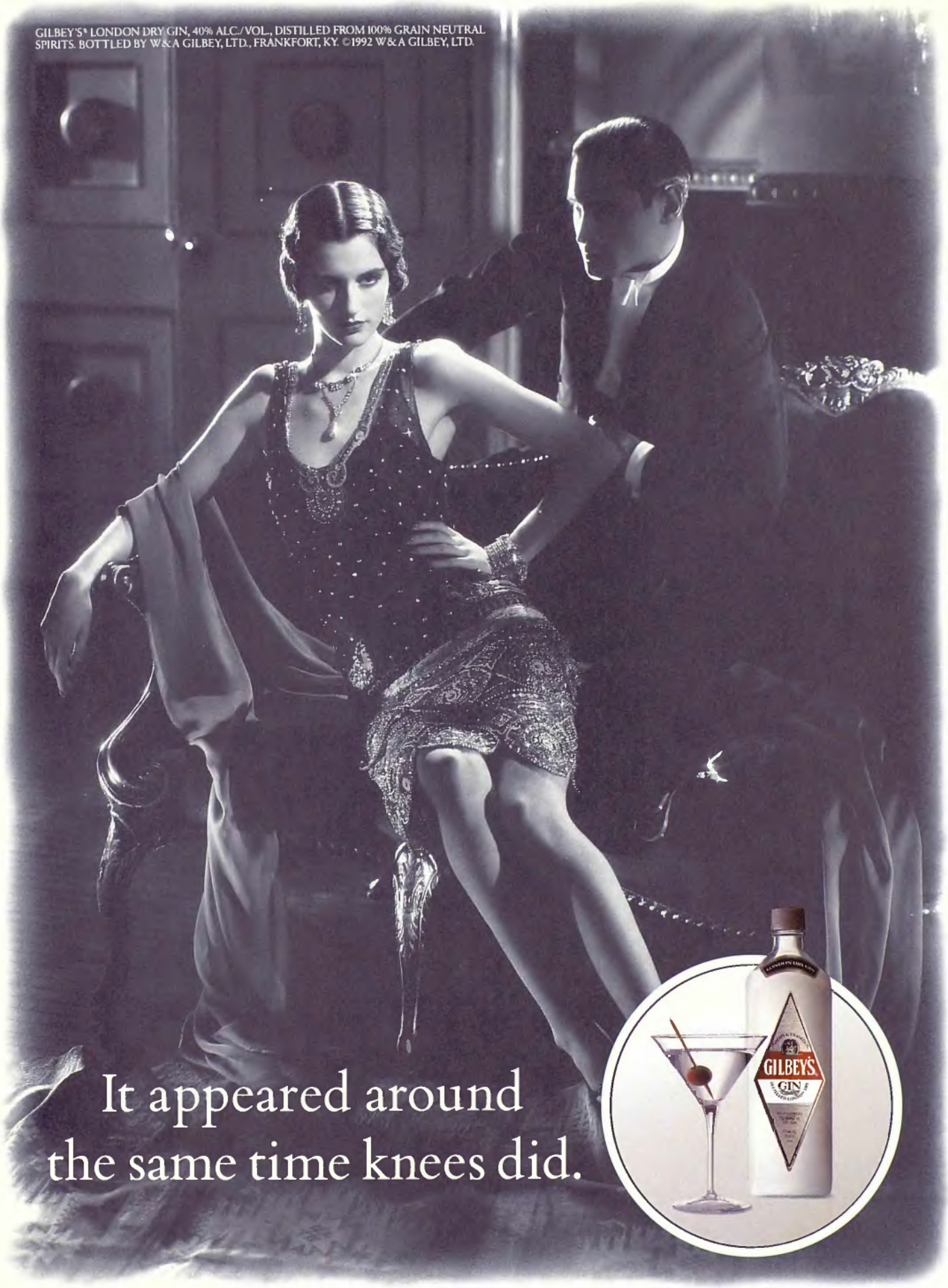
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It appeared around the same time knees did.
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GIN

MAKE RESPONSIBILITY PART OF YOUR ENJOYMENT.

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By ASA BABER

Tim Allen, star of the TV show *Home Improvement*, is right on target. For most guys, life is filled with various home-repair projects that run amok. IF IT AIN'T BROKE, FIX IT is their motto.

My father planted the demon seed of home improvements in my mind at a relatively early age. It all began when we left our rented apartment in the city and moved to a Chicago suburb. We were overmortgaged and overwrought.

The house on Oak Street drove my father crazy. In his opinion, everything was wrong with it. You name it, he had to repair it. From inefficient plumbing to rotting eaves to a lawn that he saw as overrun with crabgrass and dandelions, nothing pleased the restless Jim Baber. He would walk into the house after a day's work at the office, and within minutes, he would be dressed in his work clothes and strapped into his tool belt.

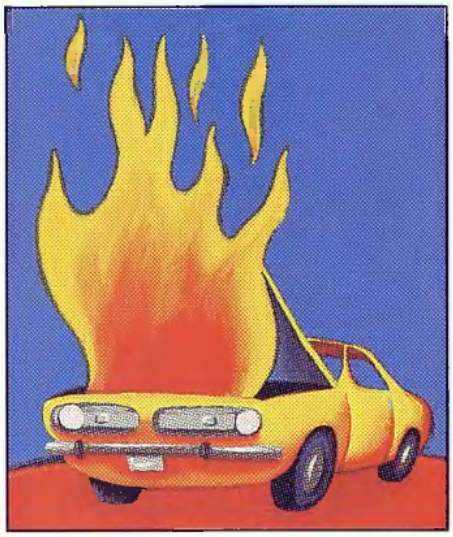
My father carried a hammer the way a grunt carries an M-16. He infected me with the paranoia that only a homeowner can know and turned me into a regular Mr. Fix-it. When it rains, you do not see April showers; instead, you check for leaks in the roof and buy a new sump pump for the basement. When it snows, you do not see nature's glory; instead, you feel every cold draft as a personal attack on the insulation you installed the previous summer.

There is no peace in the world of home improvements. It is like life on the West Bank. The best you can hope for is a temporary accommodation with the place in which you live, and disaster is always lurking out there like a terrorist.

Do not misunderstand me: I am very proud of all the projects my dad and I undertook. Only our special awkwardness could have made them the screwups they truly were. The lawn died, the eaves crumbled, the plumbing backed up, the fuse box exploded. In every case, my dad and I snatched defeat from the jaws of victory. That is home-improvement talent.

What I did not realize until later was that the instinct to be a Mr. Fix-it is like a computer virus. The Mr. Fix-it virus starts in one sector of the male brain but soon it takes over the entire system, every synapse, every neural impulse. It is addictive in the extreme and there is no 12-step program to help you through it.

I found out that I was doomed with the virus with the first car I ever owned.



DAN TACCARINO

THE MR. FIX-IT VIRUS

It was a 1967 Plymouth Barracuda. I bought it used, and if I'd left that car alone, it would still be running today.

But what is the point of buying a car and never fixing it? Where's the fun? Even more important, how do I put my mark on it if I don't fix it when it doesn't need fixing?

Marking is what the Mr. Fix-it virus is all about, of course, whether it's home improvements or car improvements. It's territorial and it's male. We spray our personal property like tomcats do because we need to mark it to prove it is ours. Thus the first and only rule of the Mr. Fix-it virus: *If I have not fucked with it, it is not mine.*

My Plymouth Barracuda was bright yellow. To my mind, it needed racing stripes, so I painted some on. They might have looked more like drips than stripes, but so what?

Tires? No Mr. Fix-it stays with factory tires. Get wider tires, better tires, racing tires—or die a cuckold and a *putz*.

New tires require new wheels. Alloy wheels. Racing wheels. Shock absorbers? How can you call yourself a man if you don't get new shocks? And of course you need a new steering wheel that is covered in leather and easy to grip. A real man's steering wheel, that is.

(It is at this point that the woman in your life will ask, "Honey, isn't all this stuff costing too much?" When this happens, do not argue with her. Just smirk once, grunt and go back to the garage. Remember: She does not have the Mr. Fix-it virus, so she cannot understand your addiction.)

What else did I do to my Barracuda? You name it, I tried it: new suspension, new battery, new sunroof and a lot of fucking with the engine. OK, I admit it. A new engine, the special Chrysler Hemi with an air intake in the hood and a great sound composed of many dBs—the sound of power.

Throw in a B-pillar and an antisway bar, change the camber, replace the slushbox, add a limited-slip differential, adjust for wheel hop and tuck in a jounce bumper, monitor the fuel injection and chop the body and channel it, and you'll have some sense of how I messed with my Barracuda.

I loved that car and it loved me back. It understood me. It went where I told it to go and it never argued.

I loved that car so much that when I got a job in Hawaii, I drove my Barracuda from Iowa to California and had it shipped by ocean freight to Honolulu. Sure, it would have been cheaper to sell it. But this car was mine.

I treated it like a baby. I washed it and waxed it and serviced it. I adjusted the rpm and corrected the oversteer and relined the brakes. I upgraded the tape deck and installed four speakers in the doors and two on the back shelf.

Then I rewired it.

To this day, I think I did it right. And if I had it to do over again, I would do what I did. But something happened. I'll never know what it was. I just hope that my Barracuda is up in car heaven and that it forgives me for killing it.

I remember the moment clearly. I turned the key in the ignition and poof, like that, there was a big billow of smoke, then flames. I watched my beautiful car burn like a magnesium flare and I felt great sadness. I was losing a friend.

But I am a man with the Mr. Fix-it virus, so I also felt great pride and accomplishment. After all, I had created that car. It had my stamp, my mark, my signature. *And now no other man in the world would ever be able to fuck with it.*

Like I said: victory. Sort of.

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

I WISH I WERE A LESBIAN

A bunch of us went to the theater the other night. We saw a one-woman show starring a performance artist named Carrie, a woman who is funny, moving, attractive and brilliant. During the show, she talked about being a lesbian, and every time she did, some women in crewcuts and work boots stood up and cheered.

"Those lesbians make me sick," said Carrie later. "I wish they would stop following me around."

"But why?" I asked nervously. With lesbians, I'm always afraid I'll say something politically incorrect.

"They're so damned politically correct," Carrie said. "They reduce me to a stereotype, they're not responding to me but just to my sexual preference, so fuck them." She took another swig of tequila. She was getting very drunk.

My friends were giving a party for her and she loved it. Her eyes were bright, she hugged anyone she could reach. I was fascinated. I'd never met anyone so honest, so warm, so sweet and smart.

Why can't I meet a man like this? I thought as she hugged me. She hugged me again. "You smell so good," she whispered. "Gee, thanks," I whispered back. She kissed me. On the lips. She tried to put her tongue into my mouth.

Oh, my God! She tried to put her tongue into my mouth!

I know what guys think, they tell me often enough. They think that if they were women, they would definitely be lesbians. They also think of male homosexuality as a scary perversion, but of female homosexuality as, I don't know, kind of *wholesome*. Hardly anything excites them as much as the idea of two women doing it. (I would like to say for the record that the reverse is not true: The thought of two men doing it turns women off in a New York second.)

"So then what did you do?" asked my friend Brendan.

"I just kept my mouth closed and refused tongue penetration," I said. "I was flattered, but nervous."

"You gotta let her go down on you," he said. "It would be just too cool."

I wish I could.

It was at least a year ago when I had a small epiphany. I was working out at the gym and I saw two women spotting each other while doing bench presses. There was something about them. They seemed so confident, so strong, so self-sufficient. I couldn't understand it. Most women are tentative and conciliatory. They have an underlying urge to please. Most women seem like they're just about to apologize. Not these babes.

They're lesbians! I realized. They don't care if men like them!

I was jealous. I remember only once in my life feeling as content and confident as these women: It was 1979 and I was out of my mind on a combination of Quāāludes and cocaine. This method no longer strikes me as practical.

Oh, to be a lesbian! Not to care if my butt is too big, if my legs are smooth, what my hair looks like! Never again to become tongue-tied and stupid and self-deprecating and laugh too much! To wear sweat pants my whole life long!

If I could be a lesbian, I could have chocolate cake for dinner every night, blow up like a balloon and still have sex frequently. Women do not have sex glands in their eyeballs. They do not become excited looking at centerfolds. Even fat, homely lesbians have mates.

Also, I'd probably drive better. I notice a lot of bad women drivers and I think, If she were a lesbian, she wouldn't be going 25 in the passing lane. Because women are taught that to please men, we should be incompetent and fluttery about certain things. We've learned to get hives at the sight of a lug wrench, to faint when a fuse blows. We've been taught that men like us to act as if we can't take care of ourselves. It supposedly makes them feel big and strong.

"I would adore being a lesbian," I told Brendan. "Mentally, I can picture it, but physically, get the fuck out of here."

"Come on, just be bisexual," he said. "Women have such beautiful bodies. Wouldn't you like to fondle a nice breast? Stroke a warm vulva?"

"Now I'm nauseous," I said.

What would I say to a lesbian? Men are amazed at how easily women fall into deep conversation the moment they meet. It's because we have a universal icebreaker: men. How annoying they are, how they never listen to us, how we can never figure out what they want, how cute that tall one in the corner is. The subject of men is the leitmotiv of heterosexual women's conversations. When I meet a lesbian, I find myself stopping my sentences in the middle.

But if I were a lesbian, I'd never have to wear one of those newfangled female condoms I've been reading about. Kind of like a diaphragm, only with a tail. A diaphragm with a tail! What fresh hell is this? I read in the paper that the device will "empower" women, that they'll no longer have to "negotiate with a man." Bullshit! The female condom means that women will again be entirely responsible for birth control.

There's that Texas saying, "The trouble with women is they have all the pussy." And the trouble with men is they have all the dicks. (And don't anyone write to tell me that lesbians strap on dildos, because that's the most disgusting thing I've ever heard, if it's even true, which I doubt.)

I am a slave to my hormones. I can put up with a lot of disrespect if a man has nice enough biceps. If he tells me that I should stop being so goddamned successful, that I should wear much shorter skirts and learn how to cook, I whine. I wheedle. I cajole. I try to argue him into having more respect, into being more sensitive—instead of simply telling him to go fuck himself.

If I were a lesbian, I would. Well, maybe. Maybe I'd be just as wimpy with women. OK, never mind.

SOLVING THE JAPANESE PROBLEM

how do we invigorate american industry? with a healthy dose of rodeo sex in the office, that's how

opinion **By E. JEAN CARROLL**

Is there a restaurant in Chicago called the Water Tower something? Then that's the place. Lots of glass, as I remember. We were in a booth. I had on my fake hair. A big, long nylon sort of blondish-red chignon that I would sometimes pin on top of my head and other times on the back of my head—I don't remember where the chignon was that particular night. I remember my dress. I had only one. And I always wore a pair of panties, a panty girdle, a bra, stockings, a full slip and dress shields.

He was 37 or 38, dark-haired, handsome, with a good shape, which he told me he got by working out in a gym.

A gym!

I had dated only athletes in college, Olympic gold medalists, covers of *Sports Illustrated*, immortals of the Big Ten, gods of Indiana University, Tom Van Arsdale, for instance, the basketball star worshiped as a major deity throughout the Hoosier Hemisphere, and so on and so forth. It never occurred to me that grown men went to a gym. "What for?" I asked. He placed my hand on his biceps. I was 21, had been voted the most beautiful girl on campus and had come by train to the big Hog Butcher to make my fame and fortune.

The man holding his breath and going red and white in the face was my new boss. He had invited me "for a bite" the day I started work, vowing we would "discuss my future."

I told him it was a big muscle and that was when the trouble started. He had to feel my biceps. Then he had to put down his glass of Bordeaux and feel my leg to see if my cheerleading muscles were still in shape. They were. Then he had to feel up and down both my legs, including my calves and ankles, up and down, squeezing and considering, until the waiter came with the menus, which I was glad about, even though I figured this was pretty much the way things went in the exciting world of business.

By the time the steaks were served, my employer's ex-wife had mysteriously appeared with another man and took the table diagonally across from our booth. This sent my leader into a frenzy of tenderness, cutting up my meat, feeding me like a baby, brushing off my lips with his napkin, picking with his fingertips the crumbs from my dress bosom, promising me a vice presidency within two years, etc., until he had worked himself into such a pitch of love that he seized his water glass, took a mouthful of ice and, with his eyes pinned on his ex-spouse, glued his frozen lips to my neck.

My scream seemed to calm him.

"You're so bourgeois!" he said.

By the time we left the booth, he had had his tongue in my ear and had told me that with my personality, the sky was the limit. I had never before had a man's tongue in my ear, but my philosophy of life was to live dangerously. It was raining. He offered to drive me home. He had a large black sedan. We drove about six blocks and then he pulled in under a marquee. "What's this?" I asked. "A motel," he said. "Drive on!" I said. "You're so bourgeois," he said. Another four or five blocks. Another portico. "What's this?" I asked. "A motel," he said. I looked him full in the face and shrieked my address. "Bourgeois! Bourgeois!" he said. We arrived at my cheap establishment. He followed me up to my room and tried to wedge his knee inside the door. I slammed it. He stood a long time on the other side of the door saying, "Jeannie! Jeannie! Open up, for God's sake." Then there was a long silence. Then again, a low, soft whisper, as if he had dropped to his knees and was whispering through the keyhole: "Jeannie, Jeannie. Open the door." Then a long silence. I was in my nightgown and in bed reading Jane Austen when I heard him at last walk down the hall.

I never went back to that office. I got a job the next day as hostess at a pizzeria, where I met a big, jolly mafioso who weighed 400 pounds. He saw me hostessing and fell head over heels on the spot and asked me to be his mistress, saying he would give me $30,000 a year for clothes alone. Chicago is an interesting place.

My first boss, by the way, who had promised me a vice presidency, went on to become one of the wealthiest men in the Midwest. That's how life is. The mafioso died in prison, I think.

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I have been yakking away about the good old days because I want to make the point that my calves have worked in a lot of places and though that evening was certainly fascinating, it was the only incident of the kind to happen to me. The fact is, sexual harassment in the American office is uncommon.

Executive Huns by the hundreds are not humping unwilling receptionists and attempting orgasm in every orifice. *The New York Times*, citing Dr. Barbara Gutek, a psychologist at the University of Arizona business school, says that the best guess is that fewer than one percent of men are chronic harassers.

So why are we all foaming at the brain? Why are we continually pestered with images of nasty louts running loose and hung on the hoof, stampeding the top-floor executive women's room screaming for ginch? Not because it is a normal occurrence, but on the contrary, because it is extraordinary.

Men and women being friendly to one another in the office, coexisting on cordial terms, cultivating intellectual affinity, seeking happiness and pleasure in one another's company and occasionally poking like blazes on the conference table among the skidding coffee cups are occurrences so conventional, so hackneyed, so dull, so almost banal, we hardly notice them. But our pulse quickens when we hear that a woman's breast was tweaked in the company parking lot. Sexual harassment is glaring; getting along gracefully isn't. We think nothing unusual of a man and a woman working together amiably, but we are astonished at a man sexually badgering a woman. Outrageous behavior excites us into forgetting that men and women successfully negotiate their relationships far more often than not.

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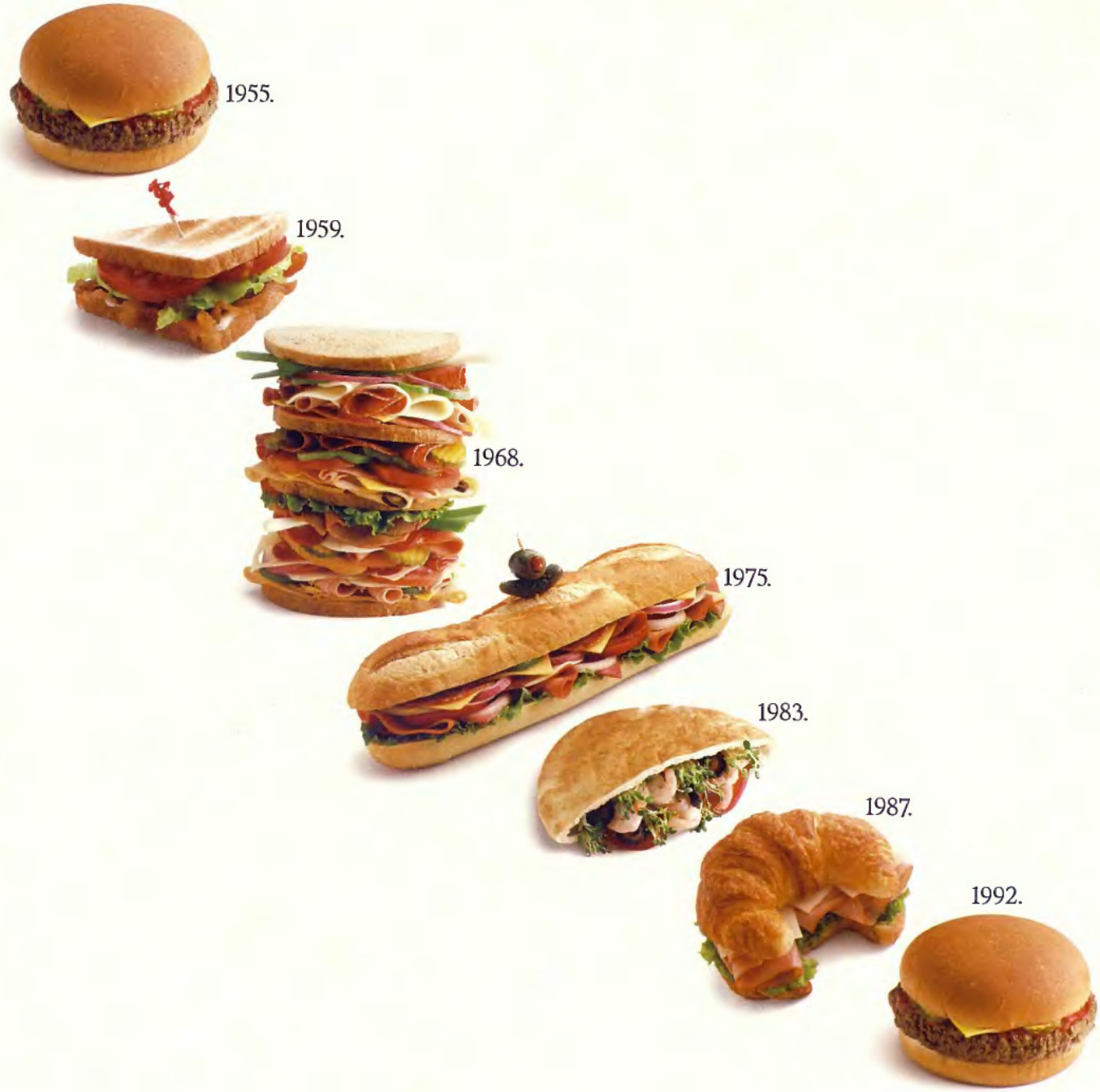
It is perhaps just dawning on four or five minds that if sex harassment occurs so seldom, the real difficulty could be that there is not *enough* sex in the office. I have worked in a dozen places and, with the single exception already mentioned, I personally have never had enough sex in the office. Indeed, I have never had any sex in the office. In point of fact, I have never even had the possibility of having any sex in the office. Once, when I was writing for *Saturday*

(concluded on page 163)



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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

How dare you suggest that someone engage in fellatio while driving on a freeway! The 20-mile blow job you described in the September *Advisor* is unsafe sex. That attentive wife and her husband could kill someone.—D. S., Los Angeles, California.

Lighten up. The freeway fellatio the woman writer described seemed pretty safe—unless she was driving. People do all sorts of things in cars: A recent George Will column said that the California Office of Traffic Safety reports that "commuters are not just telephoning (there are 6.4 million cellular phones, up from half a million in 1986), they—drivers—are brushing (and flossing) their teeth, diapering and nursing babies, mending clothes, eating baked potatoes and bowls of cereal." Some of them may even be reading George Will, though it's hard to imagine that they would be the ones getting fellated. The question is, how much attention does a blow job require? The brain processes about 126 bits of information per second. It takes about 40 bits of information per second to understand a simple conversation in English. (A neat experiment found that if you try to follow three conversations, you can—but you won't remember what the people were wearing, what they looked like, whatever.) Now, we don't know how many bits of information a blow job requires—that depends on the skill of the fellatrice—but we doubt if it's equivalent to trying to follow three conversations. Unless maybe you are talking to your other girlfriend on the cellular phone. Do you black out after a blow job at home? Do you have to watch the action to believe it's happening to you? Then why do you think you would on the highway?

Does aspirin increase the effects of alcohol? One of my co-workers says he read something about not mixing the two, but I rely on aspirin as part of my hangover cure. (The other part is a good bloody mary.)—J. R., Silver Spring, Maryland.

It depends. Drinking on an empty stomach is a sure route to inebriation. Aspirin doesn't seem to affect blood-alcohol concentrations when it's a straight shot. However, if you combine aspirin with food, then you do get a reaction with your after-dinner drinks. Doctors at the Veterans Administration Medical Center report that if you eat a meal and take aspirin an hour before drinking, there will be a significant increase in blood-alcohol concentration, enough that the combination "can be of clinical significance for individuals driving cars or operating other machinery that requires a high degree of mental and motor coordination." The aspirin apparently slows down the enzyme in the stomach that breaks down alcohol. Our advice: Besides taking aspirin, drink plenty of water. Much of a hangover comes from dehydration.

OK. I know masturbation is not harmful, but is it possible to get too involved in solo sex? I sometimes act out fantasies—by myself. Is this weird?—F. D., San Francisco, California.

We've read about guys who masturbate between mirrors so that when they come, a thousand images of themselves climax at the same time. Wow. Cosmic. Sex therapist Marty Klein suggests in his new book "Ask Me Anything" that "moaning and other expressions of passion are normal during sex; since masturbation is sex, those expressions are appropriate during self-pleasure." Klein then quotes a poem by Ron Koertge: "This is for every man who licks his shoulder during solitary sex/rubs his beard against the stripy deltoid muscle or bites himself hard./This is for the woman who at the body's buffet touches her breasts/one at a time/then reaches for the place she has made clean as mother's kitchen./And please don't jump up afterward and rush for the washcloth/like all the relatives were on the porch knocking/their hands hot from casseroles and a cake with God's name on it./Rather lie there, catch your breath, turn to yourself/and kiss all the nimble fingers, especially the one that has been you-know-where, kiss the palms with their mortal etchings and finally kiss the back of each hand/as if the Pope had just said that you are particularly blessed." Are we reassured yet?

My optometrist tells me that my eyes are less than perfect. Since I don't want to deal with the hassles of contact lenses, I was wondering if there are certain eyeglass frames that look better on different face shapes?—B. T., Chicago, Illinois.

You're lucky. Glasses are a lot better-looking these days—some people even wear them who don't have to. The important thing is not to let the frames overpower your face. According to eyewear experts, if you have an oval-shaped face, you can wear virtually any style. Otherwise, here are some general rules of thumb: Completely round frames help de-emphasize the angles of a triangular-shaped face. Semiround, almost rimless frames minimize the heavyset jawlines of a square face. Rectangular frames look the best on oblong and round faces. And large, thick, square frames complement a heart-shaped face by giving the illusion of a broadened jawline. Just take a look in the mirror and figure out which category you fall into. Then try on the best-shaped pairs in a variety of colors. And if you're looking for hot brands, check out L.A. Eyeworks, Alain Mikli and Oliver Peoples.

I'm dating again a year after my divorce and I've been spending recent weekends with a lovely woman whose company, sense of humor and body I enjoy a great deal. The problem is that I spend every other weekend with someone else as well, my three-year-old daughter. I'm devoted to my daughter and I try to fill our weekends together with activities she enjoys: outings to parks, playgrounds, the zoo, movies and the beach. My girlfriend, who has no children, winds up coming along for the ride. She says she likes to see me caring for my daughter, but I'm concerned that as time passes, she'll become jealous of all the time I spend climbing play structures instead of focusing on her.—K. K., Port Jefferson, New York.

Ah, courtship in the Nineties. Sure, there's a risk that your girlfriend might feel neglected on the weekends you have your daughter. But your little girl is a permanent part of your life. If your girlfriend has any inclination to join your family, she needs to feel comfortable being involved with a man who places a high priority on spending time with his child. The important thing here is to include your girlfriend as much as possible in your father-daughter activities. She can climb play structures, too. She might also have ideas for family fun that have not occurred to you—baking cookies, making doll clothes or taking your daughter to the ballet. At the same time, you need to keep the lines of communication open and check in regularly with your girlfriend about any resentments she might feel as the third wheel on what was, until recently, a bicycle built for two. Reassure her that you understand how difficult it must be for her to be involved with both you and your daughter—two new relationships instead of just the one she might have preferred. But we think she'll value your relationship all the more because you're so attentive to your daughter. As for the inevitable rough spots that are bound to crop up when your daughter is less than an angel,

ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO

you two have a safety valve—two weekends a month when your daughter is with your ex. Make those weekends special. Take your girlfriend on some romantic getaways. Spend some time with her friends. Do things she likes to do. In general, be as attentive to your girlfriend's needs as you are to your daughter's.

I know it isn't kosher among some feminists to admit this, but I love guys with big cocks. Old boyfriends have always told me ad nauseam about their love of women with long legs or big breasts—neither of which I have—but I never had the courage to tell them I wished their belt bottles had better standing in the long-neck club. Don't get me wrong; the physical pleasure I receive during intercourse has never been affected by size, but something about stroking and sucking a huge cock during foreplay really gets me hot. That said, how can I meet guys with long dongs? Would it be impolite to reach under the table during dinner to feel them up?—L. B., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Well, you could check them out over (under?) dinner, but use your foot so you don't bump your head. Actually, there's no need to risk a scene in your favorite bistro. The Hung Jury, a national dating service based in Los Angeles, caters to women who "want the bigger things in life"—namely, experienced lovers with at least "eight erect inches." Founded in 1977, the Hung Jury offers a quarterly newsletter of personal ads and photos with such classic lines as "The pen is mightier than the sword, but my 9½ inches is a lot more fun," and "Photo essential (face, not phallus)." For $20 you can get the latest copy stuffed into your mailbox. Publisher Jim Boyd, who's at work on a book entitled "The Last Sexual Taboo: Women and Penis Size," decries the "sexual double standard where men can express their preferences for big boobs or long legs, but women who like big cocks are considered sluts and whores." So far, he's found about 1000 people who agree. For membership details, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and one dollar for handling to the Hung Jury, P.O. Box 417, Los Angeles 90078.

The only time I can fit a workout into my schedule these days is late at night. That means about 11 P.M. After a workout, when I should be going to sleep, I'm wired. I need some rest, but I don't want to give up my exercise routine. Any advice?—T. B., Berkeley, California.

Provided you're married or living with someone, the best way to cool down for the evening is to move the activity into the bedroom. Yes, sex will get your blood pumping initially, but the aftereffects are actually calming. (Plus, if it's late enough, she won't complain that you fall asleep afterward.) If a sexual nightcap is out of the question, Sharon Stoub, a personal trainer at the Sporting Club in Chicago, has these suggestions: End your workout with yoga stretches, take a hot bath or drink a cup of herbal tea. Foods high in tryptophan, such as bananas, figs, yogurt and tuna, also help promote sleep. And if all else fails, read. There's nothing like 1500 pages of quantum physics to bring on a good snooze.

My husband and I have tried several times to have sex in the bathtub. All these attempts failed, however, because of lack of lubrication. My husband is well endowed, while I am very small. We have tried to use K-Y jelly, but it dissolves in water. I hate the feel of petroleum jelly. Recently, while relaxing with some scented bath oils in the tub, my husband joined me. To my utter astonishment, we proceeded to have great sex, with relatively easy penetration and little pain. The bath oil acted as a lubricant and it was wonderful. My question is: What will the bath oil do to my insides?—K. H., Miami, Florida.

Make them feel squeaky clean. Some people report a sensitivity to scented oils. If you experience a burning sensation, switch to a mild or unscented product. The vagina is self-cleaning. The occasional slip and slide may temporarily alter pH levels, but they'll quickly return to normal. Enjoy.

A friend recently told me that darker coffee beans have less caffeine than lighter ones. I hate decaffeinated coffee, so perhaps going with a darker bean is one way to meet my doctor's demand to cut back. What's the story?—B. F., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

All coffee beans start out green. The longer they're roasted, the more caffeine they lose and the darker they get in the process. But make no mistake: Darker beans are no substitute for decaffeinated beans. A cup of coffee made with the former contains between 70 and 155 milligrams of caffeine compared to less than five milligrams when made with the latter. If you can't give up the real thing, try mixing the two for a happy medium.

The other day, I met a new co-worker who is absolutely gorgeous. I couldn't take my eyes off her face or figure as she walked toward my desk with my boss. But when we were introduced and she reached to shake my hand, my palms were slippery with sweat. Frantic, I put my hands in my pockets and watched in horror as she awkwardly withdrew. This has never happened before, not even when I've greeted my boss before a big presentation. What made my hand glands suddenly go crazy when I saw this woman approaching, and what should I have done?—J. L., Helena, Montana.

It must be love. Your hands and armpits work the same way: When you're nervous, excited or overheated, sweat emerges from the millions of glands concentrated in your palms, armpits, soles and forehead. It may be that you suffer from a mild case of hyperhidrosis, or excessive sweating, which usually occurs in these areas and is often treated with antiperspirants. (Almost makes you wish you'd masturbated more as a teen, so you'd have more hair on your palms to keep them dry.) Try this: As you rise from your chair, place your palms on your pant legs at your thighs as if you were pushing yourself up. As you do, discreetly wipe your palms, then offer a dry hand. If there's a moment before you're introduced, slip your hands into your pockets and rub your palms against the insides when you withdraw to shake. Better yet, excuse yourself from contact because of a recent, nasty bout with a cold or the flu. Maybe she'll check in later to see how you're feeling.

Last year, my wife and I installed a hot tub on our deck and we've been having a great time making love in it under the stars. But a few times, a day or so after tubbing, we've developed this weird itch we jokingly call hot-tub rash. Each time, it went away after a week or so and we didn't think much about it. Friends have soaked in our tub without getting the rash, but so far as we know, they didn't make love in it. Recently, we hosted a weekend party for four couples. We all enjoyed some nonsexual group soaks, but we also had sign-ups for private couple time in the tub. Our guests agreed that their tub trysts were the high point of the weekend, but since then, all four have called to say they've developed the itchy rash. What is this thing? And does spa sex cause it?—K. T., Ross, California.

Spa sex has nothing to do with it, but your term for it, hot-tub rash, is right on the mark. In tubs with chlorine levels of less than one part per million, bacteria can grow and, up to 48 hours after exposure, cause an itchy but otherwise harmless rash that lasts about a week and then goes away by itself. The warmer you keep your tub, the greater the risk of bacterial growth and rash. Risk also rises with use of Jacuzzi jets and a sudden increase in the number of bathers, which probably explains the outbreak among your weekend guests. Showering before entering the tub does not prevent the rash. The National Spa and Pool Institute urges hot-tub owners to keep them adequately chlorinated. Add extra chemicals before tubbing parties. Anything else would be, well, rash.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.

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LUST IN THE WHITE HOUSE

our greatest presidents enjoyed a virile sex drive. so far, it hasn't hurt the country

opinion **By ROBERT SCHEER**

Let me confess that I probably have done as much as anyone else to introduce sex into Presidential politics. I'm not referring to my endless flirtations with the locals to relieve the boredom of crisscrossing the country while covering candidates who were outstanding only in their ability to avoid saying anything of substance. No, I refer to that moment back in the 1976 campaign when Jimmy Carter confessed to me in the soon-to-be-fabled *Playboy Interview* that he had lusted in his heart for women other than his Rosalynn.

His admission to normal male fantasy was relevant in suggesting that he was not so different from the rest of us and that, if elected President, he might not impose his strict born-again Baptist creed on others. It was an honest moment and I truly expected he would be rewarded for exhibiting that trait.

Boy, was I wrong. Later, when the interview ran, reporters jumped up and down in the plane, unable to control their glee that the man had committed such a gaffe. The admission of a sex drive, even a profoundly latent one, almost derailed his campaign.

Which brings me to Bill Clinton, whose sex drive is obviously anything but latent. When old friends of the Arkansas governor first told me he was thinking of running, they raised the "problem" of his well-known sexual peccadilloes and wondered if he could survive the exposure. At the time of this writing he has, but we are not yet into the season of the general election, when the Republicans will have at him in earnest.

The problem is, he gave up the ghost to the puritans by "acknowledging wrongdoing" while turning on a woman he obviously knew intimately and calling her a liar. Gennifer Flowers deserved better, and so did he. Will the day ever come when someone in his position states that he did what he had to do and it's no one else's business because all parties concerned, wife and mistress included, were consenting adults?

This republic would be a lot healthier if Clinton had openly acknowledged his randy self, and I, if asked, would have written him quite a speech.

First off, I would have established the august precedent for hormonal behavior. Virtually all of our great Presidents have strayed from the marital sack. The founding fathers were famous for this practice, led by Thomas Jefferson, who thrived on sex outside the confines of marriage, caste, class and race. That our greatest President, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, had an active life with his mistress is now well documented. Still, and maybe because of that, he defeated world fascism while saving American capitalism from itself. Nor did his sexual activity indicate any disrespect for his wife, the even-greater Eleanor Roosevelt, who overlooked all that and vigorously inspired the nation to be humane and just.

And what about the great military leader Dwight David Eisenhower, who had his mistress right there with him in the tents of war on those cold nights of the European campaign? Ike, as opposed to that uptight maniac George Patton, was a man of broad vision and humane sensibility who nurtured his troops and grasped the nuances of diplomacy. My own hunch is that General Eisenhower was also a terrific peacemaker precisely because he made love as well as war.

Too simple a prescription, I know; Lyndon Baines Johnson did a lot of lovemaking and he proved to be a zealous hawk despite strong dissent from his lover. As Robert Caro points out in his definitive biography, Alice Glass, Lyndon's mistress of almost 30 years, was a regular Lysistrata who denied him sex because of her opposition to the Vietnam war. That obviously fabulous lady told her friends that she burned Johnson's love letters for fear that her granddaughter might discover that she had been intimate with the man she held responsible for the mad escalation of the war in Southeast Asia. But still, Johnson, in his domestic policy, was a well-intentioned and tolerant individual who initiated the war on poverty and did much for civil rights, so perhaps the influence of Glass was beneficial after all.

The most obvious example of salacious behavior in high places that proved helpful to the exercise of power is John F. Kennedy's, Clinton's role model. Kennedy seems to have made it with everyone everywhere who wore a skirt and crossed his path. Which Jacqueline evidently understood perfectly as a necessary means of easing the pressures of life in the Oval Office.

So in this sense, following in the footsteps of J.F.K., Bill Clinton and his loyal and understanding wife are poised for greatness. Maybe it will be Camelot all over again with a President still young enough to be energized by raging hormones. How could this be bad for the country? In the old days, the media discreetly avoided such personal matters, and the public was content to look the other way. But these days, even the respectable media plays the circulation-building game, bemoaning the intrusion of this irrelevant issue while managing to report it in great detail. A candidate must then dissemble, lying or pussyfooting, as Clinton did, about whether or not he did it.

He let himself be thrown on the defensive, probably forever, a sad sap gazing pathetically into his wife's eyes while fumbling apologies about his imperfections. But this is not some prissy guy whose friends got him drunk on a stag night and left him bedded with a hooker. Whatever Clinton did over the years in response to his libido—and I gather from some of his intimates it was quite a bit—helped make him what he is. Any modern politician who is not vulnerable to scandal has led just too cloistered a life to be trusted to assess the national interest accurately. And why disparage the relationships formed and the women loved just to appeal to the uptight 13 percent of voters who the polls tell us can't bring themselves to vote for a player?

What Clinton should have said is, "I've lived a full-blooded life. So far as I know, no one got hurt and I was always careful to use a condom, and I urge others, when the need calls, to do the same." And when any reporter persisted in asking if such behavior did not disqualify him for the Presidency, Clinton should have replied, "Hell, no, just look at my predecessors. It's a qualification for greatness."

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DATE-RAPE HYSTERIA

the feminist resurrection of victorian morals

By Katie Roiphe

PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY—In classrooms and journals, in lectures and coffee shops, academics are talking about rape. Although it wears a fashionable leftist mask, this is a neopuritan preoccupation. While real women get battered, while real mothers need day care, certain feminists are busy turning rape into fiction. Every time one Henry James character seizes the hand of another character, someone calls it rape.

At a certain point, the metaphor gets paranoid. An overused word, like an overpainted sunset, becomes a cliché, drained of specificity and meaning. With every new article on rape imagery, we threaten to confirm the vision of that 18th Century patriarch, Henry Fielding, when he wrote, "These words of exclamation (murder! robbery! rape!) are used by ladies in a fright, as fa la la . . . are in music, only as vehicles of sound and without any fixed idea."

Only now, the cry across campuses is "date rape." Those involved frame it as a liberal concern, cut and dried, beyond debate. But they don't stop to consider the fundamentally sexist images lurking beneath their rhetoric. The term date rape itself hints at its conservative bent. More than just a polemic against rape, it reveals a desire for dates.

Although not an explicit part of their movement, these feminists are responding, in this time of sexual suspicion, to the need for a more rigid courtship structure. The message represents, in part, a nostalgia for Fifties-style dating. For Johnny picking up Susie for a movie and a Coke.

And the embedded assumption is our grandmother's assumption: Men want sex, women don't. In emphasizing this struggle—him pushing, her resisting—the movement against date rape recycles and promotes an old model of sexuality.

One book, *Avoiding Rape On and Off Campus*, by Carol Pritchard, warns young women to "think carefully before you go to a male friend's apartment or dorm. . . . Do not expose yourself to any unnecessary risk." When did the possibility of sex become an unnecessary risk? Are we such fragile creatures that we need such an extreme definition of safety? Should we subject our male friends to scrutiny because, after all, men want one thing and one thing only?

The definition of date rape stretches beyond acts of physical force. According to pamphlets widely distributed on college campuses, even verbal coercion constitutes date rape. With this expansive version of rape, then, these feminists invent a kinder, gentler sexuality. These pamphlets are clearly intended to protect innocent college women from the insatiable force of male desire. We have been hearing about this for centuries. He is still nearly uncontrollable; she is still the one drawing lines. This so-called feminist movement peddles an image of gender relations that denies female desire and infantilizes women. Once again, our bodies seem to be sacred vessels. We've come a long way, and now, it seems, we are going back.

The date-rape pamphlets begin to sound like Victorian guides to conduct. The most common date-rape guide, published by the American College Health Association, advises its delicate readers to "communicate your limits clearly. If someone starts to offend you, tell him firmly and early."

Sharing these assumptions about female sensibilities, a manners guide from 1853 advises young women, "Do not suffer your hand to be held or squeezed without showing that it displeases you by instantly withdrawing it. . . . These and many other little points of refinement will operate as an almost invisible though a very impenetrable fence, keeping off vulgar familiarity, and that desecration of the person which has so often led to vice." And so ideals of female virtue and repression resonate through time.

Let's not chase the same stereotypes our mothers have spent so much energy running away from. Let's not reinforce the images that oppress us, that label us victims, and deny our own agency and intelligence as strong and sensual, as autonomous, pleasure-seeking, sexual beings.

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The New York Times

READER

THE NAKED TRUTH

The letter from Joani Haboush and friends in February's *Playboy Forum* was correct in observing that neither male nor female bodies are more perverse or beautiful than the other. However, their assertion that "naked is naked" is incorrect. Male frontal nudity fully exposes a man's genitals, whereas full female frontal nudity does not similarly expose a woman. A man standing naked is as exposed as a woman lying with her legs open. To equate penis exposure with breast exposure is incorrect as well. In current standards, fair is fair, since in an R-rated movie, the genitals of neither sex are exposed. Prudish, perhaps, but fair. Maybe Haboush and her friends should check out an X-rated movie. I'm sure they'd find more of what they're looking for.

Donald P. Talenti
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

MAGIC NUMBERS

In response to your piece on Magic Johnson ("Magic," *The Playboy Forum*, March), I submit the following statistics: The odds of contracting AIDS from an infected woman in a single unprotected encounter is, at the very most, one tenth of one percent. This is equivalent to a probability of 0.999 of remaining uninfected in a single encounter. Then the odds of emerging from 1000 such encounters with her unscathed are $0.999^{1000} = 0.368$; in other words, a 63.2 percent chance of becoming infected. Promiscuity doesn't kill, but unprotected sex in a monogamous relationship with an HIV-positive person sure can.

John Dentinger
Los Angeles, California

DEATH PENALTY

I read the letter in *The Playboy Forum* from J. R. Deans of the Virginia Coalition on Jails and Prisons ("Reader Response," February). Deans would have us believe that the commission of homicide is not the fault of the criminal, but of society. My question is, once the opponents of the death penalty have freed these prisoners, will they guarantee their confinement to the basements or cellars of their own homes? Probably not. With a conservative lock on the Supreme Court, those who would abolish the death penalty will remain a pitiful minority.

Allan B. Jones
Chatham, Virginia

Robert Johnson expresses a disturbingly myopic concern for death-row prisoners ("Reader Response," *The Playboy Forum*, December). He laments the dehumanization that is suffered by condemned prisoners but doesn't realize that these individuals dehumanized themselves by the acts they committed. He bemoans the helplessness known only to the prisoners, but why does he ignore the helplessness of their victims? He concludes his criticism of executions by stating that he can't imagine a more profound violation of a human being. How about the profound violation that each of these murderers coldly perpetrated on their victims?

Gregory J. Wahl
Kula, Hawaii

FOR THE RECORD

AGAINST ALL ODDS

"Is it really fair to say 'AIDS is an equal opportunity destroyer' and 'We're all at risk' and 'AIDS doesn't discriminate'? Or is it more accurate to say that while AIDS should be the concern of all, in the same sense that [male] breast cancer is, it is nonetheless nonsense to maintain that we are all at equal risk of getting [AIDS]?"

—MICHAEL FUMENTO, AUTHOR OF *The Myth of Heterosexual AIDS*, ON THE STATISTICAL DISTORTION OF THE PROPORTIONS OF AIDS CASES AMONG THE HETEROSEXUAL POPULATION

MIXED MESSAGES

Last winter, a man walked into a Springfield, Missouri, abortion clinic, demanded to see the doctor on duty and then opened fire with a sawed-off shotgun, wounding two people. Police declined to suggest a motive, but it seems painfully evident: The abortion debate has taken on such distorted proportions that some factions are willing to go to any length to promote their position.

Jamie North
Kansas City, Missouri

FREE FOR ALL

The Playboy Forum has always championed the A.C.L.U. and its mission of promoting free speech. Perhaps then, you can explain the actions of a Milwaukee A.C.L.U. leader during a recent attack on conservative Mark Belling at the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee. Belling, who was invited to address the student body, was driven from the stage by objects being thrown at him by protesters. The A.C.L.U. spokesperson criticized the attack but rationalized the mob's violation of Belling's First Amendment rights as justifiable frustration. Maybe it's time for the A.C.L.U. to reacquaint staffers with its mission statement. They are obviously not all on the same page.

Kurt Harrison
Appleton, Wisconsin

RESPONSE

ABORTED RESEARCH

The refusal of our government to allow use of the French abortion drug RU-486 is just another example of the abusive measures women have to face in an effort to control their reproductive choices. Numerous groups have mounted campaigns in an effort to get FDA approval for the drug here in the United States—not only as an abortifacient but because of indications that it might prove effective in treating numerous other medical conditions. The statistics from France prove that under closely monitored conditions, RU-486 is no more hazardous than current methods of pregnancy termination. I, for one, would like to have every option available to me. Abortion, like birth control, is a personal choice, and the government is definitely not welcome in my bedroom.

Linda Jay
Sarasota, Florida

Debate over the efficacy and approval of RU-486 has, to date, been stymied more by politics than by any medical rationale. Although administration of the drug as an abortifacient is more complicated than simply popping a pill in the privacy of your home, both The New England Journal of Medicine *and the American Medical Association have declared it as safe as a surgical abortion. Unfortunately, the FDA and major pharmaceutical manufacturers are cowed by the thought of anti-abortionists' boycotts. Restricted access limits the ability of American researchers to experiment with the drug on a large scale as an effective treatment for brain and breast cancer, endometriosis and Cushing's syndrome—diseases that have real effects now.*

BASE-RATE CRIME

Playboy Forum readers should know that information springs eternal in the debate on the link between pornography and sex crimes. A study done by sociologists Michael Kimmel and Annulla Linders of the State University of New York at Stony Brook suggests there is no connection. The findings, gathered in six U.S. cities over a ten-year period, examined crime statistics and sales of eight popular men's magazines that feature nudity. The data revealed that rape rates did not decline proportionate to the decrease in single-copy sales. At the same time, rape rates in four of the cities—including Jacksonville, Florida, and Cincinnati, Ohio, which both enforce antipornography laws—showed an increase. The researchers conclude that banning pornography will not lead to a reduction in rape.

Jim Sellars
Buffalo, New York

GOYA GOING, GONE

Sexual harassment charges have taken an interesting twist of late. Some recent cases have focused not on explicit behavior but on harassment perceived to be inherent in photographs and other works of art. Take the latest example, from Penn State: A professor called for the removal of a Goya nude from a classroom, claiming the painting was sexually harassing her. The (female) director of Penn State's affirmative-action office supported the woman's claims on the basis of the Florida shipyard pinup case. University officials evidently agreed and had the Goya removed from the classroom. When the definition of sexual harassment can be distorted to embrace such a trumped-up accusation, the issue has gone beyond the questionable to the ridiculous. The situation has taken on the tone of a Jesse Helms censorship festival.

Maria Collins
Concord, New Hampshire

The judge in the shipyard case decided that pinups create a hostile environment of "visual assault on the sensibilities of female workers." It is a short slippery slope from repressing tool-and-die calendars to going after Goya. As we commented in "The War on Nudity" ("The Playboy Forum," July), it's open season for prudes [the A.C.L.U. agrees—they've appealed the ruling]. Penn State professor Nancy Stumhofer was never abused, propositioned or forced to trade sexual favors for pay or position. Stumhofer has her own definition of hostility: "Whether it was a Playboy *centerfold or a Goya," she told National Public Radio, "it's a nude picture of a woman that encourages males to make remarks about body parts. . . . The picture creates comments in students." God (and the EEOC) forbid that a 19th Century painting should create comments in students. Next thing you know, they'll be thinking for themselves.*

READ-IN

I just finished reading the February issue and was appalled by the reaction of the women who came to the Berkeley read-in ("The Playboy Read-In," *The Playboy Forum*). I subscribe to *Playboy* for the articles and, yes, I like the cartoons and jokes. I am a housewife with three children and I have no problem with leaving your magazine on my coffee table. Posing nude does not make you a whore. Looking at the same photos does not make you a pervert. It's time for women to wake up. This is the Nineties.

Lisa Smith
Dunkirk, Indiana

Your article "The Playboy Read-In" was an absolute masterpiece. It is unbelievable how much can be accomplished when nearly an entire community defies the rules of an establishment that can't even distinguish pornography from *Better Homes and Gardens*. What compels these misguided interest groups to oppose an organized reading is clearly contempt for the First Amendment. No matter how intent they are in tampering with the rights of the individual, they will never be as powerful as those who stand up for what should be called a democracy.

John Steinke
Oak Park, Illinois

Nat Hentoff, whose "Playboy Forum" article started the flap, also covered the sit-in at Bette's Ocean View Diner for The Village Voice. *In that piece, Hentoff mentions guerrilla feminist Andrea Dworkin at another Bay-area location reading excerpts from her novel "Mercy." When she read an alternate ending in which her feminist heroine starts to murder men randomly, the audience cheered. Bette's was not an isolated incident. Hostility toward men—not concern for women—fueled the protesters' fury.*

DAMNED IN THE U.S.A.

reverend donald wildmon's movie debut—
now you see him, now you don't

By James R. Petersen

The Reverend Donald Wildmon is far and away our favorite censor. The president of the American Family Association is against everything—Dr. Ruth, *The Golden Girls*, *The Last Temptation of Christ*, Madonna, Robert Mapplethorpe and Mighty Mouse. And now, it seems, he is censoring himself: To prevent an interview he gave to a BBC film crew from being shown in the U.S., he has filed a $2,000,000 lawsuit.

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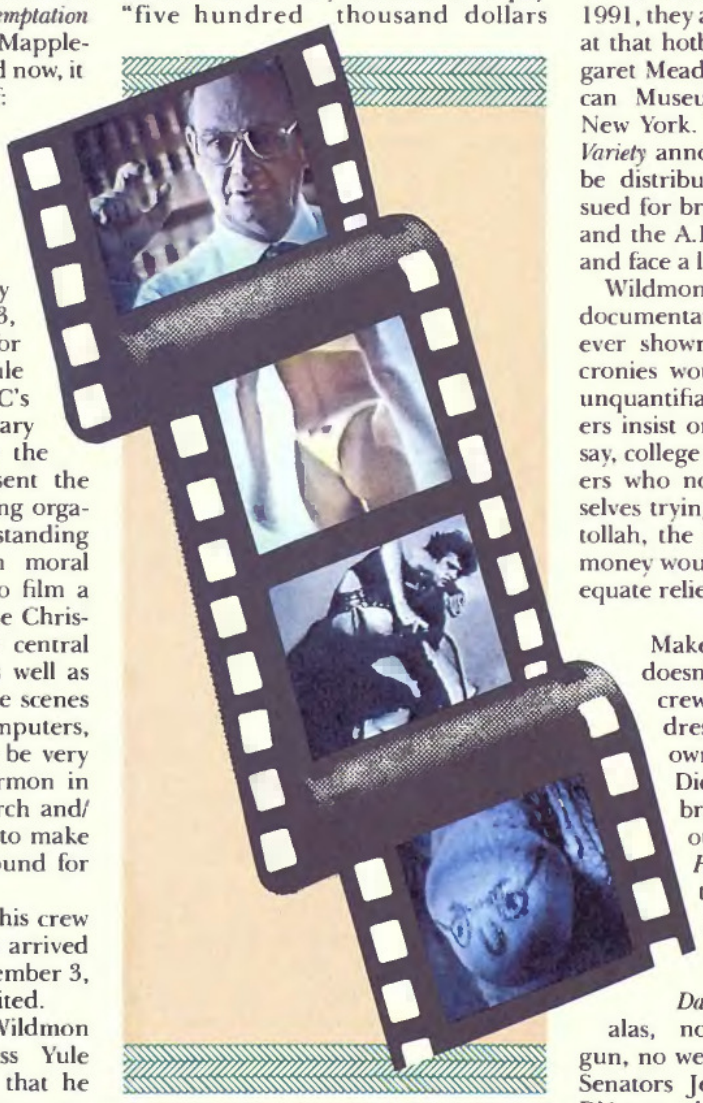
The story begins innocently enough. On November 23, 1990, an American agent for British film maker Paul Yule wrote Wildmon about the BBC's plan to produce a documentary on the censorship debate in the U.S. "[Paul] wants to represent the A.F.A. not just as a campaigning organization but within an understanding of its larger Judeo-Christian moral foundation, and would like to film a sequence that reflects this. The Christian background is obviously central to the film and, therefore, as well as the interview with you and the scenes of the A.F.A. working (computers, mailings, etc.), we would also be very pleased to film perhaps a sermon in church, or you visiting a church and/or you driving through town to make convincing the moral background for the association."

Wildmon agreed. Yule and his crew from Berwick Universal Films arrived in Tupelo, Mississippi, on December 3, 1990, set up their gear and waited.

Then the weirdness began. Wildmon refused to participate unless Yule signed a contract stipulating that he would not release the interview or any part of it to magazines. Yule agreed. It wasn't enough. Wildmon came back with another quasi-legal onslaught. The new contract bristled with vague clauses. Under duress to finish filming, they had to agree that "any material obtained from this interview or derived from this interview shall not form the basis of any other media presentation in England, the United States or any other country without the written permissioin [*sic*] from American Family Association" or they would have to pay "five hundred thousand dollars in liquidated damages."



As legal bluster, Wildmon's Faustian contract was not completely out of character. Wildmon has spent the past decade trying to persuade advertisers and networks that they do not have the right to screen anything without A.F.A. permission. This is just the first time we've seen it in writing.

The producers screened *Damned in the U.S.A.* in England, Sweden and Spain—with Wildmon's approval. Then, without his OK, in September 1991, they allowed the film to be shown at that hotbed of decadence, the Margaret Mead Film Festival at the American Museum of Natural History in New York. To top that off, a notice in *Variety* announced that the film would be distributed in the U.S. Wildmon sued for breach of contract, stating he and the A.F.A. had "suffered damages and face a loss of goodwill."

Wildmon's lawsuit claims that if the documentary *Damned in the U.S.A.* is ever shown in the U.S., he and his cronies would face "a continued and unquantifiable injury." If the film makers insist on showing the film to, let's say, college students or to the advertisers who normally fall all over themselves trying to satisfy the Tupelo ayatollah, the suit alleges "no amount of money would provide the plaintiffs adequate relief."

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Makes you just a little curious, doesn't it? What did the BBC film crew uncover? Does Wildmon dress as Madonna and do his own version of *Like a Prayer*? Did they catch Don and his brother Tim jerking off in the outhouse to a back issue of *Hustler*? Use your imagination. What could strike fear into the heart of a censor?

If Wildmon wins his lawsuit, you will never see *Damned in the U.S.A.* There is, alas, nothing new—no smoking gun, no wet condom, no Nazi regalia: Senators Jesse Helms and Alphonse D'Amato denounce art they consider obscene; there's seedy Times Square set to Cole Porter's *Anything Goes*; scenes from the trials of 2 Live Crew and museum director Dennis Barrie; and even the photographs by Mapplethorpe and Andres Serrano that launched the censorship debate. You hear friends of Mapplethorpe explain his life and his art. You see Madonna's

Like a Prayer—in a clip from the Pepsi commercial that Wildmon effectively squashed. You see a penis, painted to resemble Jesse Helms, urging, "Just make good art, OK?" You see Boston comedian Jimmy Tingle working a crowd in a smoke-filled comedy club taking shots at Helms, Wildmon and the forces of censorship (see box). You hear Tingle's audience laughing at would-be censors.

What will you miss of Donald Wildmon if the film is banned in the U.S.? Not much. You see Wildmon describing the work of the A.F.A. You watch his staff opening envelopes and stacking the contributions. You witness a volunteer "media monitor" running to Wildmon, tail wagging, with a fresh kill: another example of indecency on television. You see Don and brother Tim hunker down in the two-room radio station and listen as Don intones, "Hello, Americans. I'm your host, Don Wildmon."

Variety called the film a "refreshingly evenhanded look at a highly contentious issue." So why the lawsuit? Is it vanity? Is Wildmon afraid that his unfortunate resemblance to Elmer Fudd will undercut the moral weight of his message? America has a tendency to want its heroes to be square-jawed, not double-chinned. Donald doesn't fit the picture of a typical reformer, moral champion or superhero. He wouldn't look good in tights and cape.

Or is it that another film comes to mind? In *The Wizard of Oz*, Toto pulls the coattails of the little impostor from behind the curtain. Is the case of *Wildmon vs. Berwick Universal Films* based on the legal precedent of *The Wizard of Oz vs. Toto?*

In June 1991, Wildmon wrote to director Yule, trying to prevent the screening at the Margaret Mead Film Festival. "Because of the graphic content of *Damned in the U.S.A.*, I cannot grant my permission for the film to be shown in the United States. I regret that this is the case, but this is precisely the reason for the contract."

Does Wildmon have a double standard? Why did he approve the film for Spain, Sweden and England, but not the U.S.? Does he know that a censor is credible only as long as the people he wants to shield remain in the dark? He cannot afford to have you see the controversial works, to have you decide for yourself.

We think he is afraid of laughter—the most honest response to this man who would say, "America, this is your protector."

THE WIT AND WISDOM OF JIMMY TINGLE

Jimmy Tingle provides a running commentary on the censorship debate.

On Mapplethorpe:

"Where are these Mapplethorpe pictures? Have you seen them? Has the news media seen them? Have they printed them in the newspapers?

"Nah. We can't read about that. We're not ready. National debate, yes. But we can't see 'em. Why not? Who says we can't?

"They contradict our family values.

"Whose family? My family? Your family? Whose family? The Addams Family? The Kennedys? The Rockefellers? The royal family? The Flintstones? Who exactly are they talking about?

"One of these photographs was a man with his fist in the anus of another man. Now, to me it might not be art. To you it might not be art. But maybe to the artist it represents struggle? I don't know, folks. But just because I don't know doesn't mean it's not art. I saw another photo of Mapplethorpe, a self-photograph, I guess, with a bullwhip up his rectum.

"Now, to me that's . . . hilarious.

"A lot of couples are going, 'Honey, that's something we haven't tried.'

"It's a photograph. It's a picture. It's not like artists are going around the country inserting bullwhips into unsuspecting people's rectums. I would oppose such a move."

On 7-Elevens:

"Three years ago, I was down in Florida and I went to a 7-Eleven to get a *Playboy*, for the other comedians. I said, 'Excuse me, mister, where are the *Playboys*?' He said, 'Sorry, sir, we no longer carry the *Playboy* magazine. We don't feel that the *Playboy* magazine is an accurate reflection of the values and the morals of the 7-Eleven chain.'

"'Excuse me! What can I possibly get to read in this great temple of learning? O enlightened one, I, this ignorant castaway on a sea of darkness, have drifted by God's grace into the aura of your great moral light.'

"'Our magazines are over there, sir.'

"Ah, *Guns and Ammo*, *Gung-Ho*, *Soldier of Fortune*: different ways to kill people you haven't met yet. That's a real nice message to kids. To say if you take your clothes off voluntarily in front of a camera, that's immoral. Shame. Shame. Shame. However, if a perfect stranger were to blow them off with a rocket launcher, well. . . ."

COMPUTER COPS VERSUS

free speech on the electronic

When the founding fathers drafted the Bill of Rights, they sought to protect certain values: freedom of speech, of the press, of the right of the people to assemble peaceably. Their understanding of freedom and liberty came from events in the real world. People have the right to assemble in a church or town square, the right to be secure in their homes and the right to speak freely in any and all of those places: solid, tangible stuff. Rights made manifest through the morning paper, the church pew, the Miranda card read by the cop after breaking down the door.

Twenty years ago, Silicon Valley's computer magicians brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in microchips and dedicated to the proposition that anything is possible. The nation is called cyberspace; its citizens, hackers. This is a nation constructed entirely of electromagnetic pulses, of computer languages and TV screens. This nation is not real, not tangible. As with any newly opened territory, the property lines between public and private are in a state of flux. The outlaws prowl the telephone lines, hacking their way into private computer networks and bulletin boards. As one hacker sums it up, "You have the right to access any information that can be accessed. . . . If they're not smart enough to stop us, we have the right to keep doing anything." These are the gunslingers of the Western frontier—half spirit of freedom, half criminal.

Computer trespass seemed a harmless prank—until Hollywood took over. Celluloid hackers nearly started World War Three in *War Games* and became international terrorists in *Die Hard 2*. Washington, which takes its movies seriously, may have overreacted. Frontier justice prevails these days, with not much regard for the principles and values inherent in the Bill of Rights.

When did the government begin meting out its frontier justice? In 1984, a report by the House Judiciary Committee noted the "activities of so-called hackers, who have been able to access both private and public computer systems." The 1986 Electronic Communications Privacy Act made unauthorized access to private computer messages a federal crime. The law theoretically limited government eavesdropping by narrowing the scope of government interest—except for its unofficial posse. Agents still have the necessity of warrant, court order or subpoena, but the law excused "inadvertent" eavesdropping by the posse. The 1986 Meese commission report, for instance, included testimony in which postal inspector Paul M. Hartman admitted that he had "accessed a computerized bulletin board and found a message rather casually displayed proclaiming another subscriber's interest in photographs of teen and preteen children." But hacking really lost its innocence in 1988 with the arrest of Kevin Mitnik for breaking into, among other things, the North American Defense Command computer. Digital Equipment Company's user network claimed that Mitnik's hacking cost them more than $4,000,000. The government convicted Mitnik using the Counterfeit Access Device and Computer Fraud and Abuse Act, which was established in 1984 to authorize Secret Service investigation into any real or imagined computer offenses. Reputedly, up to one out of four Treasury agents is now a computer cop.

The Secret Service has targeted not just the vandals of cyberspace but all unauthorized users. Take Operation Sun Devil in May 1990. When the Secret Service concluded its two-year investigation into the Legion of Doom, a group of self-proclaimed hackers, more than 150 agents headed up a posse of personnel from AT&T, American Express, U.S. Sprint, plus a few regional Bell telephone companies, and went hunting. They seized 42 computers and 23,000 floppy disks in 14 cities from New York to Texas. The equipment is being held while they pursue the investigation. As Mitch Kapor, co-inventor of Lotus 1-2-3 and one of the founders of the Electronic Frontier Foundation, an organization to protect computer users, puts it, "The law has only sledgehammers, when what is needed are parking tickets and speeding tickets." In the electronic nation, computer hackers are out of business until proven innocent.

Some instances:

In March 1990, the Secret Service staged a raid on Steve Jackson Games and seized a laser printer, computers and many floppy disks, calling the company's yet unpublished fantasy role-playing game, *Gurps Cyberpunk*, a "handbook for computer crime." In the game, players break into computers by

THE FIRST AMENDMENT

frontier **By MATTHEW CHILDS**

rolling computer dice, not by guessing passwords—the most common computer security system. The raid cost the company, which had been publishing fantasy role-playing games for ten years, more than $125,000 and forced it to lay off eight of 17 employees. As Steve Jackson points out, some of the property still hasn't been returned, though no charges were ever filed. It's as if the Secret Service targeted Parker Brothers for marketing *Clue* because it's a handbook for murder.

In July 1990, 19-year-old University of Missouri student Craig Neidorf was brought up on charges of wire fraud and interstate transportation of stolen property. Neidorf is the publisher of an electronic magazine, *Phrak*, and in that capacity, he received a copy of a telephone-company document that described the administrative structure of an office in charge of a special 911 service. He was indicted for, among other things, receiving stolen goods. Most view the computer as an electronic printing press; the feds treated Neidorf's computer as a van used to haul off stolen merchandise and Neidorf as a microchip fence. Charges were eventually dropped when it was learned that the document was actually available to the public. "It's our contention," said Kapor, "that if Neidorf did what he had done in a printed publication, either he wouldn't have been charged at all or you would have heard the screams from coast to coast." You bet. Imagine the ramifications if *The New York Times* had been indicted for receiving the Pentagon papers.

Of course, the First Amendment doesn't—and shouldn't—protect all computer speech. There are acts that convert a computer into a burglar's tool or a vandal's rock. The case of Robert Tappan Morris, a Cornell University graduate student, was a situation that required government intervention. Morris developed a rogue program, a virus, which inadvertently caused computers around the country to shut down. Because he deliberately designed the program to invade other computers, he was convicted of computer trespass and sentenced to three years probation and 400 hours of community service and fined $10,000. In this case, the First Amendment didn't protect the speech. The virus, since it caused actual harm in much the same way as yelling fire in a crowded theater, could be penalized.

The chameleon nature of cyberspace invites confusion. In the *Phrak* case, the electronic space was a magazine; Neidorf, a publisher. In the Morris case, the speech became harmful, creating electronic vandalism, and as such was censored. While the First Amendment protects a publisher, it still holds him or her accountable for harmful speech.

Take, for example, the case of Prodigy, a computer information service owned jointly by IBM and Sears. Someone posted a message proclaiming "Hitler had some valid points, too. . . . Remove the Jews and we will go a long ways toward avoiding much trouble." The Anti-Defamation League complained. Prodigy's corporate policy sounds like the First Amendment ("We choose to permit the maximum amount [of free expression] possible"), whereas, in reality, the bulletin board automatically censors certain offensive words. The question becomes, Who does the First Amendment protect—anti-Semitic user or corporate owner?

Does the First Amendment guarantee the right of the user to create hateful speech? The answer is no. The First Amendment restricts government action against the individual—in this case, Prodigy, not the individual user.

Does it then hold Prodigy liable? The answer is no again. In a court case involving another computer network, federal Judge Peter Leisure held that a bulletin board is more like a "public library, bookstore or newsstand" than a publisher. A bookstore owner is unable to examine every publication for potentially defamatory statements. The government cannot dictate the contents of books to their owners, but neither can an author force a bookstore to carry a book.

The industry is not insensitive to user needs and wishes. Indeed, it appears to be much more libertarian than the computer cops. Lotus Development, along with Equifax (one of the nation's largest credit-rating bureaus), decided in 1991 to sell a database called Marketplace: Household. It consisted of a list of 120,000,000 consumers complete with their addresses, marital status, gender, average neighborhood income and spending information. Lotus received 30,000 calls and letters from people asking to have their names deleted. Although the company maintained that the product was misunderstood, Jim Manzi, Lotus' chief executive, acknowledged that it came at "the apex of an emotional firestorm of public concern about consumer privacy." The company quietly pulled the product.

At a conference titled Computers, Freedom and Privacy, constitutional scholar Laurence Tribe argued that the Bill of Rights can seem quaint or even archaic when reconstituted by the microchip. But this shouldn't be the case: The great rights were designed to transcend technological innovation by protecting innately human values. Tribe proposed a 27th Amendment to protect privacy in this increasingly technological land. It reads: "This Constitution's protections for the freedoms of speech, press, petition and assembly, and its protections against unreasonable searches and seizures and the deprivation of life, liberty or property without due process of law, shall be construed as fully applicable without regard to the technological method or medium through which information content is generated, stored, altered, transmitted or controlled."

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

SKIN GAMES

DALLAS—*At a meeting of the American Academy of Dermatology, Professor Alexander Fisher of New York University Medical School reported that increased condom*

usage has produced a predictable increase in instances of the latex allergy commonly known as condom dermatitis. While lambskin condoms avoid this problem, they don't protect sufficiently against AIDS. Dr. Fisher's solution? Wear a latex condom over the skin condom. A female allergy sufferer would still be exposed to the latex—unless her partner covered his outside rubber with another skin condom, affording both parties triple protection and a new party game.

PARIS—*A French entrepreneur has launched a condom delivery service. Taking orders via portable phone, he promises delivery within 30 minutes (shades of Domino's). The 26-year-old originally planned to ride shotgun on pizza deliveries, but local restaurateurs declined the joint venture. For now, the limited menu includes fruit-flavored condoms. Hold the anchovies, please.*

PUBLISH AND PERISH

CAIRO—*A state security court has imposed eight-year prison sentences on an Egyptian novelist, his publisher and the owner of the press that printed his book, "The Distance in a Man's Mind." The story, by Alaa Hamid, includes dream sequences in which the main character meets prophets from the Koran in comic situations. Islamic leaders declared the plot heretical and blasphemous and the writer an apostate—which, under Islamic law, could earn him a death sentence. Egypt's President Hosni Mubarak refused to intercede, saying, "You cannot come and harm religion and then say, 'Never mind.'"*

NOT FADE AWAY

TORONTO—*After 45 years, Baton Broadcasting, which owns the Miss Canada pageant, has pulled the plug on the festivities. Baton blamed "changing times and escalating costs" for the closing. The independently owned Miss Toronto pageant folded the same day. Spokeswomen for a number of Canadian feminist groups applauded the competitions' demise as a victory in the battle against portraying women as sex objects.*

QUITTING THE LIFE

LOS ANGELES—*Prostitutes, pimps, porn stars and others who have made their livings off sex now have their own support group. Called Prostitutes Anonymous and styled after AA, it offers members a 12-step rehabilitation program devised by its founder, Jodi Williams, a former madam. Williams explains that the addiction they are dealing with is not to sex but to the "sex industry." The recovering hookers and workers often find adjusting to a conventional lifestyle isn't easy. PA is expanding to other states and has its own hotline: 818-905-2188.*

HARASSMENT DIVIDEND

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*Even if the charges didn't stick, a lot of women's groups are benefiting from the Anita Hill–Clarence Thomas follies. Harriet Woods, president of the National Women's Political Caucus, described a "phenomenal response of women giving money because of their anger and frustration over the hearings." Sharp increases in membership, support or donations were also reported by the National Organization for Women, the Fund for the Feminist Majority, the Women's Campaign Fund, Planned Parenthood and several women political candidates.*

CRACK SHERIFF

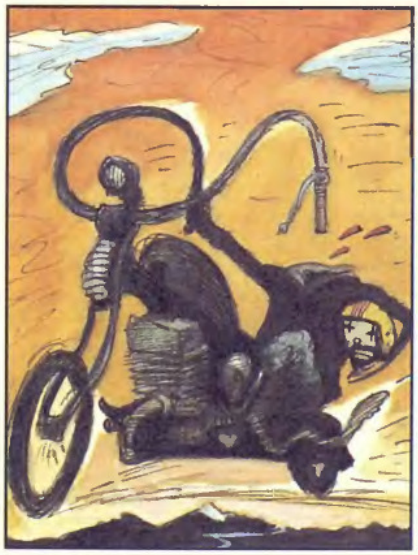
WEST PALM BEACH, FLORIDA—*Celebrity sheriff Nick Navarro (who busted 2 Live Crew) is again pushing the envelope of law enforcement. There is such a shortage of crack cocaine in Florida that Sheriff Nick is making his own—for his narcs to use in stings, of course. The Fourth District Court ordered the practice stopped.*

NEW IMPOTENCE FINDING

LOS ANGELES—*Researchers at UCLA report that up to 80 percent of male impotence may be rooted in a biological—not psychological—cause, a result of the body's failure to produce enough nitric oxide. The chemical (not to be confused with your dentist's nitrous oxide) triggers a series of events that cause the penis to become engorged with blood and remain erect, too little and it's limp. Urologists hope the discovery will lead to new treatments.*

BIKER'S LAMENT

LOS ANGELES—*A 48-year-old motorcyclist protested California's new mandatory helmet law by putting on his helmet and*



shooting himself in the head. His grieving widow explained that long rides on the bike helped him escape his everyday problems and that a helmet took away his sense of freedom. He left a suicide note that said, "Now I can't even ride."

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EVERETT PECK

DEWAR'S SCOTLAND

Why would a man rise before dawn to fish for salmon on Scotland's River Tweed? Why indeed. Taste the true flavor of Scotland, Dewar's "White Label."

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: MICHAEL JORDAN

a candid conversation with the n.b.a.'s in-flight demigod on life after magic, basketball's ego wars and his guarantee for olympic gold

At the age of 29, Michael Jeffrey Jordan is almost certainly more popular than Jesus. What's more, he has better endorsement deals. Of course, Jordan, unlike John Lennon, would never say anything so imprudent. It's not in his nature. Then, too, the estimated $21,000,000 he'll earn in 1992 from product endorsements is dependent on his image as the quintessential gentleman, consummate sportsman, clean-living family man and modest, down-to-earth levitating demigod. He maintains that image effortlessly, perhaps because it's not an image.

It's hard to resist calling Jordan the greatest basketball player the world has ever seen, but he does have his detractors. Over the past year, his greatest achievements—leading the Chicago Bulls to their first N.B.A. championship and being named to the United States' first pro Olympic basketball team—were counterbalanced by the first widely publicized criticisms of Jordan, superstar and citizen.

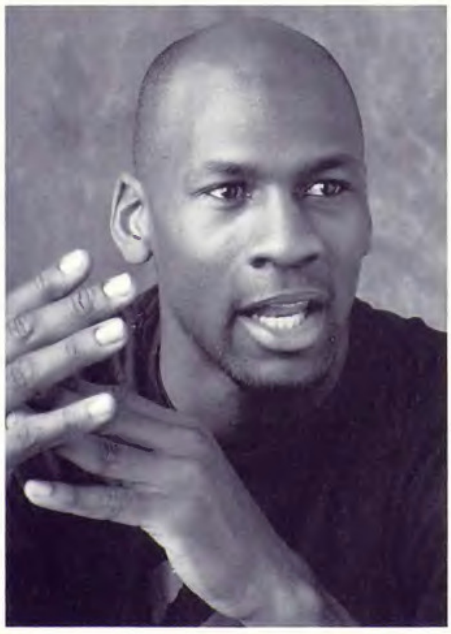
They began when Jordan waffled over whether or not he would play in the 1992 summer Olympics. First he said he didn't think he would because he needed to rest in the offseason; then he said he hadn't made up his mind. A rumor began to circulate that the real reason for his indecision was his likely Olympic teammate, Detroit Pistons guard Isiah Thomas, who is probably the nearest thing to an enemy Jordan has in the N.B.A. Although Jordan denied wielding the power of his immense popularity to blackball Thomas, not everyone believed him. In the end, and for whatever reasons, Thomas was not initially extended an invitation to be a member of the team and Jordan, of course, was. He accepted graciously. But it was about that time that he began to sense, as sportswriter Jack McCallum put it, "a backlash against his fame, a subtle dissatisfaction with the whole idea of Michael Jordan."

It didn't help that Jordan elected not to join the rest of the Bulls at the White House to meet President Bush (for which he received a mild rebuke from Bulls teammate Horace Grant), or that N.F.L. Hall-of-Famer Jim Brown slammed him for not doing enough to help black youth. But the unkindest cut of all came from the best-selling book "The Jordan Rules," in which Chicago Tribune *sportswriter Sam Smith depicted Jordan as a sometimes tyrannical and fractious presence among his teammates as they made their championship drive.*

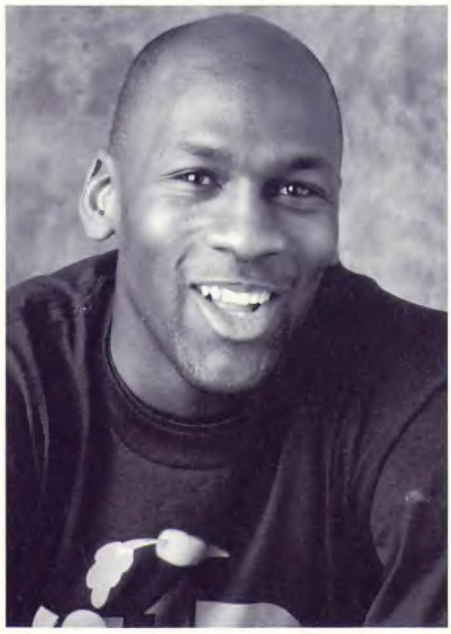
Despite these cracks in his image, Jordan's mystique and popularity have remained intact. The pleasure, delight and sheer wonderment he has brought to millions of basketball fans (as well as to patrons of all the products he so engagingly endorses) far outweigh any criticisms thus far leveled against him. Most of us would rather remember the thrills (and cool sneakers) he's given us.

A collection of great Jordan moments would have to begin with the 1982 N.C.A.A. championship game, when his jump shot at the buzzer lifted the North Carolina Tar Heels to a one-point victory over the Georgetown Hoyas. Then came his stellar performance at the 1984 Olympics in Los Angeles. And since being drafted by the Bulls after his junior year (he later went back to earn his degree), Jordan's career has been one long highlight film. Most fans will never forget the 1986 play-offs in which he utterly befuddled the Boston Celtics with 49- and 63-point games; or the 1986–87 season, when he led the league in scoring with 37.1 points per game, had more 50-point games than any other player except Wilt Chamberlain and became the second player in N.B.A. history—after Chamberlain—to score 3000 points in a season. In the process, he was transforming a franchise worth less than $20,000,000 in his rookie season into one with a current estimated worth of $150,000,000.

That estimate, of course, factors in last season's drive to the championship, in which Jordan proved once and for all that, contrary to his image as a selfish shooter, he's probably the most complete player in the game today,



"Here we are striving for equality and yet people are going to say I'm not black enough? At a time when actually I thought I was trying to be equal? Don't knock me off the pedestal that you wanted me to get onto."



"The Pistons were throwing punches, throwing guys at you, talking shit. So I'm saying, Well, these guys talk trash all the damn time to everybody. Let's see if they can handle some trash-talking back to them."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARC HAUSER

"Magic has never played in an Olympic game. Never had that gold medal. He probably would take that risk knowing that he might give up a day or two of his life. If I were in his position, I probably would do it, too."

capable of providing his team with the best shooting, passing and defense in the league, as well as those intangibles of leadership and inspiration. And it is from last year that we retain perhaps the most unforgettable moment: Jordan on the floor of the Bulls' locker room, tears streaming from his eyes, as he pressed the N.B.A. championship trophy against his cheek. As long as videotape continues to spin in VCRs, Jordan will have a lasting memorial to his play.

Jordan's private side, of course, is not usually that accessible. After nearly being trampled by 5000 autograph seekers, Jordan has become cautious about being seen anywhere but on the basketball court. He lives his off days by special appointment: eating at restaurants after they've closed, getting what's left of his hair cut after the barbershop has locked up for the evening, shopping in stores after usual business hours. It is ironic that 30 years after the end of segregation in public places, one of the most famous black Americans often has to use the back entrance.

Even if the private Mike has been fast-breaking out of the public eye, the public Jordan plays a commanding in-your-face game. He once told NBC's Maria Shriver, "Even my mistakes have been perfect," and that seems to be the case. Take the Jordan backlash, for instance. Nearly all the newspaper columnists who questioned his hesitation to go to the Olympics also mentioned how Isiah Thomas led his humiliated Detroit Pistons teammates off the floor in last year's Eastern Conference play-offs without shaking hands with the victorious Bulls. For many sports fans, such unsportsmanlike conduct was reason enough for Thomas to be excluded from the Olympic team, whether or not Jordan liked him. When Jim Brown accused Jordan of not doing enough for black youth, the press came to Jordan's defense, emphasizing the work of the Michael Jordan Foundation (which raises money for 25 youth-oriented charities) along with his efforts to fulfill the 75 requests per week he receives from sick children who want to sit beside him on the Bulls bench. (Some children receive the shoes Jordan wore during the game; one boy who died of leukemia was buried in his.)

Although his White House no-show wasn't popular in the major media, it received plaudits in the black press, which interpreted it as Jordan's way of protesting Bush's stands on civil rights issues. Then, finally, there was "The Jordan Rules," which was supposed to play havoc with the Bulls' team chemistry this season. On the contrary, it seemed to make the team tougher and more cohesive. Meanwhile, America continues to admire Michael Jordan.

"Going to a Bulls game is like going to a temple," says Arthur Droge, associate professor of New Testament at the University of Chicago's Divinity School. "There's definitely a religious component about it and Jordan is the demigod of the moment."

Or, as Larry Bird put it in 1986, "He is God disguised as Michael Jordan."

To track down Jordan, we enlisted sportswriter **Mark Vancil,** *whose rookie season covering the Bulls for the* Chicago Sun-Times *coincided with Michael Jordan's first year in the N.B.A. As a press-section veteran of innumerable games and championship seasons, Vancil has seen a lot of winners. None, in his opinion, matches Michael Jordan.*

"Faster than most of us, Michael seems to have realized that money buys things, but it can't buy time. The Bulls public-relations department usually dismisses interview requests out of hand. Although Jordan will answer anything inside the walls of a locker room before or after a game, his time, particularly in Chicago, is generally off-limits to everyone but family, friends and contractual obligations.

"With that in mind, I suggested we talk on the road. He agreed and we arranged to meet during an extended early-season road trip that started in Oakland and moved through Seattle, Denver, Los Angeles, Portland and Sacramento. The first session was on Thanksgiving in Portland.

"He talked for almost 90 minutes, and another session was scheduled for game day the following afternoon. The Bulls had won three straight on the trip and ten in a row overall, but Portland would be a test. With the game less than six hours away, Jordan seemed anxious. He talked about the Smith book, citing specifics that other writers had asked him about. I should go to Sacramento, he said. 'I don't know anybody there. We'll be able to finish up in my room.'

"Magic wasn't the only promiscuous athlete. I'm pretty sure he won't be the last."

"After a grueling double-overtime victory over Portland, Jordan didn't appear capable of getting to his room. Back spasms left him sprawled on a table, the pain so intense that Jordan, still in uniform more than 40 minutes after the game, had to be helped to the team bus while his clothes were packed.

"He called at four P.M. *the next day. 'Come on up,' he said. 'I've got about thirty minutes.' Once I reached his suite, a huge pregame meal arrived: a steak, potato skins, a pitcher of orange juice, water and a salad. Jordan was moving without hesitation. As evidenced by his appearance in 234 straight games, he has always been able to fight through pain. A full day of therapy had eliminated the back spasms, and in an apparently effortless performance that night, Jordan scored 30 points. The Bulls coasted through the final paces of a perfect road trip. An hour after the game, Jordan called and agreed to one last session.*

"We began our conversation with a topic much on the minds of the basketball world: Magic Johnson."

PLAYBOY: How did you get the news about Magic?

JORDAN: His agent, Lon Rosen, left me a message at practice and he said it's an emergency, he's got to talk to me. When I called him back, he told me, "Magic's having a press conference today. He's going to retire. He tested positive for HIV."

PLAYBOY: Where were you when he told you?

JORDAN: I was driving home. I almost drove off the road. I said, "This has to be some kind of sick joke." He said, "Well, Earvin wants to talk to you." So he gave me Earvin's number and I called him at home. He was as calm as you and I. I said to him, "Damn, you're calmer than I am. I'm about to drive off the road." He said, "I just want you to continue on with your life. I'm going to be fine, my baby's going to be fine, my wife is fine."

PLAYBOY: Before Magic's announcement, did players ever talk about AIDS?

JORDAN: We were aware of it, but most guys never thought of it happening to heterosexuals. It was always gays, drug users and people who got it from transfusions. But it slapped me right in the face. From all angles, it slapped me.

PLAYBOY: Have you been tested?

JORDAN: I've been tested for the last two years.

PLAYBOY: Why?

JORDAN: Because I've had insurance policies that demanded it.

PLAYBOY: Would it surprise you if there were other sports figures who tested positive?

JORDAN: No.

PLAYBOY: Would it have surprised you before Magic's announcement?

JORDAN: One of your prime personalities has gone public and said he got it through promiscuity. He wasn't the only promiscuous athlete. I'm pretty sure he won't be the last.

PLAYBOY: Tell us about life on the road in the N.B.A.

JORDAN: There are a lot of things being said about the opportunities you have on the road. Sure, you have opportunities, you have opportunities everywhere. After the game, you see different women. Players have always been knowledgeable about that, to say who's who and what's what. If you don't listen, then you're putting yourself at risk.

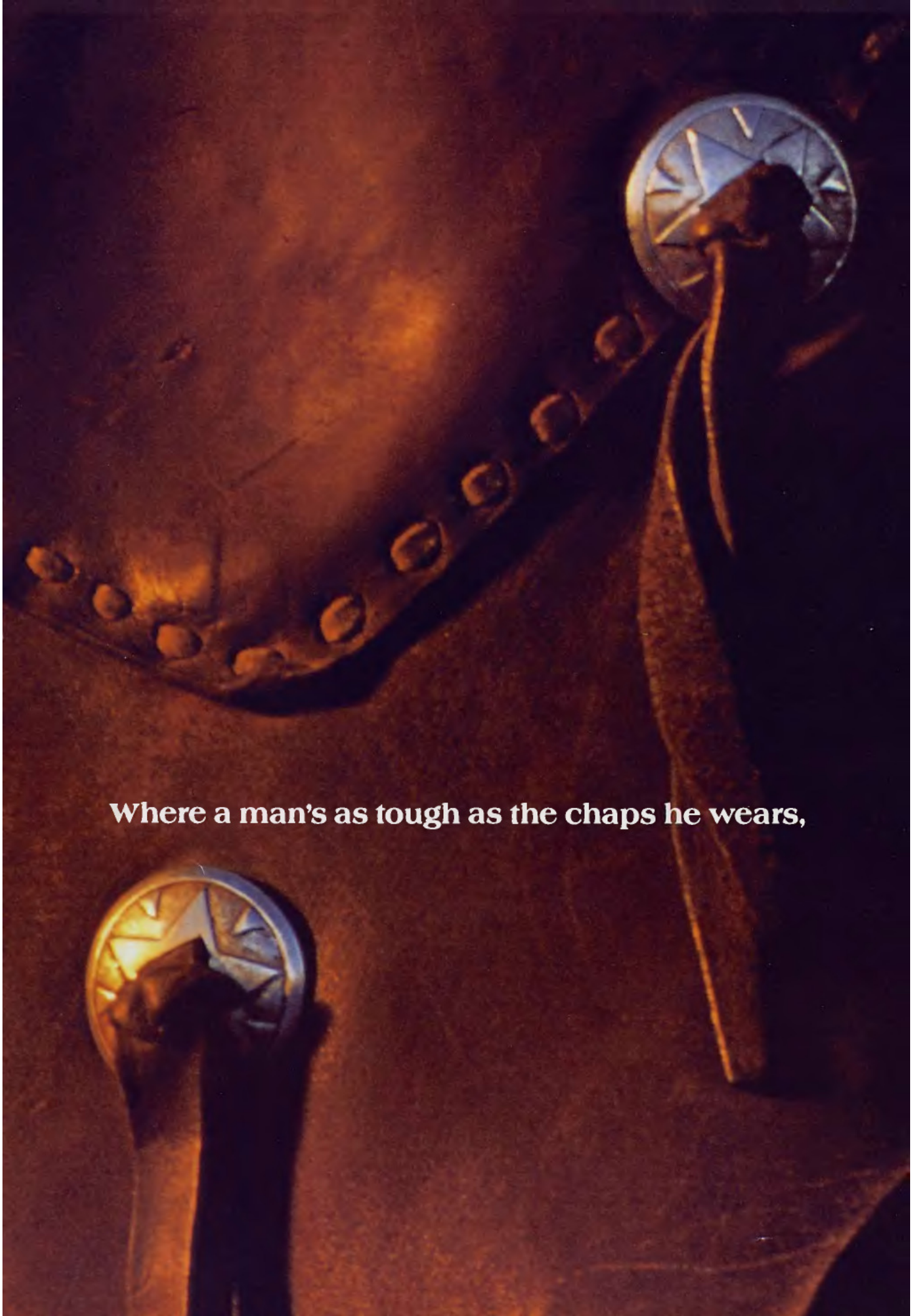
PLAYBOY: And there are guys who don't think or listen.

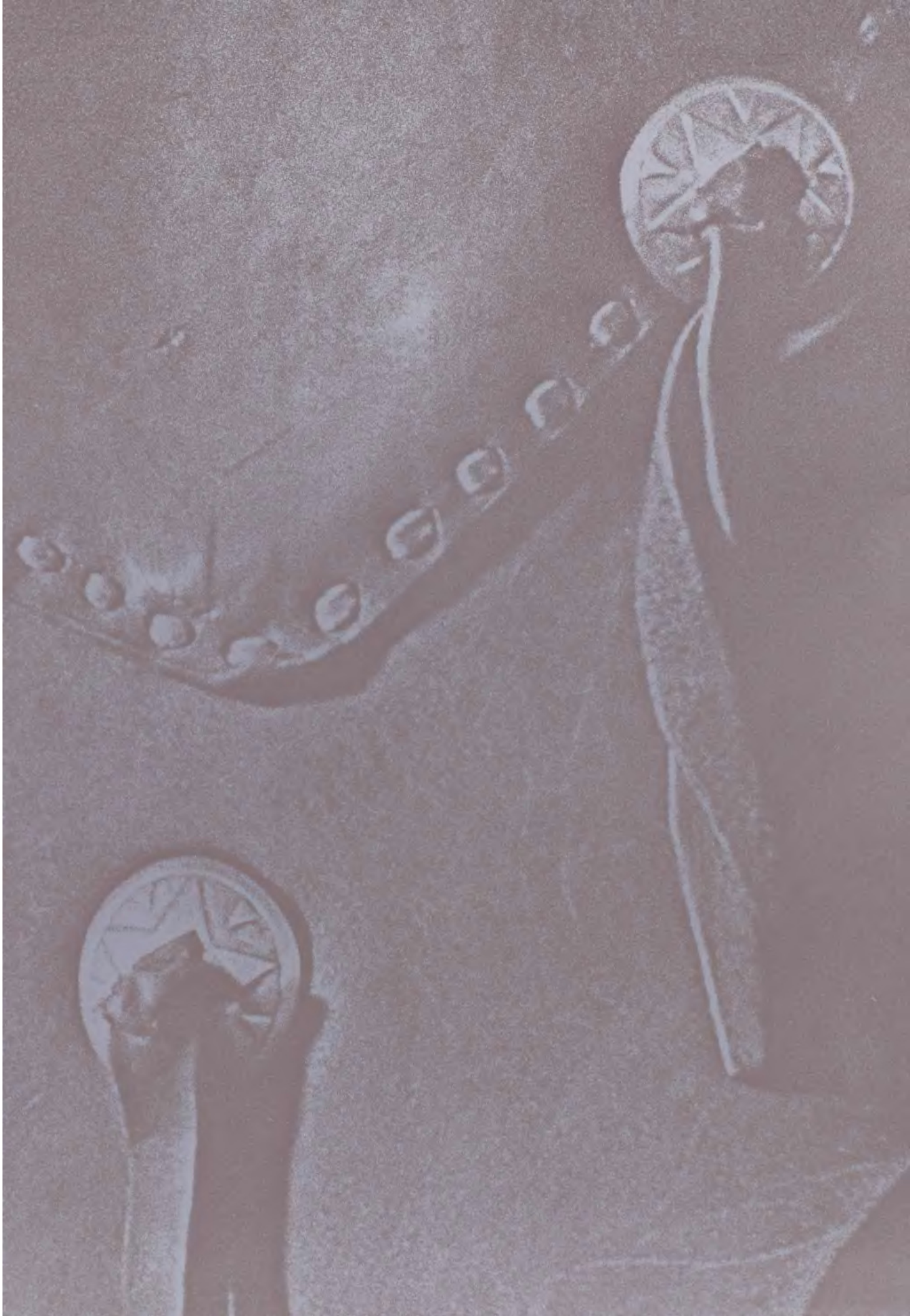
JORDAN: Magic said it himself: You never think it can happen to you. Next thing you know, you're stung by a bee.

PLAYBOY: Are guys really going to learn this lesson, or is it just a passing concern?

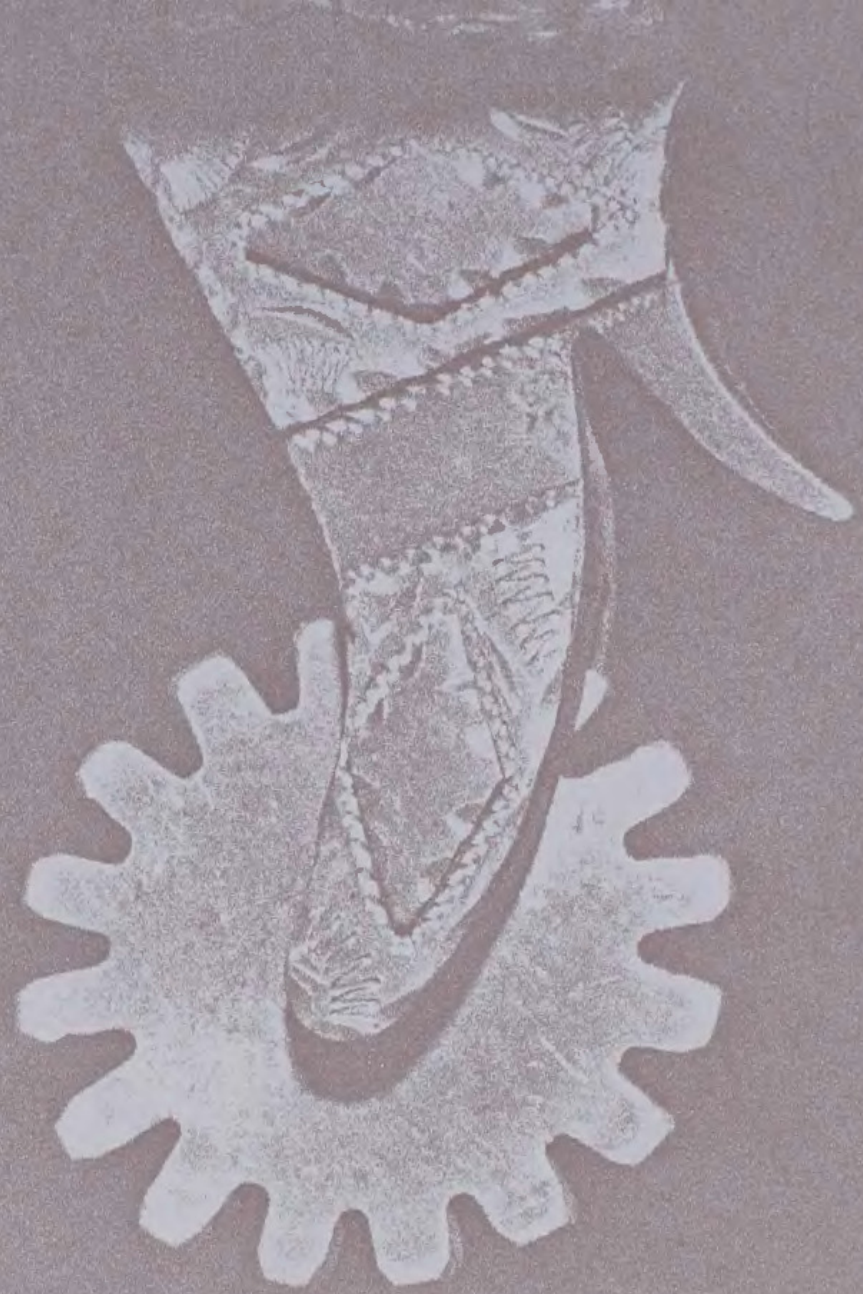
JORDAN: It's going to cut down some of the playing around. But I also think it's

There's a place where the rain
never dampens a man's spirit, only his boots,


Where a man's as tough as the chaps he wears,



Where you have to win your spurs every day,



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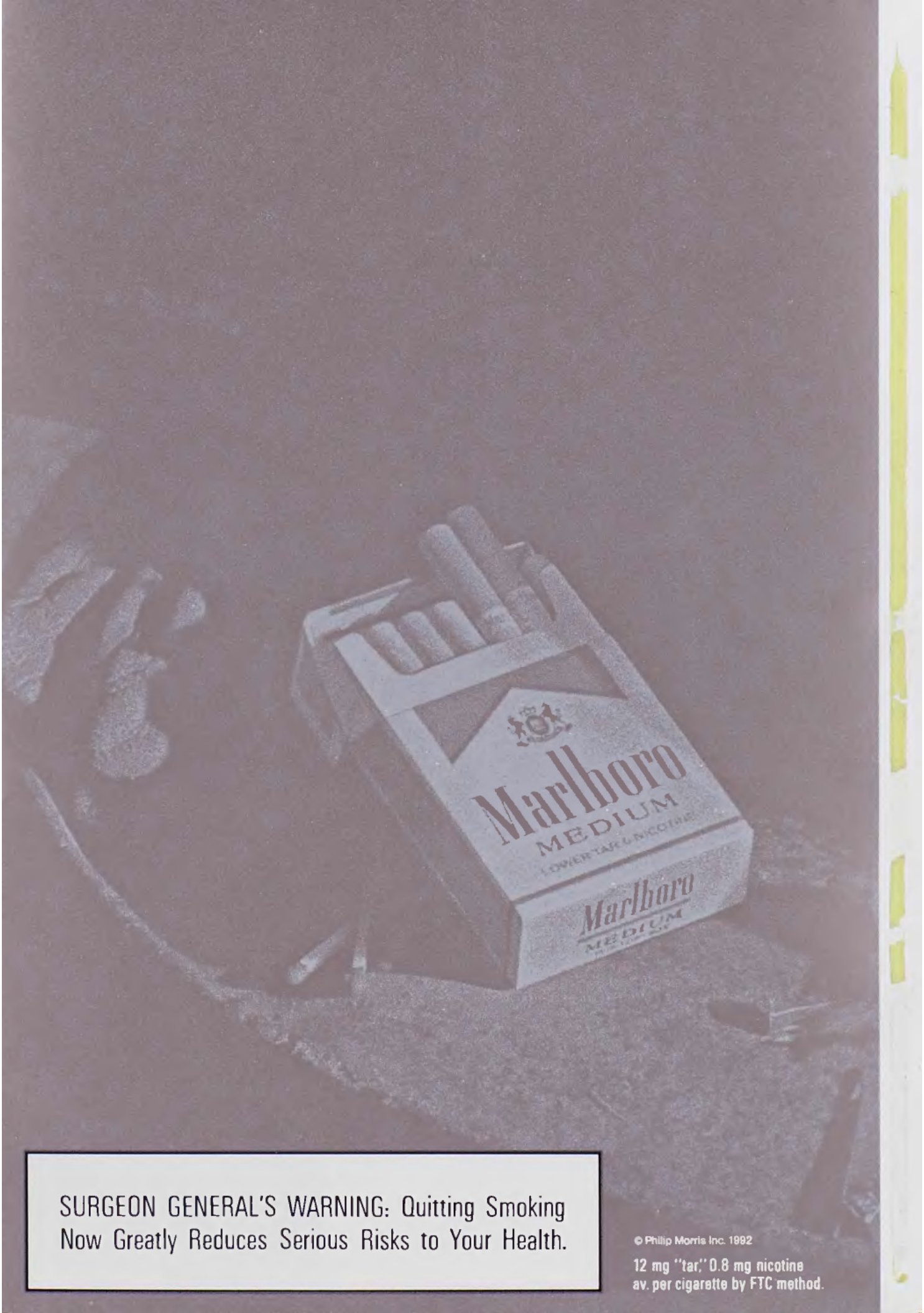

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av. per cigarette by FTC method.

going to allow for both men and women to be more open-minded about safe sex. I think Magic is going to make players say, Hey, don't be afraid to ask this person. Now it's a given: You have to talk about it.

PLAYBOY: It used to be that a player's primary concern was not getting someone pregnant——

JORDAN: Or getting V.D. or herpes. Now you pray for that.

PLAYBOY: What was your relationship with Magic early on in your career?

JORDAN: I liked him when I was in high school. They used to call me Magic Jordan. My first car had a license plate with Magic Jordan on it. It was a 1976 Grand Prix.

PLAYBOY: Things were pretty strained between you when you first got into the league, weren't they?

JORDAN: There was a little bit of envy because of the way I came into the league. Magic came in with even more flair and even more success. And he should have been even bigger than I was in terms of endorsements and business opportunities. But he wasn't marketed that way. And I was fortunate to have good people. So there was some envy.

PLAYBOY: How did the two of you get over it?

JORDAN: During my third year, he invited me out to play in his summer charity game. We ironed out our differences in private in the locker room and we began a relationship.

PLAYBOY: There are some differences you haven't ironed out. What's the story with you and Isiah Thomas and the alleged Jordan freeze-out at the 1985 N.B.A. All-Star game? Do you think they were really denying you the ball?

JORDAN: If you go back and look at the film, you can see that Isiah was actually doing that. Once it started getting around that he was freezing me out, that's when the ill feelings started to grow between us.

PLAYBOY: There were some problems even before the game, weren't there?

JORDAN: That was my first All-Star game. I stayed in my room most of the time because I didn't know what to do. None of my teammates were there. I didn't want to be out in a situation that I wasn't comfortable with. The one time I did go out, I got on an elevator with Isiah Thomas to go downstairs for a league meeting. That was the first time I met him. And I said, "Hello, how ya doin'?" That's all I said. I was really intimidated because I didn't know him and I didn't want to get on his nerves. I didn't want to seem like a rookie. You know, to just be so stupid. So I was quiet. I stayed in the corner. When I went down in the room for the meeting, I still didn't say anything. After the weekend was over, it got back to me that I was arrogant and cocky and I wouldn't even speak to Isiah on the elevator, that I gave him the cold shoulder. And I'm saying Isiah Thomas initiated it all.

PLAYBOY: How did that make you feel?

JORDAN: I was really disappointed and upset because I never wanted to step on anybody's toes. When I came into the league, I considered myself the lowest on the totem pole. I'm a rookie, now let me work my way up. When I started with the Bulls, they wanted me to be a vocal leader, but I told coach Kevin Loughery that I didn't feel comfortable doing that. We had all these guys with six or seven years in the league and I was in my first year. How could I tell these guys this and that? The best way I could do it was just to go out and play hard. And that's the way I've always treated it. They took that as disrespect and misinterpreted that whole weekend.

PLAYBOY: The next game after the All-Star break was at home against Detroit. How did you react?

JORDAN: Normally, I would smile and enjoy myself, but I was serious the whole game. It was a grudge game from my standpoint. And the next day, the headlines read JORDAN GETS HIS REVENGE, SCORES 49. That's all Isiah needed to see. It was a competition from that point. I always tried to respect him and be kind, but I always would hear talk that he was saying things about me behind my back. I just said, Well, I'm gonna stop trying to be nice. Screw it. Just play basketball. We don't have to be best of friends.

PLAYBOY: Was that experience ultimately good for you?

JORDAN: Well, it taught me about the jealousy that you deal with on this level. But at the same time, this is a business. I'm going to take advantage of all the opportunities. If they were in my shoes, they would do the exact same thing.

PLAYBOY: Other players were jealous of your success in endorsements and business dealings?

JORDAN: Right. But why must I squander my opportunities because those guys never got that opportunity? They don't want me to have it and they're going to be pissed at me if I do it? Screw that. And some people may view that as wrong. I see people writing letters to the editor: "I'm tired of seeing Michael Jordan's face everywhere." Who are you? Because if you were where I am, you'd be doing the same thing. I'm not going to let that bother me. This is a business. I want to take advantage of my opportunities and walk away from the game financially set. I'm not doing anything that anybody else in my position wouldn't do.

PLAYBOY: When did you adjust to being a celebrity?

JORDAN: My fourth year.

PLAYBOY: Not until then?

JORDAN: I was really liking it up until about my fourth year. But that's when you start getting tired. Your moods start to change. People start taking advantage of your niceness. And you want more time for yourself. You change your whole attitude. I'm starting to be more open about everything. Before I was hesitant about saying how I feel.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean?

JORDAN: I'll tell you if I don't like something. Before I would just keep it to myself. Now I'm becoming a little more opinionated because people have become more opinionated about me.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk a little about your public image. Why didn't you go to the White House when President Bush invited the team?

JORDAN: I didn't want to go. I had something else to do. Before I would have said, "Well, I had my reasons." I'd do it in a very respectful way. But that's none of your business. The Bulls knew I wasn't going, so why must I tell you? Go ask them why I didn't go. They knew. I make my stand now because it's easy for people to take advantage of me and become more opinionated about things that I choose to do. I may not be in agreement with what people want me to do. Who gives a damn? They don't live the life that I try to live. Do I ask them why they go to the bathroom?

PLAYBOY: They don't have to deal with what you deal with.

JORDAN: Right, they don't. People say they wish they were Michael Jordan. OK, do it for a year. Do it for two years. Do it for five years. When you get past the fun part, then go do the part where you get into cities at three A.M. and you have fifteen people waiting for autographs when you're as tired as hell. Your knees are sore, back's sore, your body's sore, and yet you have to sign fifteen autographs at three in the morning.

PLAYBOY: What happens if you don't?

JORDAN: Somebody will take a shot, saying, "Oh, look at him." On one road trip, we got into Denver at three in the morning and there were people sitting in the hotel lobby. I was tired. I said, "I'm sorry, please, I'm tired." Then I heard, "I guess that's the Jordan rules." I just kept on walking. One of these days I'm going to say, "Go screw yourself." Maybe when I'm walking out of the league.

PLAYBOY: Tell us about your championship season. Was it as turbulent as it was described in *The Jordan Rules*?

JORDAN: I haven't read it.

PLAYBOY: In the book, Sam Smith remarked on all the tickets you got to a sold-out game in last year's finals. The implication was that you were being afforded preferential treatment. Are your Bulls tickets free?

JORDAN: I buy every damn ticket. Ain't nobody giving me tickets. I pay for all those fifty-dollar box-seat tickets I give to little kids. For all the loose tickets that I may have after a game that I do not use and I give to [Bulls forward] Scottie Pippen, give to [Bulls forward] Horace

Grant, give to people, I pay for them all. I don't ask them to pay me back. I spent one hundred thousand dollars on tickets last year that I didn't get back. That's money that I paid the Bulls and other teams. So don't bitch at me about all the tickets I spread around.

PLAYBOY: Another anecdote, which presumably shows you as a selfish scorer, had Bulls center Bill Cartwright talking about a game against New Jersey. According to Cartwright, you were complaining that coach Phil Jackson took you out of the game to keep you from scoring more.

JORDAN: Sam Smith says Cartwright said I was bitching about not getting fifty points and that everyone could have scored twenty instead. That's the biggest lie in America. The whole offense is set for Cartwright to score as many points as he can. If he can't score, that's his damn problem. All I can do is throw him the ball. I can't make him move.

PLAYBOY: What about the charge that you want only to score?

JORDAN: I don't go out and just try to score. I score because there is an opportunity to score. It doesn't matter who scores. If you have an opportunity to score, you score. And we win. Smith made it seem like I was selfish in that sense, that all I thought about was getting my points when actually I wasn't worried about that. I was worried about winning. Who cares what happens with the points?

PLAYBOY: The scoring title doesn't mean anything to you?

JORDAN: It doesn't even faze me anymore. If I win the scoring title this year, I win it. If I don't, I don't. I know I could win it if I wanted to. But I just don't try to chase it anymore. I let whatever happens happen.

PLAYBOY: What was your contact with the author?

JORDAN: [Bulls vice president of operations Jerry] Krause and I are the most criticized people in the book, but we're the only two that didn't go to lunch with this dude. It's like he was planning to kill us anyway, so why take us to lunch?

PLAYBOY: Did you expect that this sort of thing would happen to you one day?

JORDAN: I knew people were going to start taking shots at me. You get to a point where people are going to get tired of seeing you on a pedestal, all clean and polished. They say, Let's see if there's any dirt around this person. But I never expected it to come from inside. Sam tried to make it seem like he was a friend of the family for eight months. But the family talked about all this hatred they have for me. I mean, if they had so much hatred for me, how could they play with me? Why didn't they go to [Bulls owner] Jerry Reinsdorf and ask him to trade me? I don't know *how* we won if there was so much hatred among all of us. It looked like we all got along so well.

PLAYBOY: Do you look at your teammates and wonder to yourself if they really said that stuff?

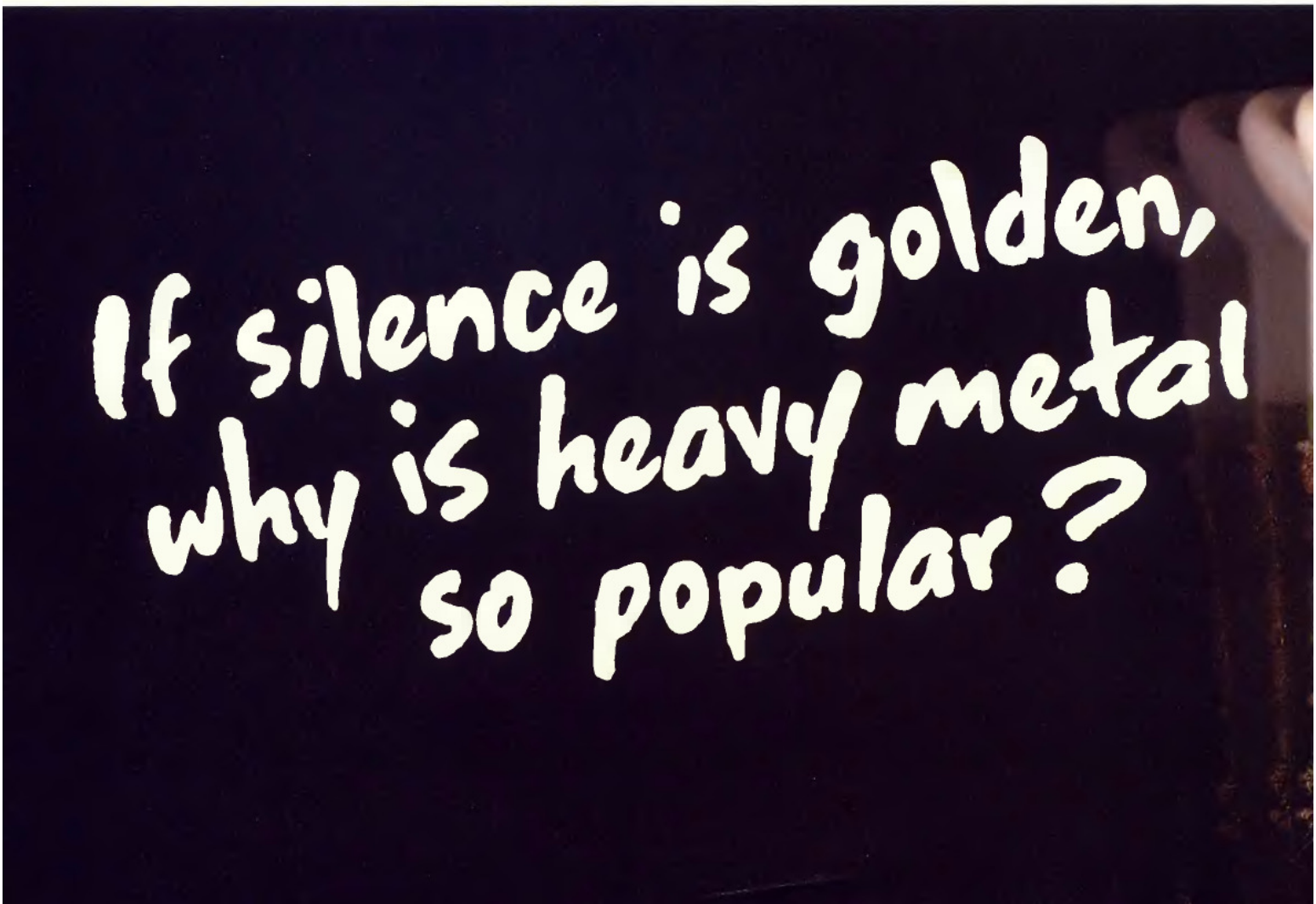
JORDAN: I can imagine some of the things being said from anger or jealousy or disappointment. But I could see Sam Smith actually manipulating, putting words in their mouths, to get his meaning from the situation. Let's say Horace Grant was upset for one game about not getting enough shots and maybe I had a lot more shots than anybody else. Sam can sense that anger, get over there and ask him all kinds of questions. In the book, Sam makes it appear to be a problem all season long. Actually, it's just one game.

PLAYBOY: Anything else bug you about it?

JORDAN: He really exploits certain things. I've heard there was a story about how Pippen, Grant and I were talking about our sons' penises. He said we spent thirty minutes debating whose son had the biggest penis. What's the purpose of that being in the book? You know it's kidding, so what?

PLAYBOY: Let's get back to the championship drive. You seem to feel that it wasn't enough to win the N.B.A. title, you had to do it the right way.

JORDAN: When we were beating Philly in the play-offs last year and Detroit was



going against Boston, everyone was saying, "I hope Boston wins." I said, No way. If we're going to go, we have to go the hardest route, or else as a team, we're going to get criticized for it. First of all, Scottie Pippen would never redeem himself from having those three headaches, or whatever he had, in the final 1990 conference championship game against the Pistons. As a team we would never live it down because we always faltered under Detroit's pressure. No one really gained respect from Detroit players.

PLAYBOY: It would have reflected badly on you, too.

JORDAN: All of that would have been right on my shoulders. Yeah, you won a championship, people would have said, but you didn't go through Detroit to do it. I didn't want that crap to happen. I wanted to go the hardest route.

PLAYBOY: There was also the matter of how you compared to Magic and Larry Bird.

JORDAN: When it came to comparisons, this is what always knocked me out of the top two players: People would always say, "All these great plays and he's never taken his team to a championship." So I wanted to go through one of those two. It worked out perfect.

PLAYBOY: Magic made his teammates better. That's something you've been accused of failing to do.

JORDAN: The championship was my opportunity to show I'm not just a scorer. That was the challenge when everyone tried to make it a one-on-one situation, Magic versus Michael. I realized that. But you know, I told people that if we got to the Finals, we were going to win, if I have anything to do with it. I might never get this opportunity again. And when I got to the Finals, all I tried to do was plug holes—scoring, passing, rebounding, whatever—just as they had portrayed Magic as doing.

PLAYBOY: Was there a particular moment in the year when you thought, Maybe we can go all the way?

JORDAN: When we beat Detroit before the All-Star game.

PLAYBOY: That early?

JORDAN: We beat them in Detroit. We hadn't beaten them in Detroit for about ten games, and once we did, it gave us confidence. We needed to know that we could beat them on their court. In the conference championship series the year before, we had defended our home court well. But we went up there and got stomped in game seven.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about the Detroit series in last year's play-offs. You blew through New York and Philadelphia, and then came the Pistons.

JORDAN: We were waiting for this. We had the home-court advantage. And we defended our home court the last six or seven times. The first game was a key because you knew they were going to throw shit at us. Pippen knew what Dennis Rodman was going to do. He couldn't let him get into his head. Just play, turn your face and keep going. We won both games in Chicago, so we went up to Detroit and said, Let's sweep them.

PLAYBOY: Could you see the fear in their eyes?

JORDAN: Yeah. They couldn't rattle us. They tried everything to rattle our confidence.

PLAYBOY: Such as?

JORDAN: Throwing punches, throwing guys at you, talking shit. So I'm saying, Well, these guys talk trash all the damn time to everybody. Let's see if they can handle some trash-talking back to them. So I started talking it to 'em. With Mark Aguirre, I said, "This is not your home. You're not in Chicago anymore. You live in Detroit. This is our home." Rodman, I said, "Rodman, best defensive player? Jump your ass over here if you think you're the best defensive player in the league." And that irritated the hell out of him. Every time he'd go past me, boom, knee me in the corner, knee me in the back. He was trying to frustrate me. And I was trying to do exactly what he would do. I'm trying to knock the hell out of Rodman. I'm telling Scottie to bring him off the screen—boom, I knock him. Rodman got pissed off because we were

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doing the same shit that he would do. I knew I was getting to him.

PLAYBOY: How about Isiah?

JORDAN: He was really passive. I think that he was so confident that they had something on us that, in a sense, he wasn't needed to win. He was just going to be the director instead of being the aggressor. Once he tried to be aggressive, it was too late.

PLAYBOY: Have Pistons players tried to hurt you?

JORDAN: Laimbeer has. The first time it happened, I thought it was just an initiation into the league. And then the crap started happening every time on the break, he and I angling off at the break. He doesn't even try to block the shot. His whole body is coming at me. And I'm going up in the air, I can lose control, anything can happen. I'm irritated by it but I handle it. I'm waiting for my last year.

PLAYBOY: Is Laimbeer worse than the rest of them, even Rodman?

JORDAN: No, I think Rodman and Laimbeer are just alike. They try to live up to their image of being assholes.

PLAYBOY: The Detroit series was a remarkably thorough beating.

JORDAN: That's why they walked off the court. We embarrassed them. To sweep them four–zip, it was embarrassing. Defending champions, embarrassing. It was like good overriding evil.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean by "evil"?

JORDAN: It was their style of basketball. If you knock a person down on a hard foul, you pick that man up and say, "Are you all right?" The Pistons will knock you down, then, if possible, kick you. They try to use that crap as an intimidator. The evil came out of their attitude, the unsportsmanlike actions. That bad-boy image brought them some gold, but it also brought them a lot of shame.

PLAYBOY: It drives Detroit nuts to hear you say things like that. They feel you don't give them any respect.

JORDAN: Respect for what?

PLAYBOY: All their success.

JORDAN: It's true. Everybody knows it. They were smart enough to utilize their image and win. They didn't win just off brute force. They had talent enough to win. But they could still have that talent without the brutality.

PLAYBOY: Did it surprise you during the last game when they walked off the floor before time had expired?

JORDAN: Yeah, it really did. Isiah Thomas is the president of our players association and yet he is going to orchestrate that unsportsmanlike conduct? Three years in a row, I pushed myself to shake their hands and wish them luck and told them to bring the championship back to the Eastern Conference.

PLAYBOY: That had to be hard to swallow.

JORDAN: Hard to swallow, but out of sportsmanship, this is what you're supposed to do.

PLAYBOY: When did you realize that the N.B.A. title was within your grasp?

JORDAN: In the first game against the Lakers. They played their asses off, we played terrible, but we still had a chance to win down the stretch. That's all we needed from that point on. That gave us our confidence. It was a moral victory for us in the first game. Then in the second game, we went right back and pounded them. Gave us that confidence back that we lost.

PLAYBOY: Most people looked at it from the standpoint that the Lakers got a game in Chicago.

JORDAN: Yeah, but the momentum changed. It's not like it just changed hands, we grabbed it.

PLAYBOY: What were the emotions like before game five against the Lakers?

JORDAN: We were just determined.

PLAYBOY: Were you scared?

JORDAN: Nope, I wasn't scared. We had three chances to win one, right? I wasn't nervous. We went in there relaxed.

PLAYBOY: When did it hit you that the championship was yours?

JORDAN: When [guard] John Paxson started knocking down shots. He was measuring them, boom, he was just knocking them down. I missed some of the excitement by not doing it in Chicago. If we had done it in Chicago, we probably wouldn't have lived, because the fans would have killed us. But it was nearly as bad in L.A.

PLAYBOY: What happened in the locker room after the final game? It looked like you were overwhelmed with emotion.

JORDAN: I tried to fight it, but I couldn't. I suppressed a lot of disappointment over the years. When we won it all, I became more emotional than I have ever been. I don't regret it. It was something I had to let out.

PLAYBOY: Is there going to be any challenge to the Olympics?

JORDAN: You know, it's one of those situations where the challenge is going to be playing together as a team. When you look at the talent and the teams we're supposed to play against, it's a massacre. It should never be close. We taught them the game of basketball. We've got people who have the ability and the height. We're talking about the greatest players that play the game now and the team is the best team that's ever been put together. Who's going to beat us? The Japanese? The Chinese? They can't match up to the athleticism we're going to have on this team. Not to mention the mental advantage we're going to have here with Magic, or whoever's gonna play the point. You have Stockton, Barkley, me, Robinson, Bird . . . come on. These are the people that the Europeans look up

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to, so how can they beat us? If any game is even close, it will be a moral victory for Europe.

PLAYBOY: What will you do if Bill Laimbeer or Isiah Thomas makes the Olympic team?

JORDAN: I would respect them as teammates and we would play as a team.

PLAYBOY: You still would do it?

JORDAN: If I walk off now, you think there's not going to be a controversy? I would do it to avoid all the publicity and feelings between us. Americans shouldn't be that way when they're representing the country. You just have to do it.

PLAYBOY: Why do you think Magic wants to play in the Olympics? What does it matter, given what he's accomplished?

JORDAN: He has accomplished everything possible in terms of basketball except for one thing: He's never played in an Olympic game. Never had that gold medal. And that can be eating at him. He probably would take that risk knowing that he might give up a day or two of his life. You know what? If I were in his position, I probably would do it, too. I'm going to be in his corner all the way. It adds something to your life when you win a gold medal. You hear the whole world cheering for you. That's far greater than any other cheering you're going to hear in basketball.

PLAYBOY: Even greater than the N.B.A. title?

JORDAN: Yeah. The title is for Chicago and the Bulls fans around the United States, but the Olympics are for everybody in the United States and then some.

PLAYBOY: For all the credit, respect, celebrity and money that have come to you in your career, you remain a black man in a country dominated by white corporate structures. Recently, you have even taken shots from black writers who suggest you're not black enough.

JORDAN: I realize that I'm black, but I like to be viewed as a person, and that's everybody's wish. That's what Martin Luther King fought for, that everybody could be treated equal and be viewed as a person. In some ways I can't understand it, because here we are striving for equality and yet people are going to say I'm not black enough? At a time when actually I thought I was trying to be equal? I try to be a role model for black kids, white kids, yellow kids, green kids. This is what I felt was good about my personality. Don't knock me off the pedestal that you wanted me to get onto. I get criticized about not giving back to the community—well, that's not true. I do. I just don't go out and try to seek publicity from it. I could hold a press conference on everything that I do for the black community. But I don't choose to do that, so people are not aware of it.

PLAYBOY: Does the accusation sting?

JORDAN: Yeah, it's really unfair. Because they ask for more black role models, yet they're stabbing me when I'm up here trying to be a very positive black role model.

PLAYBOY: You don't seem like a very political person.

JORDAN: I always keep my political views to myself.

PLAYBOY: But there are others who want you to be more up-front.

JORDAN: Look at what happened in North Carolina. I got criticized for not endorsing Harvey Gantt, the black guy who was running for the Senate against Jesse Helms in North Carolina. I chose not to because I didn't know of his achievements, I didn't know if he had some negative things against him. Before I put myself on the line, at least I wanted to know who this guy was. And I didn't, but I knew of Jesse Helms and I wasn't in favor of him. So I sent Gantt some money as a contribution. But that was never publicized. It was just that I didn't come out publicly and do an endorsement.

PLAYBOY: How do you handle pressure from Jesse Jackson and other activists?

JORDAN: I never bow to that pressure because I always keep my opinions to myself. I avoid those types of endorsements from a political standpoint. That's just me. That's my prerogative to do so. If you don't like it, lump it.

PLAYBOY: How did you react when Operation PUSH called for a boycott of Nike?

JORDAN: It was a valid point. But if you're going to take that stand about having blacks in more controlling or executive positions, do it with every shoe company. Don't pick the one on top and say, Hey, there aren't enough blacks involved. Because you're targeting Nike while Reebok and all these others are going to gain from us being attacked. That's not fair. Say the whole shoe industry does not have enough blacks in powerful executive positions. OK, I'm with you. Maybe we have to change that. I'm saying, come to the black people involved and ask us, Well, are blacks being promoted in higher positions? We could have said yes. John Thompson is on the Nike board of directors. I hope I can be put on the advisory board, and we're starting to move up. Naturally, you still want to have more. I think PUSH helped get more blacks involved in the business side. But they approached it from a bad angle.

PLAYBOY: You like to play golf, but there's no sport with a richer history of exclusion. Do you think that has irritated some in the black community, that you play at exclusive clubs in spite of their policies?

JORDAN: I think I'm opening the door for blacks to be involved. I was getting more opportunities to go to these clubs. Sam Smith wrote in his book that I would have been declined membership at a Jewish golf course, but that's not

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true. I never applied. The only golf courses that I applied to, I got accepted. He had me saying that if I won the lottery, I'd go out and buy a golf course and keep out all the Jews. Well, why would I have to win the lottery? I could go buy one now.

PLAYBOY: Where are you a member?

JORDAN: I'm a member in Chicago at Wynstone, at Wexford in Hilton Head, and in Rancho Sante Fe at a place called the Farms. I'm a member at the Governor's Club in Chapel Hill.

PLAYBOY: Do you pay the regular members' dues and fees?

JORDAN: Yeah, I pay. I went through the normal procedures of getting in. I never want it to be a privilege. I don't want to be a token.

PLAYBOY: When was the first time you ever had to deal with racism?

JORDAN: When I threw a soda at a girl for calling me a nigger. It was when *Roots* was on television.

PLAYBOY: How old were you?

JORDAN: I was fifteen. It was a very tough year. I was really rebelling. I considered myself a racist at that time. Basically, I was against all white people.

PLAYBOY: Why?

JORDAN: It was hundreds of years of pain that they put us through, and for the first time, I saw it from watching *Roots*. I was very ignorant about it initially, but I really opened my eyes about my ancestors and the things that they had to deal with.

PLAYBOY: How long did it take you to get over that?

JORDAN: A whole year. The education came from my parents. You have to be able to say, OK, that happened back then. Now let's take it from here and see what happens. It would be very easy to hate people for the rest of your life, and some people have done that. You've got to deal with what's happening now and try to make things better.

PLAYBOY: What did you think you'd be when you grew up?

JORDAN: A professional athlete.

PLAYBOY: How early did you begin thinking that?

JORDAN: I *always* thought I would be a professional athlete. I always loved sports. I knew one thing I didn't want was a job. Me and working were never best friends. I enjoyed playing.

PLAYBOY: Your dad once said that you were the laziest kid he had.

JORDAN: He doesn't lie. He tried to change me, but it never worked. He couldn't keep me from playing sports. I think my first job was in the eleventh grade and I quit after a week.

PLAYBOY: What was it?

JORDAN: I was a hotel maintenance man. I was cleaning out pools, painting rails, changing air-conditioner filters and sweeping out the back room. I said, never again. I may be a wino first, but I will not have a nine-to-five job.

PLAYBOY: You had a bad experience with swimming when you were a kid, didn't you?

JORDAN: I went swimming with a close friend one day, and we were out wading and riding the waves coming in. The current was so strong it took him under and he locked up on me. It's called the death lock, when they know they're in trouble and about to die. I almost had to break his hand. He was gonna take me with him.

PLAYBOY: Did you save him?

JORDAN: No, he died. I don't go into the water anymore.

PLAYBOY: How old were you?

JORDAN: I was really young. About seven or eight years old. Now I ain't going near the water. I can't swim and I ain't messing with the water.

PLAYBOY: Even when you go on a boat?

JORDAN: Not without a life jacket, I won't. Not a little boat, either. It has to be a big boat for me.

PLAYBOY: It doesn't bother you to say that, does it?

JORDAN: No. I don't give a damn. Everybody's got a phobia for something. I do not mess with water.

PLAYBOY: Were you always a star in sports?

JORDAN: No, but I had ambitions of being one. All I wanted to do was play all the time. I used to give up whatever allowance I had to my brothers, for them to wash dishes for me and clean the house.

PLAYBOY: Did it bother your father?

JORDAN: My father is a mechanical person. He always tried to save money by working on everybody's cars. And my older brothers would go out and work with him. He would tell them to hand him a nine-sixteenths wrench and they'd do it. I'd get out there and he'd say give me a nine-sixteenths wrench and I didn't know what the hell he was talking about. He used to get irritated with me and say, "You don't know what the hell you're doing, go on in there with the women."

PLAYBOY: Were you popular with girls in high school?

JORDAN: I always thought I would be a bachelor. I couldn't get a date.

PLAYBOY: Come on.

JORDAN: I kidded around too much. I always used to play around with women. I was a clown. I picked at people a lot. That was my way of breaking the ice with people who were very serious. I was good in school. I'd get A's and B's in my classes but I'd get N's and U's in conduct because I was kidding around, talking all the time.

PLAYBOY: We've heard you did some serious preparation for bachelor life.

JORDAN: I took home economics from seventh through ninth grade. They were easy classes, we got to eat and I was always a greedy person with food. And you got to do things. I always thought I'd be doing my own sewing and cooking and cleaning.

PLAYBOY: What can you do?

JORDAN: Oh, I can sew shirts, I can make clothes.

PLAYBOY: Still?

JORDAN: I could hem pants right now. I can cook and clean and all that stuff. But do I do it? No. I don't want to. But I could if I had to.

PLAYBOY: Did you watch basketball much as a kid?

JORDAN: I used to watch a little A.C.C. college basketball because we never got professional basketball on TV where I lived. I didn't know anybody in the N.B.A. I only knew David Thompson, Walter Davis, guys from my area.

PLAYBOY: When you were a high school senior, did North Carolina recruit you?

JORDAN: They were recruiting me when I was in the eleventh grade. My high school coach wrote to them, so they sent a scout down. I went to North Carolina with the Five-Star camp, even though Dean Smith didn't want me to go.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

JORDAN: He tried to keep me hidden. If I was at Five-Star, they would open up the doors of the schools and everybody would notice. I won about ten trophies in two weeks. I was an all-star and the M.V.P. for two weeks in a row and my team won the championship both weeks. I was racking it up. Then everybody started recruiting me.

PLAYBOY: Was North Carolina your first choice?

JORDAN: I always wanted to go to UCLA. That was my dream school.

PLAYBOY: Why?

JORDAN: Because when I was growing up, they were a great team. Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, Bill Walton, John Wooden. But I never got recruited by UCLA.

PLAYBOY: Even after your success in the Five-Star camp?

JORDAN: By the time they wanted to recruit me, they had heard that I was going to stay close to home, which was not necessarily true. I also wanted to go to Virginia because I wanted to play with Ralph Sampson for his last two years there. He was going into his junior year. I wrote to Virginia, but they just sent me back an admission form. No one came and watched me. Then I visited North Carolina and I was happy with the atmosphere, so I committed early.

PLAYBOY: Weren't you planning to play baseball in college, too?

JORDAN: I wanted to, but I got talked out of it. I still want to play baseball. I may play Triple-A ball this summer. I keep trying to talk to the people in Charlotte. You know George Shinn, the guy who owns the Charlotte Hornets? [Hornets players] Muggsy Bogues and Dell Curry played for his minor-league baseball team last summer. I told them I want to go play baseball. They don't believe me. I'm serious. I may think about football,

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For a summmary of product information, see adjoining page.

Rogaine®
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The only product proven to grow hair.

Rogaine®
TOPICAL SOLUTION minoxidil 2%

The only product ever proven to grow hair.

What is ROGAINE?
ROGAINE Topical Solution, discovered and made by The Upjohn Company, is a standardized topical (for use only on the skin) prescription medication proved effective for the long-term treatment of male pattern baldness of the crown and in females for diffuse hair loss or thinning of the frontal areas of the scalp.

ROGAINE is the only topical solution of minoxidil. Minoxidil in tablet form has been used since 1980 to lower blood pressure. The use of *minoxidil tablets* is limited to treatment of patients with severe high blood pressure. When a high enough dose in tablet form is used to lower blood pressure, certain effects that merit your attention may occur. These effects appear to be dose related.

Persons who use ROGAINE Topical Solution have a low level of absorption of minoxidil, much lower than that of persons being treated with *minoxidil tablets* for high blood pressure. Therefore, the likelihood that a person using ROGAINE Topical Solution will develop the effects associated with *minoxidil tablets* is very small. In fact, none of these effects have been directly attributed to ROGAINE in clinical studies.

How soon can I expect results from using ROGAINE?
Studies have shown that the response to treatment with ROGAINE may vary widely.

Some patients receiving ROGAINE may see faster results than others; others may respond with a slower rate of hair growth. You should not expect visible growth in less than 4 months.

If I respond to ROGAINE, what will the hair look like?
If you have very little hair and respond to treatment, your first hair growth may be soft, downy, colorless hair that is barely visible. After further treatment the new hair should be the same color and thickness as the other hair on your scalp. If you start with substantial hair, the new hair should be of the same color and thickness as the rest of your hair.

How long do I need to use ROGAINE?
ROGAINE is a treatment, not a cure. If you respond to treatment, you will need to continue using ROGAINE to maintain or increase hair growth. If you do not begin to show a response to treatment with ROGAINE after a reasonable period of time (at least 4 months or more), your doctor may advise you to discontinue using ROGAINE.

What happens if I stop using ROGAINE? Will I keep the new hair?
If you stop using ROGAINE, you will probably shed the new hair within a few months after stopping treatment.

What is the dosage of ROGAINE?
You should apply a 1-mL dose of ROGAINE two times a day, once in the morning and once at night, before bedtime. Each bottle should last about 30 days (1 month). The applicators in each package of ROGAINE are designed to let you apply the correct amount of ROGAINE with each application. *Please refer to the Instructions for Use.*

What if I miss a dose or forget to use ROGAINE?
If you miss one or two daily applications of ROGAINE, you should restart your twice-daily application and return to your usual schedule. You should not attempt to make up for missed applications.

Can I use ROGAINE more than twice a day? Will it work faster?
No. Studies by The Upjohn Company have been carefully conducted to determine the correct amount of ROGAINE to use to obtain the most satisfactory results. More frequent applications or use of larger doses (more than 1 mL twice a day) have not been shown to speed up the process of hair growth and may increase the possibility of side effects.

What are the most common side effects reported in clinical studies with ROGAINE?
Studies of patients using ROGAINE have shown that the most common adverse effects directly attributable to ROGAINE Topical Solution were itching and other skin irritations of the treated area of the scalp. About 7% of patients had these complaints.

Other side effects, including light-headedness, dizziness, and headaches, were reported by patients using ROGAINE or placebo (a similar solution without the active medication).

What are some of the side effects people have reported?
The frequency of side effects listed below was similar, except for dermatologic reactions, in the groups using ROGAINE and placebo. *Respiratory:* bronchitis, upper respiratory infection, sinusitis; *Dermatologic:* irritant or allergic contact dermatitis, eczema, hypertrichosis, local erythema, pruritus, dry skin/scalp flaking, exacerbation of hair loss, alopecia; *Gastrointestinal:* diarrhea, nausea, vomiting; *Neurologic:* headache, dizziness, faintness, light-headedness; *Musculoskeletal:* fractures, back pain, tendinitis; *Cardiovascular:* edema, chest pain, blood pressure increases/decreases, palpitation, pulse rate increases/decreases; *Allergic:* nonspecific allergic reactions, hives, allergic rhinitis, facial swelling, sensitivity; *Special Senses:* conjunctivitis, ear infections, vertigo, visual disturbances including decreased visual acuity; *Metabolic-Nutritional:* edema, weight gain; *Urinary Tract:* urinary tract infections, renal calculi, urethritis; *Genital Tract:* prostatitis, epididymitis, sexual dysfunction; *Psychiatric:* anxiety, depression, fatigue; *Hematologic:* lymphadenopathy, thrombocytopenia; *Endocrinologic.*

Individuals who are hypersensitive to minoxidil, propylene glycol, or ethanol must not use ROGAINE.

ROGAINE Topical Solution contains alcohol, which could cause burning or irritation of the eyes, mucous membranes, or sensitive skin areas. If ROGAINE accidentally gets into these areas, bathe the area with large amounts of cool tap water. Contact your doctor if irritation persists.

What are the possible side effects that could affect the heart and circulation when using ROGAINE?
Although serious side effects have not been attributed to ROGAINE in clinical studies, there is a possibility that they could occur because the active ingredient in ROGAINE Topical Solution is the same as in *minoxidil tablets*.

Minoxidil tablets are used to treat high blood pressure. *Minoxidil tablets* lower blood pressure by relaxing the arteries, an effect called vasodilation. Vasodilation leads to retention of fluid and increased heart rate. The following effects have occurred in some patients taking *minoxidil tablets* for high blood pressure:

Increased heart rate: Some patients have reported – a resting heart rate increased by more than 20 beats per minute; rapid weight gain of more than 5 pounds or swelling (edema) of the face, hands, ankles, or stomach area; difficulty in breathing, especially when lying down, a result of an increase in body fluids or fluid around the heart; worsening of, or new onset of, angina pectoris.

When ROGAINE Topical Solution is used on normal skin, very little minoxidil is absorbed, and the possible effects attributed to minoxidil tablets are not expected with the use of ROGAINE. If, however, you experience any of the possible side effects listed, discontinue use of ROGAINE and consult your doctor. Presumably, such effects would be most likely if greater absorption occurred, e.g., because ROGAINE was used on damaged or inflamed skin or in greater than recommended amounts.

In animal studies, minoxidil, in doses higher than would be obtained from topical use in people, has caused important heart-structure damage. This kind of damage has not been seen in humans given *minoxidil tablets* for high blood pressure at effective doses.

What factors may increase the risk of serious side effects with ROGAINE?
Individuals with known or suspected underlying coronary artery disease or the presence of or predisposition to heart failure would be at particular risk if systemic effects (that is, increased heart rate or fluid retention) of minoxidil were to occur. Physicians, and patients with these kinds of underlying diseases, should be conscious of the potential risk of treatment if they choose to use ROGAINE.

ROGAINE should be applied only to the scalp and should not be used on other parts of the body because absorption of minoxidil may be increased and the risk of side effects may become greater. You should not use ROGAINE if your scalp becomes irritated or is sunburned, and you should not use it along with other topical treatment medication on your scalp.

Can individuals with high blood pressure use ROGAINE?
Individuals with hypertension, including those under treatment with antihypertensive agents, can use ROGAINE but should be monitored closely by their doctor. Patients taking guanethidine for high blood pressure should not use ROGAINE.

Should any precautions be followed?
Individuals using ROGAINE should be monitored by their physician 1 month after starting ROGAINE and at least every 6 months thereafter. Discontinue ROGAINE if systemic effects occur.

Do not use it in conjunction with other topical agents such as corticosteroids, retinoids, petrolatum, or agents that enhance percutaneous absorption. ROGAINE is for topical use only. Each milliliter contains 20 mg minoxidil, and accidental ingestion could cause adverse systemic effects.

No carcinogenicity was found with topical application. ROGAINE should not be used by pregnant women or by nursing mothers. The effects on labor and delivery are not known. Efficacy in postmenopausal women has not been studied.

Pediatric use: Safety and effectiveness have not been established under age 18.

Caution: Federal law prohibits dispensing without a prescription. You must see a doctor to receive a prescription.

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too. I ain't going across the middle, though. I'll do down and out.

PLAYBOY: If you made a run at baseball, what position would you play?

JORDAN: Well, I used to be a pitcher. But I'd probably throw my arm out just learning all the different things. I'd much rather try to start out in the outfield or first base. I'm going to do it. But I would never want just to step right into the majors. Players would get pissed at me. I don't want that animosity. I want to start off low and work my way up.

PLAYBOY: You have had four pro coaches. Whom did you like to play for the most?

JORDAN: Who was best for me? Kevin Loughery.

PLAYBOY: Why?

JORDAN: He gave me the confidence to play on his level. My first year, he threw me the ball and said, "Hey, kid, I know you can play. Go play." I don't think that would have been the case going through another coach's system. Look what Loughery's doing right now with Miami. He's doing exactly what he did to me. He's giving those guys so much confidence, he's giving them an opportunity to create their own identity as players. With other coaches, you have to fit into their systems.

PLAYBOY: Even Doug Collins?

JORDAN: No, I just felt Doug would have tried to manipulate me. For that sense of control, power. I saw that with the way he dealt with Pippen and Grant. I would have been able to deal with it because I respect all my coaches. But Loughery never tried to do that. I could relate with him as a friend.

PLAYBOY: What about Phil Jackson as a coach?

JORDAN: Phil's a good coach. He has some Dean Smith credentials out there. He's relaxed, he's knowledgeable. He's a philosopher about everything. He believes in sharing the wealth among everyone, yet he believes in not trying to overshadow his team.

PLAYBOY: The Portland Trail Blazers had a shot at drafting you. How would that have changed your life?

JORDAN: I wouldn't have had all this opportunity from a business and financial standpoint.

PLAYBOY: Would your life have been any easier?

JORDAN: No, this has gone exactly the way I wanted it to. Portland already had Clyde Drexler, so it would have been dumb for me to go there.

PLAYBOY: Did your success with Nike surprise you?

JORDAN: Yeah, that was something. First I thought it was a fad. But it's far greater now than it used to be. The numbers are just outrageous.

PLAYBOY: When did you really start getting into the business end of it?

JORDAN: Four years ago.

PLAYBOY: Not until then?

JORDAN: In my first four years, I just

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loved playing basketball and didn't worry about the money part of it. But I was being tutored and educated by ProServ.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean tutored?

JORDAN: Tutored about financial things, you know, monthly ledgers, where your money comes from and where it goes. My parents did a good job, too. They, as well as ProServ, helped educate me when I really didn't have the interest in it. But it's getting closer to the point where I will step away from the game, so I better have a good handle on it.

PLAYBOY: Do you want to have a certain number of millions in the bank when you retire?

JORDAN: I've provided for when I walk away from the game, from Nike and all the other outlets.

PLAYBOY: I heard about a Canadian company that wanted to pay you a ridiculous amount of money to fly up for one day.

JORDAN: Yeah, they wanted me to sign autographs for a quarter of a million dollars. The autograph stuff drives me crazy. People are dangerous.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you almost get stampeded in Houston once?

JORDAN: There were four or five security guards, five thousand people had me circled, and I was only supposed to be signing for one hour. We got to ten minutes before I had to leave, and people were wanting more autographs, so they started closing in on me. The tables were breaking and little kids were getting pressed up front because the bigger people were pushing from behind. The security guards couldn't do anything. I finally got the security guards around me and started pushing my way through the crowd. I almost got killed getting out of there. I haven't done any autograph sessions since. Never again.

PLAYBOY: Do you have other limits about what you will and won't do for money?

JORDAN: My time is very important to me, as well as being credible about what I endorse. If I endorse McDonald's, I go to McDonald's. If I endorse Wheaties, I eat Wheaties. If I endorse Gatorade, I drink Gatorade. I have cases of Gatorade, I love drinking Gatorade. I don't endorse anything that I don't actually use.

PLAYBOY: What have you turned down?

JORDAN: Two or three years ago Quaker Oats came to me to endorse Van Kamp's pork and beans—Beanee Weenees, I think it was called. You ever heard of Beanee Weenees pork and beans? It was close to a million bucks a year. I'm saying, Beanee Weenees? How can I stand in front of a camera and say I'll eat Beanee Weenees? If I wanted to be a hard-nosed businessman, I could have been in a lot of deals, like the one with Johnson Products. I had a deal with them for their hair-care products. I had two or three more years on that deal when I started losing my hair. So I forfeited the deal. But if I had wanted to be greedy, I

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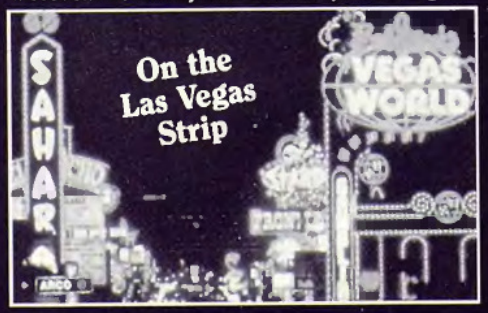

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OFFER EXPIRES MIDNIGHT MAY 9, 1992 S1030 PB

could've said, Screw you, you didn't know my hair was falling out so you owe me money. But I didn't.

PLAYBOY: Your Gatorade ad raises a question—what do you like to be called?

JORDAN: They used to call me Mike in grammar school, in high school. When I got to college, everyone called me Michael. It was like a maturity thing. When you're a little kid, they call you Mike. Mike quit this, Mike quit that. As you get older, it's Michael this and Michael that. Now in the pros, it's Air this, Air that. Things change.

PLAYBOY: Once and for all, which is it: Mike or Michael?

JORDAN: Mike.

PLAYBOY: Which individual games stand out in your memory?

JORDAN: The sixty-nine-point game against Cleveland stands out. The sixty-three-point game at Boston stands out.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever watch any of them on tape?

JORDAN: Not anymore. I used to. I really don't watch myself play as much. I used to about three or four years ago, just for motivation. When I'd get home and I didn't have anything to do, I'd watch a game, get myself ready and sometimes even watch one before a game. If we're gonna play Detroit, I'll watch a Detroit game. One we won. I don't want to watch a game we lost.

PLAYBOY: Did you watch that Boston game a lot?

JORDAN: The sixty-three-point game? No, I didn't. Because I always knew we'd lose. Every time I'd watch it, we'd lose. We should win. I don't watch that one.

PLAYBOY: When you get in the zone, like you do in those games where you get fifty or sixty, do you feel it coming on that day, in the locker room, on the bench?

JORDAN: No, I feel it when the game starts. You just start getting on a roll. Everything that you do is working. You get steals, your offensive game is working. You just take control of it. You're in tune with everything that's going on. You control the tempo, you control everything. It's like you can do anything, you can take your time, you say anything to people, you seem to be just like you're on a playground all by yourself.

PLAYBOY: Can you dictate it now? Can you get yourself in the zone?

JORDAN: I get into it in pressure situations. Somehow you feel the pressure. Either you do it now or you don't do it at all and it starts to kick in. But to explain it you'd have to be a psychologist.

PLAYBOY: Is basketball a refuge for you?

JORDAN: When I step onto the court, I don't have to think about anything. If I have a problem off the court, I find that after I play, my mind is clearer and I can come up with a better solution. It's like therapy. It relaxes me and allows me to solve problems.

PLAYBOY: One constant in your career is that when you are sick or hurt, you often unload on somebody. Why?

JORDAN: I have an uncanny way of focusing when I get hurt. I concentrate on playing and not worrying about the injury. I don't try to be aggressive or to let the injury take me out of my game. I relax and let the game come to me.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any superstitions?

JORDAN: I go through the same routine before every game. I lace up my shoes in a certain way. I wear my Carolina shorts all the time. I wear new socks every game, new shoes every game. And I always notice where my wife or my parents are so I don't have to worry if they got in an accident or didn't get the tickets or whatever.

PLAYBOY: Where do you think you fit in the game? Are you the best?

JORDAN: I can't ever say that I'm the best. I think I play both ends and do more than people perceive. I'm not just an offensive player. I play both ends. I can pass, I think I can play defensively as well as offensively. I don't think most stars can say that they try to do that. You can't say that I'm a one-dimensional player or a two-dimensional player.

"How can I get a new deal? Do I start bitching? If it happens, great. If it doesn't, I was screwed again."

PLAYBOY: If you had to put a team around you, what's the one quality you'd want?

JORDAN: Heart. That would be the biggest thing. I think heart means a lot. It separates the great from the good players.

PLAYBOY: Aside from the shots, what else do the great players have?

JORDAN: Mental toughness. When you need a basket, you have to have the confidence in yourself to go out there and hit three great shots. You know you have to do it. That drives me.

PLAYBOY: What's your all-time starting five?

JORDAN: Me and Magic, Bird, Worthy, McHale or Malone, David Robinson or Abdul-Jabbar.

PLAYBOY: And you can beat anyone ever?

JORDAN: I did this with Jerry Krause once. He chose Oscar Robertson, Bill Russell, Jerry West. At small forward he had Dr. J. The power forward was Gus Johnson. I told him I'd kill him. Of all players, the all-time greats, he left off Magic and he left off Bird. He was excluding me. He put West at two [shooting] guard.

PLAYBOY: What if you couldn't pick yourself?

JORDAN: I would put West at two, too.

PLAYBOY: You've never been the highest-paid basketball player and probably never will be. Do you resent that?

JORDAN: Since I came into the league, I've never griped about my contracts. I've signed them and I've honored them every year. If anybody stepped up and wanted to give me a raise, I'd accept it. But I'm not going to bitch about it, because I signed the contract. When Patrick Ewing renegotiated his contract last year, he had leverage. He had an option to get out of his contract. And he was going to get the money no matter what. If I play out my contract, I won't be able to get another contract until five years down the road. Who knew this was going to happen three years ago when we did my deal? No one could tell that salaries were going to jump out of the deck. Hot Rod Williams created a whole salary outburst. When I signed my deal for three-and-a-quarter million or whatever I make this year, I was in the top three. Now three years later, you have rookies coming out making two-and-a-half or three million, so they're pushing the salaries up. How can I get a new deal? Do I start bitching? Do I go and gripe to the press saying I deserve more? Everybody knows I deserve more money, but I actually signed the contract. If my boss decides to give me a raise, great. But bitching is not fair. I've always considered myself a fair person. You guys in the press can put the pressure on him. I won't. I hope Reinsdorf is thinking about it. If it happens, great. If it doesn't, then I was screwed again. Am I upset about it? No.

PLAYBOY: Is there anything you do on the basketball court that still surprises you?

JORDAN: I basically expect anything. Isn't that wild? I used to surprise myself a lot: certain moves, how I'd get out of trouble. But at some point, you accept the talent that you have, you accept your creativity.

PLAYBOY: Are you going to need some other creative outlet when you retire?

JORDAN: Golf could do that for me. Because you've got to create shots in certain situations. And the competition is always going to be there. I think it's even greater in golf because you know your opponent is always consistent: You know the course is going to shoot par every day. You always wonder, especially in my profession, what it would be like if I had to play against myself in a one-on-one game. Well, golf is that way because you compete against yourself in a mental way. That's the challenge.

PLAYBOY: How close are you to the end of your basketball career?

(concluded on page 164)

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article by ELIZABETH ROYTE

A MORALITY PLAY IN WHICH ONE OF THE BEST GUYS YOU'LL EVER MEET IS THE BAD GUY

IN THE COMPANY OF COYOTES

ON A SUNNY spring morning in central Utah, Peter Stamatakis sits astride his roan gelding and fumes. "Did you get that cat yet?" the rancher shouts at Don McNulty, who has four-wheeled to the top of this mountain range to find and kill a mountain lion. "I lost another two last night."

That brings to 31 the number of lambs Stamatakis has lost in two weeks. McNulty, the government's hired gun, is waiting with a walkie-talkie while a friend and his four hounds track the predator over ridges, across bottoms and up thickly wooded slopes. Stamatakis wants all wildlife off his land. He's trying to make a living here, he barks, and the government, the coyotes and the environmentalists are trying to ruin him. "How would you like it if we let loose lions in New York City?" he roars in my direction, emotion contorting his face.

McNulty, like everyone else hereabouts, has had his differences with Stamatakis. To the rancher, predator control is a black-and-white issue: Anyone who admits shades of gray is plain wrong. But McNulty, who works for the Animal Damage Control program of the Department of Agriculture, views predators with a mix of reverence and realism. He has no problem with predators that prey only on other wild animals. It's

ILLUSTRATION BY BRALDT BRALDS

when predators invade man's turf, when they leave their natural order to prey on domesticated animals, that he becomes far less civil. Then he turns predator himself.

A voice crackles over the walkie-talkie: "We're on a hot track down in Fork Canyon," it says, and five minutes later, "We got her." McNulty grabs his rifle and we start down the steep mountainside, tumbling over sagebrush, rocks, through prickly oakbrush and down to the shady bottom. Two hours and several mountain ridges ago, the furiously sniffing strike dogs, Maggie and Jake, had picked up the scent. Then Lefty and Rowdy, faster animals, were unleashed. As the scent became hotter, they lifted their noses and ran, lined out, till the lion was spotted and treed.

McNulty and I arrive to find the hounds circled around a pine and baying loudly. Twenty feet up, a tawny-brown cat stretches languidly between two branches. She seems unconcerned; after all, her stealth and speed have served her well in every situation before this one. McNulty, too, is calm. He kneels on the hillside, aims and fires. The cat springs from the tree, bounds ten feet and drops to the ground, dead. A lithe-looking six-footer, she weighs about 90 pounds.

McNulty spends all of a minute contemplating the mountain lion's splendor, then gets to work with his knife. He finds sheep wool in her stomach and intestines. He makes long slices down each of her limbs and down her stomach, snaps each leg bone near the ankle and pulls the entire pelt neatly over the animal's head, as if it were a turtleneck. With his rifle slung over his arm and the bloody fur draped over his shoulders, he gives the muscled carcass one final glance. "That won't be here for long," he says and starts uphill. It's an hour's steep hike in the sun to carry the heavy, blood-soaked load back to the truck.

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McNulty's life is nomadic, his work all-consuming. His pick-up truck reveals more about his life than any job description ever could. The rig contains a stall for his horse, boxes for his hunting dogs, penicillin for when they get bitten by coyotes, hemostats for when they run into porcupines, lockers containing 30 offset leg-hold traps, a dozen cyanide capsules, wire snares and bottles of potions he hopes will attract varmints to his sets. Inside the cab, a 6mm high-powered Ackley improved rifle, with a 6x24 target scope and a custom-built walnut stock, hangs in a sling over his head. A Ruger .22/250 is stowed behind the seat and a Browning Auto Five 12-gauge shotgun rides under the seat. A pair of spurs dangles from the gear shift. Within reach are a two-way radio, a coyote-howling siren, binoculars, a large thermos of coffee, two storage cases filled with rimfire cartridges, several open-reed calling devices, one Patsy Cline tape and the usual mess of chewing gum that accompanies long-distance travel.

McNulty spends long days on the road and short nights in a portable trailer, which he calls a camp. Viewed from its flat back, the trailer's rounded dome and squarish platform resemble a cross section of a muffin. It contains a small propane heater, two burners, a few cupboards and a shelf. A four-foot-tall calendar with a pinup girl is stuck to the curved ceiling over McNulty's bed. He uses the camp when he has several days' work far from a town or during the summer season in the mountains. Otherwise, McNulty is a fixture at such truck-stop palaces as the Rodeway Inn in Green River, Utah.

The Rodeway and its female support staff are to McNulty what a steady drinking buddy is to the rest of us. In Donna and Fay and Claire, McNulty has found a constituency for his half-assed jokes, his self-deprecating macho swagger. Although they've seen him do it a dozen times before, they pretend disgust when he dumps salt and Tabasco into his Budweiser. On a typical night, Donna, a sweet-voiced woman with long, permed hair, invites him over to her place after her shift. "My husband and the boys are pouring cement tonight," she tells him, hopefully. "We could get some beers and watch."

McNulty is something of a hero to any rancher within 30,000 square miles who's ever had a problem with a coyote—in other words, to just about all of them. Ranchers are notorious for poor-mouthing the state of their operations, but to hear them tell it, Don McNulty is just about the only thing that stands between them and the unemployment line. The cowboys wave to McNulty on the highway and make room for him in their booths at the greasy spoon, where they shovel eggs with catsup and talk about tight-bagged cows, stillborn lambs and trucks that get stuck in the mud.

The ranchers trust McNulty. They give him the combinations to their gates, the keys to Quonset huts. The trapper tells me, with evident pride, that Donna's mother, Fay, who works at the Rodeway's front desk, offered to lend him $20 his first week on the job. She trusted him, he says, because he works for the government and, like a rainmaker in a drought or a lawman in a wild town, he came to help the people.

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At a few minutes past five on a still-black morning, McNulty exits the Rodeway Inn, throws his coat in the truck and samples the 38-degree air. He has it in mind to shoot coyotes today and things don't look good: There's too much wind. If the varmints catch his scent, he doesn't have a chance.

McNulty is an affable mustachioed man with forearms the size of hams. He looks considerably younger than his 41 years, most of them spent in the trapping and hunting business.

He grew up on a cattle ranch in Nebraska, dreaming of becoming a state trooper, of the day he could "drive fast and carry a gun." As a teenager, he began setting his grandfather's steel traps around the ranch, not to stop predation or to sell pelts as he would in later years, but simply for the challenge. He mostly caught birds. At the age of 15, he set six traps around a dead hog and caught one magpie. He left five of the traps set and placed the magpie on top of the hog. When he returned the next day, he found a coyote hopping in one trap, the magpie reduced to a pile of feathers. "That was my first coyote," McNulty says, grinning at the memory. "I thought this was primo. I really started going crazy then, setting traps everywhere."

After high school, McNulty pulled a stint in the Marines, enrolled in college and worked as a ranch foreman. Seven years ago, he applied for a position with ADC in Utah and beat out 47 applicants. He believes it was his coyote howl, which echoed through the Agriculture building and startled secretaries, that clinched the job.

On this morning, he sets off across the flat highways of eastern Utah's Book Cliffs region. Yesterday, a rancher named Butch Jensen discovered two calves with chewed-up tails—a possible sign of coyote predation—and a third one is missing and presumed dead. In response, McNulty rose before dawn and pointed his truck east.

As the sun rises behind the La Sal Mountains, the desert slowly takes on depth and color. Rocky benches rise like craggy sand castles, reddish and dusty. On either side of the highway, the desert floor rolls endlessly away to the horizon, broken only by greasewood, sage and innumerable dry washes. Eighty miles of this and we arrive at Jensen's calving pasture, where McNulty switches his white cowboy hat for a camouflage cap and takes the Ackley from its sling. As we walk along, McNulty examines the red soil, dried into hexagonal shapes like terra-cotta

(continued on page 155)

"A man gets tired of rats!"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

THERE SHE IS...

elizabeth ward gracen, miss america 1982, moves back into the spotlight

WITH THE POISE befitting a former Miss America, Elizabeth Ward Gracen sits patiently in her chair, waiting good-naturedly for the Big Question. She has been asked the Big Question a lot recently—hundreds of times, according to her manager's rough estimate—and so far she's avoided giving an answer. But that never stops anyone from asking. "It's been an interesting two or three weeks for me," she admits, showing a gift for understatement. Three weeks earlier, Elizabeth awoke to find herself the subject of a banner headline in a tabloid. DEMS' FRONT-RUNNER BILL CLINTON CHEATED WITH MISS AMERICA, announced the *Star*, quoting from a lawsuit against Clinton filed by a disgruntled state employee. The lawsuit, which alleged that Clinton spent state funds to wine and dine five extramarital partners, was dropped only days after the *Star* appeared, but Elizabeth's life has been a maelstrom ever since. "It's not just the tabloids approaching me, it's everyone: friends, family. I've had to deal with all these people and that's been difficult," says Elizabeth, who was Miss Arkansas and Miss America in 1982. "What's unfortunate is that a lot of my friends have been put in awkward positions to try to find out information. All the tabloids are in Arkansas waving money in everybody's face. Ten thousand dollars for a phone number, sixty thousand for an address. I told my friends, 'Look, give them my number for ten thousand dollars—I can always change it.'" The tabloids may have her phone number, but they've yet to get anything else, despite cash offers as high as $500,000. "I know Bill Clinton," she admits. "I haven't seen him in years. I know his wife, Hillary. I've met their daughter. I don't

"Who is that fat-faced girl in the pictures?" jokes Elizabeth, as she looks at photos taken during her reign as Miss America 1982. "I'm so distanced from it. It seems like a blur. It's such an adrenaline rush to have your name announced in front of twelve thousand people, and then you realize everyone is watching on television. I had no idea what was in store for me. It was very exciting but very frightening at the same time."

Elizabeth has came a lang way fram her days as a squeaky-clean beauty queen. "I usually don't tell anyane I was Miss America," she admits. "People have such preconceived notians." But with these pictures, she says, "I want to make a splash."

know them very well. Arkansas is a small place, and any celebrities from there are going to meet one another at various celebrations and festivals.

"I feel the way Bill Clinton does—it's his personal life. He and Hillary are on the right track. I honestly think there are a lot more important issues in a Presidential campaign than a man's fidelity," she says firmly. And as for the Big Question, this is all she'll say for the moment: "Basically, what the tabloids are asking me is, Have I slept with this person? I don't believe that's anyone's business. I have certain boundaries about what I choose to reveal about myself, and I respect other people's boundaries as well."

Gennifer Flowers, one of the other women named in the lawsuit, apparently did not feel similar constraints. She sold the story of her purported affair with Clinton to the *Star* and even played tapes of conversations with the governor. "I feel sorry for Gennifer Flowers," says Elizabeth. "I don't know her from Adam. She could be a bad person, for all I know, but from what I saw, she handled that press conference very well. She's in an awkward position."

As Elizabeth would be the first to tell you, just being in the *Star* is awkward. Since she gave the tabloid no real information, it was forced to rely on its creativity, telling readers that Elizabeth—back in her days as Miss America—had four hobbies: hog calling, woodchopping, auto mechanics

and lifting weights. While she'll let the *Star* say what it wishes about her sex life, Elizabeth wants to set the record straight about those hobbies: "I've never had hogs, I've never chopped wood, I've never fixed a car and I didn't lift weights then, but I do now." That has not stopped her friends from giving her grief. "One brought me a clipping that says, DEMOCRATIC HOPEFUL HAD AFFAIR WITH HOG-CALLING BEAUTY QUEEN. All my friends were yelling 'Sooie! Sooie!' for days on end."

Elizabeth can laugh about hog calling, but she turns serious when talking about the people who attempt to manipulate her into saying things she doesn't want to say. And she's worried that the Clinton rumors will cause her *Playboy* pictorial to be misinterpreted.

"I agreed to do *Playboy* last year, but now it looks as if I'm trying to exploit something that did or didn't happen," she says. It's true—her pictorial was shot well before the Clinton scandal broke. "Here I am, the girl they are talking about, and I could say until I'm blue in the face that this isn't the way I planned it, but people are going to believe what they want to believe."

What Elizabeth hoped to accomplish by posing for *Playboy* was to give her acting career a boost. "I'm usually very busy," she says. "I'm what they call castable—I'm a good type." Since moving to Los Angeles in 1987, she has landed roles in Steven Seagal's movie *Marked for Death* and the recent video release *Lower Level*, as well as in TV's *Matlock*, *The Flash*, *The Death of the Hulk* with Bill Bixby and a movie of *(text continued on page 147)*

fiction

BY SPALDING GRAY

IMPOSSIBLE VACATION

i was in an almost impossible state of lust. all i wanted, the only thing that could cure me, was to get laid over and over again

THERE'S AN OLD tantric idea that excessive indulgence in sex can take you to the other side and free you of a need for it. I thought I was going to have a chance to test that theory. I could see opportunity looming on the horizon in India, of all places. Yes, I was off to holiday in India, the place where tantric sex began.

Meg had a great idea to import Kashmiri rugs and sell them at one of the New York City flea markets. She had borrowed enough money from her father to pay for two round-trip tickets and to buy the rugs. I had saved money from unemployment and my furniture-moving job. So we were off.

I had heard there was a new guru in India with a huge following of Westerners. His name was Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh and word had it that he advocated you could get over your constant need for sex and move on to greater spiritual realms only by having so much sex that you got sick of it. His theory, or at least the way it came down to me, was that because sex had been forbidden by our puritanical parents, we all thought—as I did—that sex was what we wanted more than anything else in the world. Until we got past that, we would never grow up; we would never pass on to larger issues of commitment and meaningful labor. And best of all, what the Bhagwan prescribed for getting through these sexual hang-ups was doing it. Doing a lot of it. He preached a kind of homeopathic sex cure, fucking your way to the other side. And if there was anything I needed a cure from, it was from those compulsive thoughts about sex. All I wanted was to get laid over and over again with a stranger. I had the notion that pure, isolated, uncomplicated, nonintegrated sex could cure me. Sex with Meg was best for me when I could manage to turn her into a stranger through fantasy, and that was getting more and more difficult. So I wanted to keep Meg as a comfortable friend and explore the rivers of anonymous Dionysian sex; that was my idea. I had to go to that island of licentiousness, that bastion of free love right in the middle of the

ILLUSTRATION BY JIM SPANFELLER

town in India, Poona. I was sure the Bhagwan had a great sense of humor and had decided to locate his free-love ashram there just for the turn-on of that name: Poona. Can you imagine pooning in Poona? Just saying it gave me an erection.

In the States, one would be put down for an interest in tantric sex practices by being called a swinger. But in India, you could get away with what would be considered crass swapping back home. In India, you could indulge your wildest needs with the fantasy that you were a tantric monk in search of a female surrogate with whom to unite your cosmic polar opposites. I admit, this vague tantric idea was perhaps just an excuse for me to become a rhythm pig, a naked animal coupled with another naked animal, with some faint notion that we could in the end return to being our respectful, independent human selves. I'm sure this was the concept of most swingers' clubs, and Rajneesh's ashram in Poona appeared to be a swingers' club for the spiritually minded. It attracted a certain class of people who felt it was too tacky to swing in New Jersey. They had to go to India for spiritual validation. That was my cynical view of it at the time, anyway. Nevertheless, I was gravitating toward Poona. If I lived only once (not an Indian concept), I had to try it. Meg just said, "Do what you have to, Brewster. I'm going to Bombay and then I'm going to Kashmir to buy rugs." Then she added with a smirk, "Something disease-free and lasting."

It was hot, very hot, when I arrived. There was no more room for people to stay in the ashram, so I checked into the first hotel I could find. It was a humble little place called the Ritz and it served mainly vegetarian food. Some of Rajneesh's followers, or sannyasis, were also staying there. You could immediately tell who they were by their long, flowing orange robes and the *mala* with the black-and-white photo of Rajneesh hanging around their necks.

I was told by one of them, a German, that there were about 4000 people spread out all over Poona who'd come to be with the Bhagwan. I was a little taken aback. Not only did I hate orange but I also hated crowds. I got lost in them and always felt like a statistic rather than a person.

I went to bed early and I got up early and headed down to the ashram while it was still dark. It was a short walk from my hotel and easy to find. Over a large ornate wooden gate was a big sign that read SHREE RAJNEESH ASHRAM. There was an Indian gatekeeper who looked like he'd been up all night. He was stretched out in his chair, half asleep, with an empty bottle of wine beside him and a copy of *People* magazine open on his lap. He directed me to the dynamic meditation pavilion with a loose hand gesture. "Oh, yes, you will go just so straight ahead and then when the sun rises, you will hear the music," he said with a thick Indian accent, his head bobbing back and forth as if he were actually telling me, "No, don't go."

I walked until I found the cement pavilion. It was a large green area with a stone floor and a green opaque plastic roof covering it. I squatted with my back against the cool cement wall and waited. Then the sun slowly began to come up and the music began. It was emanating from huge rock-concert speakers and sounded like a combination of Indian spiritual ragas and disco. It was almost too sexy for that hour of the day.

As the music got louder, the pavilion began to fill up with lithe young people, all dressed in orange robes, coming from every direction. As they entered, they would immediately wrap orange bandannas around their eyes or put on orange sleep masks like the black ones you get in first class on the airlines. Then they'd begin to swing and sway. Soon the pavilion was packed with these beautiful lithe men and women all swaying in the most languidly sexy way. No one had any underwear on. I could see hints of everything through their orange robes. I could see pubic hair and breasts and the way the men were hung. And there I was, trying to dance in beige pajamas with underwear on. I was the only one without an orange robe and a blindfold and I couldn't stop looking. I'd never seen such a collection of beautiful people in one place before.

It was the most sensual dancing I'd ever seen and I felt completely undermined by it. I think I would have felt better if I had been in a room filled with people in wheelchairs. I was too much in my eyes and head again and I felt awful. I longed for the safety of my familiar relationship with Meg.

After the dynamic meditation dance was over, people filed out for breakfast at the cafeteria and I followed along, feeling even more alienated because no one around me was speaking English, only German. Also, it was starting to get really hot.

After breakfast, there was a brief break where people hung out and spoke German and then it was time to line up to go hear the Bhagwan speak. I got swept into the crowd, but I didn't panic at the thought of disappearing. I was able to remember who I was because I was the only one not dressed in orange.

We were ushered down a narrow passageway into a large open tent that faced an empty stage. After everyone got settled (I'd say there must have been close to 2000 people, all orange as far as the eye could see), there was a long silence followed by a small commotion of whispering, which was followed by an announcement over the P.A. system. The voice that came out over the system was smooth and hypnotic and had an Australian accent: "Would whoever is wearing the perfume or scented soap please remove themselves from the gathering." There was a silence and no one moved. Then everyone started looking around and whispering again. Soon five or six young men, all with beards, started up the aisles, bending over now and then to do what I can describe only as sniffing. They would lower their faces close to people's heads, take a sniff and then move on.

I could not contain my curiosity any longer, so I asked the young blonde woman next to me what was going on. She told me, in a thick Dutch accent, that the Bhagwan is very sensitive to all smells and that the strong smell of any perfume could cause him to leave his body. I was not sure what she meant by "leave his body." I wasn't sure if she meant die or astral project or what, but before I could ask, I saw one of the languid sniffers discover the scented culprit and lead her out of the tent. As this happened, the whole atmosphere got very concentrated and charged. The focus of energy was enormous as two bearded orange men brought out a great white V.I.P. executive's chair. After the chair was set and the two men were standing on either side of it, the Bhagwan swept out in his white robes, the only one besides me not dressed in orange, and sat. As soon as he was in his chair, I thought, Yes, the perfect guru. He was like Kennedy, the perfect President. He had the charisma. He had the aura. He had the look. He was a tall man with a balding head, long hair on the sides and a flowing white beard. His face was open and expressive, but his eyes were the thing. I had never seen eyes like them. His eyes were anything and everything you wanted to read into them.

He was silent for a while, sitting there, taking in his devoted audience. Then, placing his hands in prayer position under his chin, he began to speak. And what he said was even more threatening to me than watching all those orange people do their sexy dance.

"You are not asleep. You have chosen

(continued on page 148)

"Don't let it get away!"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI

PLAYBOY'S AUTOMOTIVE REPORT

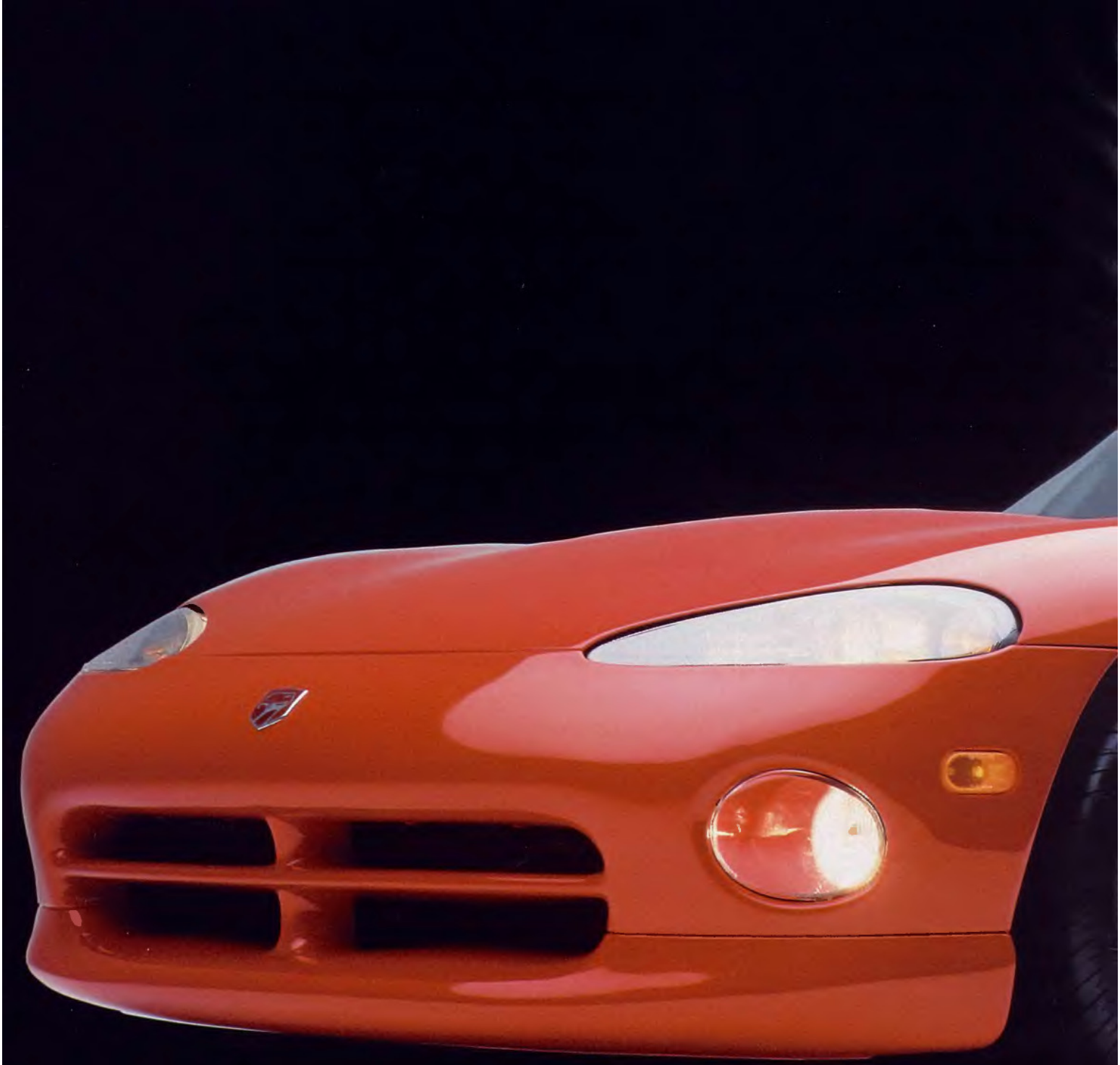
just tested: two red-hot new sports cars. plus a look at the top automakers—who's on track and who's not

article by
KEN GROSS

SHRUGGING OFF the worst sales year in decades, two automakers have come out swinging with a pair of decidedly different sports cars. Mazda's new RX-7 sports coupe is like a scalpel, while Dodge's Viper RT/10 roadster closely resembles a sledgehammer. Each is artfully styled, blindingly fast and a kick to drive. The aerodynamic $32,000 Mazda sports coupe appears more contemporary, with a high-revving, sequential-twin turbocharged engine. In contrast, the no-frills Viper (at nearly twice the RX-7's price) seems a retro-tech effort: an unabashed reincarnation of the Shelby Cobra. But don't be fooled. Mazda's RX-7 has the latest version of a rotary engine that's been around for decades and the Viper is not as retro as it looks—its swooping body (pictured overleaf) is made of composite materials that are 40 percent lighter than comparable sheet-metal panels. The new RX-7 is 200 pounds lighter and substantially more powerful than its predecessors. It's also nearly 700 pounds lighter than the Nissan 300ZX and about 1000 pounds less than the Mitsubishi 3000GT VR4. A lightweight sports car, of course, rewards its driver with quick steering and nimble handling. Even better, it requires less horsepower and, consequently, less fuel. Although the RX-7's 255-hp rating is hardly shabby, it's well below that of most of its competitors. Yet the 2800-pound RX-7 will surge from zero to 60 miles per hour in just 4.9 seconds, topping out at 156 mph. Dodge's 165-mph Viper weighs about 3400 pounds. Its massive alloy V-10 engine, which develops 400 hp, compensates very nicely for the heft. In the Viper, you can accelerate from zero to 100, slam on the brakes and return to zero in just 14.5 seconds. That's faster than any car currently in production, even the legendary 427 Cobra. No large, multilayered automaker could effectively build a limited-volume car like the Viper. So Chrysler established a small team, really a company within a company, to do the job. Team Viper's philosophy is "minimum frills, maximum thrills." The Viper is a modern interpretation of a bare-bones, long-hood/short-deck roadster, complete with raucous side exhaust pipes. Cat's-eye ellipsoidal headlamps and an integrated roll bar are modern concessions. (Air conditioning is a dealer-installed option. And, yes, the Viper comes with a top and side curtains.)

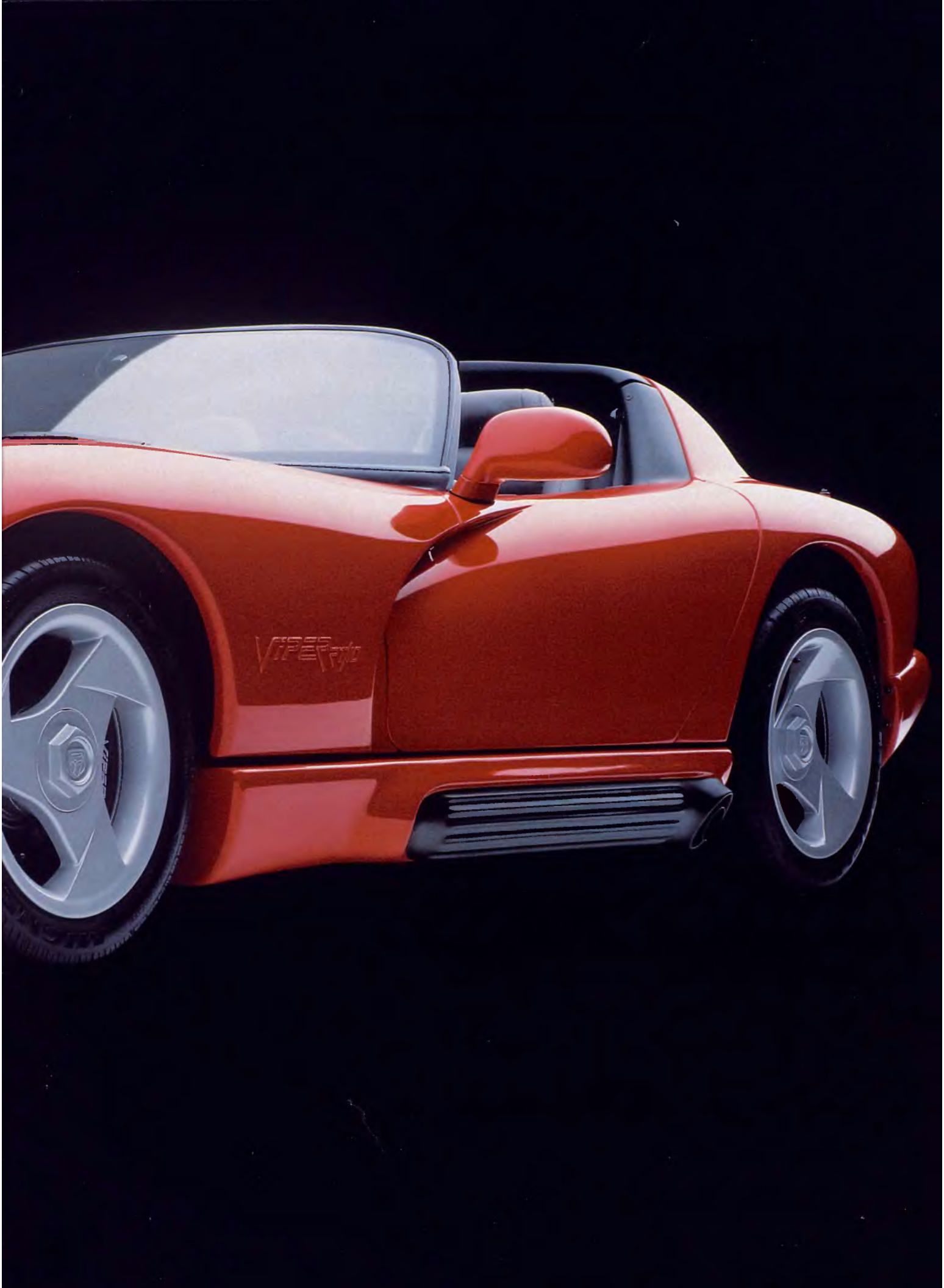
Behind the wheel, the two cars are dramatically different. You wear the RX-7 the way you would an Italian suit. The cockpit is snug, the steering wheel is artfully positioned and

Mazda's $32,000 RX-7 resembles a stiletto on wheels. Thanks to its powerful rotary engine, the 156-mph sports car comes within a whisker of the Viper's performance—and needs just 255 horsepower to do it. The secret: Mazda's engineers sliced off every ounce of unnecessary weight and wrapped the car in a sleek, aerodynamic skin. High Performance and Touring versions are available; the latter boasts an impressive Bose acoustic-wave music system.



the bucket seats are supportive. There's a stubby, race-inspired short-throw gear lever close at hand. You'll need it. You have to flick the crisp five-speed shifter a lot to get the best out of this car. Its rotary engine redlines at 7500 rpm. With the sequential-twin turbos, there's almost no turbo lag. The first turbocharger is engaged at low speeds. The second turbocharger also begins to spin and then cuts in smoothly at higher speeds when maximum *(text continued on page 136)*

Dodge's brutish, six-speed, 400-horsepower Viper will humble even mighty Corvettes and Ferraris. The 488-cubic-inch, V-10 roadster was modeled after a 1989 Chrysler show car, which, in turn, was inspired by the Shelby 427 Cobra. Priced at about $60,000, this two-seater ignores most of the current automotive necessities. There's no air bag or antilock brakes and air conditioning is optional. What it does offer is rapid acceleration. It will do the quarter mile in just 12.9 seconds, topping out in that stretch at 114 mph. According to Bob Lutz, president of Chrysler Corporation, "The Viper is not for everyone. It's an auto for the enthusiast—the guy who wants a great driving car and nothing more."


VIPER RT/10

THE JOE AND KURT SHOW

they debate love! movies! war! art!
best friends joe heller
and kurt vonnegut just love to talk

conversation BY CAROLE MALLORY

We are settled on the patio outside Joe's house in Amagansett on Long Island. Kurt sits in the shade, Joe nearer the lawn and in the sun. Both men wear khaki shorts.

PLAYBOY: You said last night that Joe was older.

HELLER: It depends on how we feel at the time.

VONNEGUT: Based on the thickness of his books, he's senior.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOSEPH CIARDIELLO

HELLER: You probably worked it out to the number of pages. You have twenty-seven books. They're all short. I have five books. They're all long.

PLAYBOY: How long have you been friends?

HELLER: I don't think we're friends now. I see him maybe twice a year.

VONNEGUT: We're associates. We're colleagues.

HELLER: We call each other when one of us needs something.

VONNEGUT: I don't know. We were both sort of PR people and promotional people at one time. I used to work for GE and I had ambitions to be a writer and I'd go to New York. I'd say we probably met about 1955 or so.

HELLER: No, no, I didn't meet you then. I met you at Notre Dame.

VONNEGUT: When was that?

HELLER: It was 1968, when Martin Luther King was shot. He was shot the night we were there. I remember flying back from South Bend to Chicago with Ralph Ellison and reading the papers. They were worrying that Chicago was on fire. I think he was supposed to stop there and decided not to. So that would be the time I met you. And that turned out to be a cataclysmic year. Bobby Kennedy was shot in 1968. Martin

Luther King. The Soviets invaded Czechoslovakia.

VONNEGUT: Can I tell the story about you and the shooting of Martin Luther King?

HELLER: No. Of course you can.

VONNEGUT: It was a literary festival at Notre Dame and it went on for about three or four days and we took turns going on stage. It was Heller's turn to be screamingly funny and he got up there and he was just about to speak, no doubt with prepared material, and some sort of academic, a professor, came up over the footlights to the lectern and shouldered Joe aside politely and said, "I just want to announce that Martin Luther King has been shot." And then this guy went back over the footlights and took his seat, and Heller said, "Oh, my God. Oh, my God. I wish I were with Shirley now. She's crying her eyes out."

HELLER: Shirley was my first wife. And then I went into my prepared speech. It was a tough beginning. That's how we met. Kurt Vonnegut gave a speech that was probably the best speech I've ever heard. I think I haven't heard a better one since. He was so casual and so funny and it all seemed extemporaneous and when I came up afterward to shake his hand, I noticed he was drenched with sweat. I asked him a few years later if he had written the speech or was speaking off the cuff.

VONNEGUT: Every writer has to write his speech.

HELLER: I don't do that.

VONNEGUT: You don't?

HELLER: Nope. I have only one speech I give depending on whether or not Martin Luther King has been shot that day.

PLAYBOY: Would you like to give a speech now?

HELLER: Nope. I get paid for the speeches. And it's still nothing compared to what Ollie North gets when he's in his prime. Or Leona Helmsley—she can get more than that. Usually there is a year when certain people are very hot. Angela Davis was. Abbie Hoffman was.

VONNEGUT: Bork had about six months. But that was a scandal.

HELLER: I don't think it's a scandal.

VONNEGUT: The students come only to see reputed pinwheels and freaks. If you get an enormously dignified, intelligent, experienced man like Harrison Salisbury, nobody comes.

HELLER: You have a small audience and a few people walking out.

VONNEGUT: The best audience in the world is the 92nd Street Y. Those people know everything and they are wide awake and responsive.

HELLER: I was part of a panel there on December seventh. The fiftieth anniversary of Pearl Harbor.

VONNEGUT: Were you bombed at Pearl Harbor, Joe?

HELLER: No.

VONNEGUT: Of course, James Jones was. I was saying this would be sort of a valedictory interview because our generation is taking its leave now. James Jones is gone. Irwin Shaw is gone. Truman Capote is gone.

HELLER: Yeah, but nobody's replaced us.

VONNEGUT: No. [*Laughter*]

HELLER: By the way, that's the subject of a novel I'm doing now to be called *Closing Time*. It has to do with a person about my age realizing not only that he's way past his prime but also that life is nearing its end. The aptness of the invitation from the Y fits in because this novel begins with these lines, "When people my age speak of the war, it's not of Vietnam, but the one that broke out a half a century ago."

PLAYBOY: What are you working on, Kurt?

VONNEGUT: On a divorce. Which is a full-time job. Didn't you find it a full-time job?

HELLER: Oh, it's more than a full-time job. You ought to go back and read that section in *No Laughing Matter* on the divorce. I went through all the lawyers. But yours is going to be a tranquil one, you told me.

VONNEGUT: It seems to me divorce is so common now. It ought to be more institutionalized. It's like a head-on collision every time. It's supposed to be a surprise but it's commonplace. Deliver your line about never having dreamed of being married.

HELLER: It's in *Something Happened*: "I want a divorce; I dream of a divorce. I was never sure I wanted to get married. But I always knew I wanted a divorce."

VONNEGUT: Norman Mailer has what—five divorces now?

HELLER: One of my idols used to be Artie Shaw. He used to marry these beautiful women who were very famous and be able to afford to divorce them. At that time, divorces were hard to get. You had to go to Nevada. The second thing, you needed a great deal of alimony because the women were always getting it. And I was wondering how a clarinet player could afford—was it Ava Gardner? Lana Turner? Kathleen Winsor? Oh, I've forgotten the others. He had about eight wives. All glamourous.

VONNEGUT: I used to play the clarinet and I thought he was the greatest clarinet player ever.

HELLER: You thought he was a better clarinetist than Benny Goodman or Pee Wee Russell?

VONNEGUT: It was explained to me by some musicologist. I said to him, "I've got these vaudeville turns and the clarinet thing is one of them," and he said, "Shaw used a special reed that nobody else used and a special mouthpiece that allowed him to get a full octave above what other people were playing." And that's what I kept hearing him do. Christ, he was getting way up there where nobody else was getting. But no, I think probably the greatest clarinet player in history was Benny Goodman.

HELLER: I would think so.

VONNEGUT: I wound up going home from Mailer's one time in a limo with Goodman and I said to him, "I used to play a little licorice stick myself."

PLAYBOY: Why are men more readily able than women to distinguish the difference between sex and love?

HELLER: Your question implies that when a woman engages in sex, she does so only when she's in love. Or she thinks of it as an act of love. Our vocabulary has become corrupt in a way that's embarrassing to me. Have you ever heard a man use the word "lover" about a woman? Have you ever heard a man say, "This gal, she's my lover?"

VONNEGUT: I'll say it of a woman. To close friends.

HELLER: I used the word only once in a book, when the character Gold is reacting exactly the way I am and the woman says, "You are my lover." He never thought of himself as a lover. He says he always thought of himself as a fucker, not a lover.

VONNEGUT: Well, this is Joe. Joe doesn't vote either. Is that right, Joe?

HELLER: I will say—— [*Sound of a lawn mower*] Oh, shit! Is he coming to do the lawn now? He is.

PLAYBOY: Shall we stop him? Or shall we go inside?

HELLER: We can go over there. No, we can't stop him. You're lucky to get him.

We move inside Heller's modern country home. Kurt sits on a hassock between two sofas. Joe reclines on the middle of a sofa perpendicular to the hassock. They begin talking about the war.

VONNEGUT: Only one person came home from World War Two who was treated like a hero and that was Audie Murphy. Everybody knew he was the only hero.

HELLER: I felt like a hero when I came home. And I still feel like a hero when people interview me. People think it quite remarkable that I was in combat in an airplane and I flew sixty missions

(continued on page 130)

"A girl needs a little more than just social responsibility, Invisible Man."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA

LONE STAR STUNNER

meet the best thing ever to come out of mexia, texas: miss may, vickie smith

IT'S COMMON for small-town girls to deploy a flotilla of feminine wiles and guile designed to get themselves out of Nowheresville to Anywhere, but Vickie Smith has always played it straight. As earthy and wide open as the North Texas spaces she hails from (she grew up in Mexia—pronounced Ma-HEY-ya—pop. 6933), Vickie tells the truth no matter how uncool it may sound. Her biggest fear, for instance: "Water! I feel foolish admitting this, but it scares me when there's any more of it than you can fit into a bathtub." She doesn't like showers, either—maybe because Vickie, who devours horror films like so much buttered popcorn, has seen *Psycho* one time too many. How about a secret fetish? "Well," she admits sheepishly, "I don't know why, but there's something about men in braces—the kind you wear on your teeth—that drives me crazy." Two things she's not crazy about, she volunteers, revealing her old-fashioned sensibilities, are men who do drugs and men with long hair. She saw a lot of both on the streets of Los Angeles during her recent visit there. Otherwise, the California trip, taken at *Playboy*'s behest, was, in a word, "fantastic! I stayed at Playboy Mansion West, which was incredible. I still can't get over being able to order whatever I wanted from a menu and being served by uniformed waiters." As

On her first trip outside Texas, Playmate Vickie Smith pays homage to a flock of screen idols (here, Liz and Dick) immortalized on a Hollywood mural.

a former Red Lobster waitress who sometimes got stiffed on tips, this turnabout was even sweeter than the Mansion's desserts. But Vickie's favorite meal had less to do with food than with the company. "Tony Curtis was visiting the Hefners one evening," she recalls, sitting cross-legged on the black-leather sofa in her Houston apartment, "and he sketched a little picture for me." Grabbing a black-leather datebook from a black-lacquered coffee table ("Black is my favorite color"), she proudly shows off Curtis' autographed sketch, a whimsical pen-and-ink drawing of a cat atop a piano, eyeing a goldfish whose days seem numbered in seconds. As Vickie recounts her L.A. trip—her first foray outside Texas in her 24-year-old life—we are sitting in the tidy studio apartment she has shared for the past five years with her six-year-old pixie-faced son Daniel. Living-room and stairwell walls are adorned with some 20 framed photographs of Vickie's idol, Marilyn Monroe.

Another woman that she greatly admires is Christie Brinkley. "Not only is she incredibly beautiful but she is where I would like to be." Does that include having Billy Joel for a husband? "Naw," Vickie replies, laughing. "He's way too short for me. Besides, he's *taken*." The trip to L.A. having whetted her wanderlust, she's itching to escape "to Paris for the fashions and to the Cayman Islands for the sun. Actually, I'm eager to go anywhere that isn't Texas!" Being chosen as a Playmate, says Vickie, is "a dream come true, and it makes me feel that my other dreams are possible, too." Like what? "Oh, like breaking into movies or

appearing in an MTV video." She would also like to do some video modeling to upgrade her far-from-steady income doing newspaper ads and promo work for Houston businesses—including an upcoming stint for Costa Spa, the health club she frequents to keep her astounding figure in fighting trim.

"The people in Mexia won't believe it when these pictures of me hit the newsstands," she predicts, "because, believe it or not, I was considered a goody-two-shoes nerd back in high school." (Mexians will have had some warning, however: Vickie appeared on the cover of our March issue.) When pressed, Vickie concedes that her naturally pretty face—stunning even without a lick of make-up—may have made the other girls jealous. As for the boys, they had to feel overwhelmed by her then-gawky, 5'11" frame, unbalanced by the ample bust she developed much later ("sometime after the junior prom," she recalls).

Shortly after that pleasing anatomical development occurred, Vickie married her high school sweetheart. A year later, they had a baby, and while the marriage didn't last, her love affair with her son continues unabated.

"My mother was a career cop and she was pretty rough *(text concluded on page 136)*

MISS MAY
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
Vicki Smith

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Vickie Smith

BUST: 36DD WAIST: 26 HIPS: 38

HEIGHT: 5' 11" WEIGHT: 140

BIRTH DATE: 11-28-67 BIRTHPLACE: Houston

AMBITIONS: I want to be the new Marilyn Monroe And find my own CLARK Gable.

TURN-ONS: Men who wear braces, and Cowboys! I also get off on scary movies.

TURN-OFFS: Two-timing men, obsessive body-builders, disloyal friends and slobs.

HOBBIES: roller-blading, couch potato-ing!

FAVORITE AUTHORS: The people who write my favorite soaps.

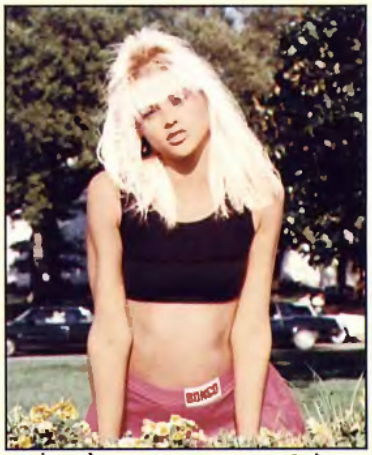
FAVORITE MUSICIANS: Garth Brooks! (If only he were single).

FAVORITE TV SHOWS: The Simpsons, The Young and The Restless, Cosby Show, Friday the 13th.

FAVORITE CENTURY, AND WHY? 19th century, when women wore hoop skirts and men were men.

me and my little buddy Daniel when he was in his terrible twos!

A girlfriend caught me in that condition. I don't usually let men see me like that!



That was me back in 1985, before chest developed!

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

After making love, the man excused himself and went into the bathroom. When he returned, the woman sat up in bed and remarked, "I can tell you're a doctor by the way you washed your hands before and after."

"Well, that's right," the fellow said with a self-satisfied grin. "Do you know what kind?"

"I'd say an anesthesiologist."

"How did you know?" the M.D. asked.

"Because throughout the entire procedure, I didn't feel a thing."

Two accountants stopped for a drink after work and began to discuss one of their colleagues' interest in the firm's new secretary. "I just don't get it," one said. "She's an airhead. There's nothing going on upstairs."

"That may be true," replied the other, "but I don't think that's the floor he's getting off on."

A jogger was running through Central Park one afternoon when he passed a little green man reading a newspaper. That guy must be a Martian, the jogger thought, and if I don't talk to him, I'll regret it the rest of my life. So the runner circled back and stopped in front of the green man. "Excuse me, are you a Martian?"

"Yes, I am."

"Are all Martians green?"

"Yes, we are."

"And do you all have just the one eye in the middle of your forehead?"

"Yes."

"And the two antennae?"

"Yes."

"And do all of you wear that little round hat?"

"No, Earthling. Only the Orthodox."

A man telephoned a law firm and asked to speak to a lawyer. "I'm really in trouble and need some advice fast," he said. "I've saved five hundred dollars. If I pay you that amount, will you answer two questions?"

"Sure," the lawyer replied. "What's your second question?"

After announcing to his bar buddies that his wife was expecting their tenth child, Zeke mournfully declared, "If she gets pregnant again, I swear I'll hang myself."

A year later, Zeke had to confess that his wife was in the family way again. One of his pals reminded him: "You said you'd hang yourself if she got knocked up again."

"I almost did," Zeke said. "I threw a rope over a tree limb, stood on a chair and slipped my head into the noose."

"What happened?"

"Well, I got to thinking—maybe I was hanging the wrong man."

Why do men always give their penises a name? Because they don't want a stranger making 95 percent of their decisions for them.

Staggering in from their tenth-anniversary dinner, the besotted husband collapsed in a chair and let out a stentorian belch. "That's it, George!" his wife screamed. "I'm cutting you off forever."

"That's impossible," he replied. "You don't know where I'm getting it."

In an apparent response to a recent Red Cross plea, we spotted this bumper sticker in L.A.: GIVE BLOOD—PLAY HOCKEY.

The patient sat on the examining table and complained of stomach pains. "Those oysters I ate are not sitting well," he said.

"Were they fresh?" the doctor asked.

"I'm not really sure."

"Well, how did they look when you opened the shells?"

"Opened the shells?"

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, Playboy, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*

"What's this blonde hair doing on your beeper?"

PLAYBOY PROFILE

THE WORST SENATOR IN AMERICA

MOST OF the prosecutors from the Organized Crime Strike Force were sitting in the back of Judge Joseph McLaughlin's federal courtroom in Brooklyn on December 20, 1983. They wanted to see this event with their own eyes: A United States Senator was about to testify as a character witness for a Mobster.

even in the shabby club that is the u.s. senate, al d'amato stands out among his craven peers

In the case at hand, the Department of Justice showed that Philip Basile became a multimillionaire by fronting for the Mob in discos, clubs and concert promotions, many of them on the Long Island turf of his supporter, Alfonse M. D'Amato, Republican Senator from New York.

D'Amato raised his right hand, swore to tell the truth before God and law, and then informed the jury that Philip Basile "is an honest, truthful, hardworking man, a man of integrity."

When the Senator completed his testimony, he walked to the prosecution table as if he were campaigning for reelection on the Coney Island boardwalk. He tried to kiss young prosecutor Laura Ward on the cheek, but Ward recoiled from his attempted embrace and sat down. The Senator, seemingly immune to embarrassment, marched over to the defense table where, in front of the wide-eyed jury, he kissed Philip Basile on each cheek and then embraced him.

The day before, the jury had listened to the testimony of Henry Hill, who a few years later would become a minor celebrity as the subject of Nicholas Pileggi's book *Wiseguy* and of the resulting movie *GoodFellas*. Hill had told the jury how Basile, acting on the orders of Lucchese family capo and drug dealer Paul Vario, had given him a no-show job (complete with fake pay stubs) at Basile's Breakout Management. This was done so Hill could get early release from prison and return to work for Vario, who had already been convicted of rape, loan-sharking, tax evasion, bribery, contempt and bookmaking.

Philip Basile was the man Senator D'Amato called, with unassailable accuracy, "a hardworking man." D'Amato was the only witness who was called by the defense.

Now it was up to the jury to decide whom to believe: the sleazebag, *(continued on page 124)*

BY

JOE CONASON and JACK NEWFIELD

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID LEVINE

PLAYBOY COLLECTION

things you can live without, but who wants to?

Sony's new wireless ICF-IR7 digital AM/FM sterea clock-radio uses infrared technalagy to transmit signals fram the cantrol module to twa 18½"-tall remote speakers. And since the unit is compatible with most partable Sony Discman CD players, you can wake up to recardings, $200.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO

After being off the mass market for years, the Bulova Accutron is back. Shown here is the Chronograph model featuring a quartz movement in a stainless-steel case, $995.

Your teeth may be germ-free but what about your toothbrush? Now there's Purebrush, an ultraviolet machine that rids up to four toothbrushes of bacteria in an hour, $80.

David Letterman owns a handmade pine rubber-band Gatling gun. And when you see the Devastator fire 100 "shots," you'll want one, too, by Earth Products, about $600.

Zymöl's ABS polyurethane car-care kit comes with all the cleaners, conditioners, waxes, brushes, applicators, etc., yau'll need to keep your cherished chariot beautiful, about $300.

The TriEdge, a three-inch "ultimate gentleman's knife," is crafted of stainless steel and black Micarta. It holds a pen blade, nail clipper/file and scissors, by Sarco, about $50.

Cobra has introduced the Trapshooter Solar Stealth, a solar-powered cordless radar detector that operates up ta 30 haurs without daylight and sniffs out both X and K bands, $200.

Where & How ta Buy on page 163

Go from the airport to the first tee with a set of 11 regulation-length Voyager MC golf clubs that feature the unique Shaft-Lock system, all fitted in a special travel bag, by ATI, $770.

PLAYBOY'S 1992 BASEBALL PREVIEW

enjoy the pastime's golden days before they're going, going, gone

sports by kevin cook

I HAVE SEEN the future and it sucks. Recession, repression, sexism, racism, ozone depletion, diet beer. Even worse, baseball. The irrational pastime simply can't top the show it staged last year, when a couple of 100–1 shots played a one-in-a-million World Series. Next year brings expansion: two terrible new teams to lower the level of play. Then the game's sweetheart deals with CBS and ESPN run out; new deals will favor TV at baseball's expense. In 1994 comes the end of the basic agreement between players and owners, followed by your basic strike or lockout, possibly followed by a summer with no big-league baseball—a joyless Mudville year in which the game itself strikes out.

So forget the future. Join me in toasting the game before it goes flat ("*Carpe gusto*," Roman bleacher bums used to say). This year, we will watch the Twins unravel as two stripes of Sox chase the A's, Jays and remade Royals in the American League, while the Pirates and Padres shock the National, all in the last great season of a golden age.

In 1991, 57,000,000 fans went to major-league ball games, the sixth attendance record in seven years. About 55,000,000 of them bitched about players' salaries, as though Will Clark's swing or Roger Clemens' *cojones* could be measured in dollars. The fact is, fans get more for their money now than ever before. Last year, we had Jose Canseco doing the late-night with Madonna in the *New York Post* and outstarring her on the field, at least until her baseball movie comes out. We had Iron Man Ripken playing a tougher position than Iron Horse Gehrig for the 1573rd-straight game and swinging a molten bat, too. The Tigers invented the shut-your-eyes-and-swing offense. Lou Brock's speed record fell to Rickey Henderson on the same day that Nolan Ryan tossed his absurdly grand seventh no-hitter. We had a Series in which five of seven games were decided by one run; four games turned on the final pitch, including a seventh game to tell the grandkids about—a thriller decided by Lonnie Smith, a man who could homer but could not run home.

In these great days, the debate isn't about whether or not there are great players, it's about who is the greatest. For instance, the Ryne Sandberg–Roberto Alomar question: 2b or not 2b the best 2b ever? And there's no questioning this list of future Hall of Famers: Brett, Puckett, Fisk, Thomas, Ryan, Sierra, Palmeiro, Franco, Griffey Jr., Eckersley, Henderson and Canseco. Here's another thing to remember: They're all in the A.L. West.

This is the year to wake up and smell the hot dogs. We are seeing a game at the top of its form. The Age of Ryan, we could call it. Or is it the Age of Clemens? It would be Oakland's age if not for two October miracles and 16 injuries last year. Or Pittsburgh's if not for the Pirates'

It's twilight-of-the-gods time for future Hall of Famers Roger Clemens, Cal Ripken, Nolan Ryan and Barry Bonds, who face their final supreme season before the expansion teams stumble and bumble on baseball's elysian fields.

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN O'LEARY

annual Cheshire cat act in the play-offs.

So maybe it is the Age of Parity. That's a football word, but what passes for parity in the N.F.L. would be dominance in baseball, where the gap between worst and best is far narrower. If the 1991 Twins and Braves didn't prove that to your satisfaction, take a look at John Smoltz. Last year, he was 2–11 at the All-Star break. Then he met with a sports shrink, began mumbling "I think I can, I think I can throw 95," went 12–2 in the second half and matched zeroes with Jack Morris in the Series. That kind of reversal makes drama.

So does a colorful supporting cast. Bo knows the rigors of rehab, sweating his way back, becoming the story of 1992 as the key to the Sox' ascendance. Tom Lasorda invents new profanities. Lenny Dykstra slides and drives headfirst. The Reds' Glenn Braggs rips a steel clubhouse door off its hinges. Cubs phenom Turk Wendell, who brushes his teeth between innings and leaps six feet over chalk lines, refuses to catch any ball thrown by an ump. And Darryl Strawberry, the most dramatic of athletes: After his separated shoulder was "healed by the Lord" in 1991, poor Straw was surprised when he hurt it again. Moral: Last year, at least, the Lord liked Atlanta.

There were other miracles as well. Gene Larkin, who broke Lou Gehrig's Columbia University hitting records, became driftwood in the Twins' bat rack, had 19 R.B.I.s all year, never played a post-season inning in the field and came to bat in game seven after Kirby Puckett, Kent Hrbek, David Justice, Ron Gant and 20 others had failed to get a run home. He won the World Series with one swing.

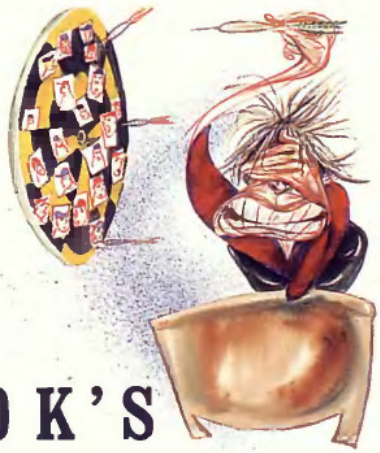
Credit Jack Morris for giving Larkin his at bat in the bottom of the tenth. In the top of the inning, before a single pitch was thrown, Twins manager Tom Kelly wants relief. Morris, working on a nine-inning shutout in the most important game of his life, has the mad thought that he could pitch ten, 11, 50 innings, whatever it takes. The whole world is waiting, Morris is growling, so Kelly nods and says, "What the heck, it's just a game."

•

We tend to romanticize the past because we were younger and sweeter back then. Since baseball is part of the national dreamscape, we gild its history even more than the pasts of other sports. But the vast majority of baseball history is fat, slow, white guys being viciously exploited by fat, rich, white guys. That history pales before the modern game and its players. A game between last year's 57–105 Indians and 1954's Tribe, who went 111–43, would be no contest. The old-timers would be begging for a slaughter rule to stop the modern Indians from scalping them.

Today's game is the best it has ever been. And with talent as plentiful as it is now, the game cannot be bought. The rich Yankees stink, while the

(continued on page 140)

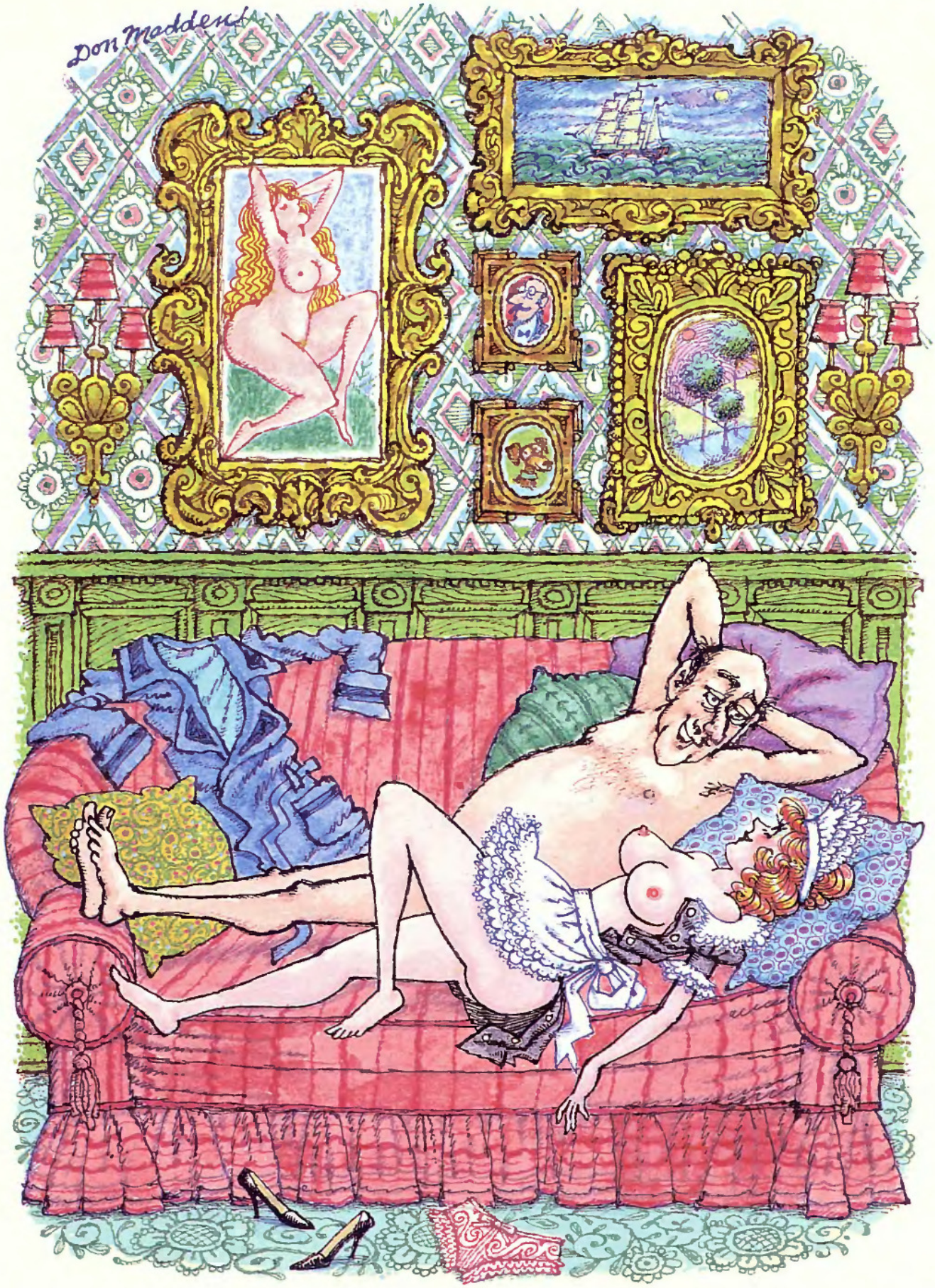


COOK'S PICKS

N.L. EAST	N.L. WEST
1. Pirates	1. Padres
2. Mets	2. Braves
3. Cubs	3. Dodgers
4. Cardinals	4. Reds
5. Phillies	5. Giants
6. Expos	6. Astros

A.L. EAST	A.L. WEST
1. Blue Jays	1. White Sox
2. Red Sox	2. Athletics
3. Orioles	3. Royals
4. Tigers	4. Twins
5. Yankees	5. Rangers
6. Brewers	6. Angels
7. Indians	7. Mariners

A.L. CHAMPS: WHITE SOX
N.L. CHAMPS: PADRES
WORLD CHAMPS: WHITE SOX



"In light of these later developments, Agnes, I find I can accept the fact that you don't do windows."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BYRON NEWMAN

A PRIDE of Brides

all women deserve to wear white

Women grow up to be brides. Men grow up to be bewildered by brides. Women sometimes flower at their weddings. Men can wilt at theirs. A woman often thinks of her wedding as the first day of the rest of her life. A man can regard it as the day after the last great fling in recorded history. What happens when a woman becomes a bride?

What specific biochemical transformation takes place? Why all the organdy, crepe de Chine, raw silk and veiled intentions? We thought we'd best investigate this whole bride thing to see if we could make sense of it.

First, we assembled a group of brides and potential brides and photographed them in their natural habitat. In doing so, we had to dispel our notion that in some ways all brides are alike. We noticed immediately that they do not all dress in the same fashion. Some dress in as many layers as a chrysanthemum has petals. One woman told us that when she was shopping for a wedding dress, she found herself standing on a raised platform in a large room dressed only in her underpants, while ladies ushered in a steady stream of dresses.

Having the gowns coaxed over her head was, she said, an eerie sort of pampering. There she was, one moment swathed in this exquisitely crafted garment that made her look terrific, and the next moment she was like a naked Barbie doll waiting for another outfit to come out of the chute. We see on these pages that bridal outfits can be abbreviated to great effect. Brides and bridesmaids tend naturally to cluster around one another even before the ceremony. This is when certain behaviors are learned, whatever the stated purpose of the gathering.

JUST

That may be to fine-tune a guest list, to mull over flower arrangements and caterers and to wonder how to tell the dozen or so men still calling up why you are no longer in circulation, but what takes place is the assimilation of feminine protocols that distinguish married women from party babes. Brides are full of secrets, which they share with other brides.

These secrets include practical advice on matters of decorum and how to lay out perfect place settings with all that silver, china and crystal that pours in around this time. When a bride walks down the aisle with stars in her eyes, confident that she is the most beautiful woman in the room, she strides purposefully toward the man of her dreams.

She knows, however, from talking with other brides, that someday in the future this may all change. And change, after all, is what a bride is trained to effect. When asked who makes most of the changes in the people around her, the bride answers, "I do."

HATS AND VEILS BY PHILIP SOMERVILLE AND STEPHEN JONES, LINGERIE BY JANET REGER AND BRADLEYS OF KNIGHTSBRIDGE, JEWELRY BY BUTLER AND WILSON, BALL GOWNS BY JACQUES AZAGURY, CORSET BY TABBY, GLOVES BY CORNELIA JAMES

WORST SENATOR (continued from page 104)

"D'Amato has been the Zelig who materializes at virtually every white-collar crime scene."

Hill, or the Senator, D'Amato. In less than three hours, the jury voted to convict Basile of conspiracy to defraud and lying to the federal government. Vario was convicted of the same charges a few months later.

Basile got five years' probation and Vario went to jail. Senator D'Amato returned to Washington.

•

As this election year rolls on, the members of America's most exclusive club have special reason to worry: In 1992, the Senate is held in singularly low regard by the people who elected it. There are good reasons for this opprobrium. The Clarence Thomas confirmation hearings, for instance, spotlighted both the Republicans' partisan sexism and the Democrats' flaccid incompetence and turned the entire affair into a telethon for term limitation. There has also been an unseemly parade of lawmakers into the closed hearing rooms of the Senate Ethics Committee, where they plea-bargain and return to the cloakroom in the Capitol version of turnstile justice. For these reasons and others, there is a growing sense that this is a club of pompous, self-serving windbags who do not even try to solve our problems.

Such a generalization is, of course, unfair to at least a handful of intelligent and diligent lawmakers, including Democrats Patrick Leahy of Vermont and Carl Levin of Michigan and Republicans James Jeffords of Vermont and John Danforth of Missouri. But the talents of these men bring the decline of the rest into bas-relief. Even as the standard sinks, it helps to remember that there have always been some Senators who come up shy of the prevailing threshold (however low) of integrity, seriousness and principle. In the Forties, a segregationist named Theodore Bilbo pronounced the term "burr-headed nigras" on the Senate floor. In the Fifties, Joe McCarthy trampled the Bill of Rights while purging the country of imagined Communists. And in the Eighties, Harrison Williams gained infamy as a New Jersey crook with the perfect liberal voting record.

There is always one Senator who stands out as the worst, usually in a way that exemplifies the problems of the Senate as a whole—the rotten apple that typifies a rotting barrel. In this era, the worst of our 100 senators is the man who embraced a hoodlum in front of an honest jury.

What gives D'Amato that distinction when there is so much competition? In an era of greed and government scandal, D'Amato has been the governmental Zelig who, like Woody Allen's chameleon hero, magically materializes at virtually every white-collar crime scene. The savings-and-loan collapse? D'Amato was there. Trouble at HUD? The Senator was in the thick of it. Junk-bond apocalypse? Look for Alfonse. Wedtech? Pentagon shenanigans? Nice to see you again, Senator. After a numbing succession of these affronts, even the one-eyed, toothless watchdog that is the Senate Ethics Committee was forced, last summer, to bark feebly at the Senator from New York. D'Amato interpreted the committee's mild reproach—based on a timid inquiry and scant testimony (of 56 witnesses, 25 took the Fifth Amendment rather than testify)—as exoneration. None of the committee's cringing members mustered so much as a peep of protest.

In his 11 years in the nation's most notorious club, Senator D'Amato has passed no serious legislation, though he constantly grandstands on such issues as gun control, drug abuse and the death penalty. He makes no attempt to contribute to the intellectual life of the Senate, such as it is, unlike conservative colleagues Robert Dole, Warren Rudman or Daniel Patrick Moynihan. His efforts to influence policy have ranged from the comical—as when he took a busload of reporters to the border of Lithuania and demanded to be let in—to the zany, as in his Inspector Clouseaulike sleuthing of the alleged Soviet plot against Pope John Paul II. Sometimes he's outright dangerous, as in last autumn's credit-card caper, which threatened to pitch the already-teetering banking establishment over the edge into full-scale collapse. Few single acts of pseudopopulist demagoguery have come as close to launching a depression as D'Amato's proposed limits on credit-card interest. Lemminglike, 73 of D'Amato's colleagues, along with President Bush, were ready to follow him over the cliff. Senator Al led the way.

Perhaps the only good to come out of that adventure was that former chief of staff John Sununu begged off of the President's backing of the plan and then was forced to resign. D'Amato, on the other hand, held fast. But he is up for reelection this year, so the people of New York have a choice about whether or not to terminate his career and return him to the company of his Nassau County friends, to whom he has shown such devotion.

•

In 1984 and 1985, Senator D'Amato did a couple of favors for two Mobsters even more extraordinary than serving as a character witness for Philip Basile. On two occasions, D'Amato urged United States Attorney Rudolph Giuliani to show leniency toward notorious organized-crime figures.

In the fall of 1984, D'Amato telephoned Giuliani to suggest that the eight-year prison term given to Mario Gigante, a capo in the Genovese crime family and brother of boss Vincent "The Chin" Gigante, was too severe.

"The sentence was really heavy," the Senator told the prosecutor, whose appointment he had recommended. "Just look into it. His brother is a priest." Although he does have a brother who is a priest, Mario was no choirboy. According to Giuliani's presentencing memorandum, Mario Gigante had threatened a debtor so viciously that the victim urinated in his pants. He told the man, "I'd like to take your fucking skull and just open it up."

Gigante's attorney was the reptilian Roy Cohn, who, before his death in 1986, had represented many top mafiosi. Cohn and his law partner Tom Bolan controlled the Conservative Party of New York, and with it much of the Reaganite apparatus in the state. In 1980, they endorsed D'Amato almost as soon as he had announced for the Senate, giving him political credibility and fund-raising clout. Full of gratitude, the Senator appointed Bolan to his judicial committee, which screened nominees for appointment as federal judges and prosecutors.

His gratitude did not stop there.

D'Amato intervened on behalf of another of Cohn's gangster clients: Paul Castellano, the notorious boss of the Gambino family.

As Giuliani recalls it, D'Amato took him aside at a 1985 law-enforcement conference for a private conversation that lasted "four or five minutes."

"The lawyers tell me you have a big RICO case where the murder counts are shitty," said D'Amato. "You should review the facts so that you don't get embarrassed at the trial." He made it sound like he was protecting Giuliani.

The big RICO case with murder counts pending at the time was against

(continued on page 158)

"Do you mind pennies?"

JOHN LEGUIZAMO

america's leading latino scholar explains the challenge of tall women, the legend of desi arnaz and why anglos look funny in a conga line

Actor and monologist John Leguizamo's one-man show "Mambo Mouth" introduced New Yorkers and, later, cable and video audiences to a collection of wildly entertaining but disturbed Hispanic street characters recalled from his youth in New York City's borough of Queens. For his performance in "Hangin' with the Homeboys," Leguizamo was described by one critic as a "Latino version of Brando."

Born in Bogotá, Colombia, Leguizamo moved to New York at the age of five. He admits to hanging out with tough kids but claims that he was actually the goofy type. His teachers insisted on counseling and encouraged drama studies. He took the advice and got hooked on the stage, studying with Lee Strasberg, among others, and at New York University. His performance in a prize-winning student film attracted the attention of the casting director of "Miami Vice." Movie roles followed and "Mambo Mouth" premiered at the end of 1990. He recently finished filming a thriller with Annabella Sciorra and Alan Alda, and his second one-man show, "Spic-O-Rama," debuted in Chicago earlier this year.

Leguizamo's one-man shows are hardly examples of an actor mouthing off; he's a stickler for careful writing and rewriting. Contributing Editor Warren Kalbacker met with him during rehearsals for "Spic-O-Rama." Kalbacker recalls, "He had just finished a script review with an English tutor. One of his characters, Rafael Gigante, firmly believes that he's the love child of Laurence Olivier and has the diction, at least, to prove it. Leguizamo wanted to make sure that he'd rendered Rafael's part in perfect British English."

1.

PLAYBOY: You are pretty adamant about including Spanish in your show *Mambo Mouth*. Are you going to insist we speak Spanish now?

LEGUIZAMO: It should be your duty to learn Spanish. It's not arrogance. It's just that Spanish is so prevalent in countries neighboring the United States. It's a beautiful, poetic language. There's much more rhythm to it than English.

Besides, we actually outnumber white people, but we're not going to let them know that. A lot of us are illegals.

2.

PLAYBOY: How come your name is John, not Juan?

LEGUIZAMO: My mom named me after her favorite movie actor, John Saxon. She thought he was a handsome man. He had black hair and dark features. I was very hurt when she told me. John Saxon? I've seen his movies. Couldn't you have made up a better story, Ma? Like you named me for John Kennedy?

3.

PLAYBOY: A Latin homeboy, an illegal immigrant and a transvestite, among others, populate *Mambo Mouth*. Haven't some Hispanics grumbled that you weren't doing much for the ethnic image?

LEGUIZAMO: The way the Latin people responded, I knew they were proud of what I had done. Some people ran up and hugged me. But there were pseudo-intellectuals who felt that I wasn't uplifting—how could I have been portraying all these street types when Latin people are so many other things? They don't want that image because they're huppies—Hispanic urban professionals. I can't write for all Hispanics. I just write from my experience. If huppies dislike *Mambo Mouth*, they'll come down on me with a vengeance for *Spic-O-Rama*. I perpetuate agonizing pain for them. *Spic-O-Rama* is about the discount dream you get when you come to this country. You wanted to be corporate but instead you run something. You run your mouth. You get the laundromat instead of IBM.

4.

PLAYBOY: You grew up in New York City—and sound like it. Do you have to work on Latin accents when preparing your monologs?

LEGUIZAMO: It's always work. I have to listen to my family. I have to listen to whomever I'm trying to do. Spanish is like English in the United States, where almost every state has a different accent. Spaniards to us have all the class, all that European finesse. We respect them and love their sound. I have this facility with accents because I grew up with Cubans, Puerto Ricans, Colombians, Ecuadoreans, Salvadorans and Argentines.

5.

PLAYBOY: What are the secrets of a Latin lover?

LEGUIZAMO: Latin lovers are really sensual and physical. Latin people are much more sensitive to all kinds of touching. We're not so conscious of the germ thing. WASP people always seem so sanitary to me. You feel like you're with doctors and nurses. When we go out to eat, everybody's digging at one another's plate. It's no problem to put your spoon into somebody's glass. You hug and kiss all the time. You hug and kiss members of your family. You hug and kiss your father. Lovemaking is much wilder and freer. Not that I've been in every Latin bedroom. I'm speaking hypothetically.

6.

PLAYBOY: Doesn't your blonde Anglo girlfriend stand about a head taller than you?

LEGUIZAMO: She's my Amazon love. She's six-foot-one. I met her when she was sitting down so I didn't know how tall she was. Then I realized. When I look at pictures, I go, Oh, my God, I look like a dwarf. Carolyn is more Irish than WASPy. The cross-cultural thing is nice. I find that Latin people and Irish people often mix. The Irish crave that dark meat. Martin Sheen is half Irish, half Spanish. My cousin is married to an Irishman. My aunt is married to an Irishman. My girlfriend's brother is engaged to a Dominican girl. I think it must be the Catholic thing and there's a sameness in temperament. Carolyn's changed so much. She's Hispanicized. She's much more physically expressive than she used to be. She's much more huggy-kissy. She also dances better.

7.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you debut on the Queensborough subway line—over the conductor's PA?

LEGUIZAMO: I got booked for that, but it didn't count because I was sixteen. Seventeen is the cutoff point. That was my first performance. We got busted and

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GWENDOLEN CATES

handcuffed before I got to cracking the big jokes. They said I had to go to family court. This teacher-counselor recommended that I try acting. I looked in the Yellow Pages and found an acting school. I took three hundred dollars I earned at Kentucky Fried Chicken and went there for three semesters.

8.

PLAYBOY: You've studied drama for years. What are the benefits of rigorous thespian training?

LEGUIZAMO: I was in Lee Strasberg's class when he got ill and had to leave. He died the next day. Wow, I thought, was my acting that bad? Studying with Strasberg was the most exciting training I had. I understood the Method. You live it. You become it. You experience the moment instead of being some clever actor who thinks and plans everything and knows how to show himself off.

I got a kick out of the sense-memory cup. You hold a real cup of hot coffee and feel it and drink it and try to remember all the details; then you take away the cup and try to create the sensation again from your imagination. My roommate thought I was a nut.

9.

PLAYBOY: Did you recommend the Method to Sean Penn and Michael J. Fox while filming *Casualties of War* in the Thai jungle?

LEGUIZAMO: They already had their systems worked out. Michael J. Fox is the friendliest, most pleasant person I ever worked with. Maybe because he's short, I don't know. The Thai people can't pronounce "x" so they called him Michael J. Fuck. It was a joke to all of us.

Sean Penn's a different story. At that time, he was my idol. He was the young actor who was most daring and provocative. The rest were brat-pack pussy actors who were really Milquetoast cream puff white bread. If you meet somebody you admire and you see how many flaws they have, then they're not so admirable anymore. I admire him, but he remained in character and made me do twenty-five push-ups every time I said something wrong.

10.

PLAYBOY: Did phone calls from agents and casting directors come in after your appearance in *Casualties of War*?

LEGUIZAMO: People said it was going to be my big break. I got good reviews, but it didn't do much for my career. I played a terrorist in *Die Hard 2*. My part was so small there could be a trivia question: How many times did Leguizamo flash across the screen in *Die Hard 2*? It's seven times. It's hard to say whether I'm on the verge of a break. I really do believe that things would be different if I were a white guy or a black guy. The roles offered to me are always drug dealers, gang members, thieves, crooks, all this underbelly stuff. I'm not a Latin person who's trying to pass. I don't expect to be playing a WASP executive. But I should be able to play any character who has some of my mannerisms but who isn't really Hispanic or white or anything. Why can't a Latin person be Peter Pan? Or be in *Star Trek*? Why couldn't a Latin person be the character in a Tom Hanks movie? There are so many roles. There are so many of us. I have to create my own opportunities. The only way is for me to write my own stuff.

11.

PLAYBOY: Could you use your Method training to pass if you wanted to?

LEGUIZAMO: I want to play Robert Redford's son. That's my goal. I'm going to bleach my hair blond, wear really pale make-up and put in blue contact lenses. Then I'll sit around and stare at myself in the mirror: *I am white. I am white bread. I enjoy mayonnaise and bland foods. Nothing upsets me.* I'll put on light FM and mellow out and read a Hemingway novel. I'll be ready. In the Method kind of way.

12.

PLAYBOY: Is Latin culture mankind's last best hope?

LEGUIZAMO: Latin people have a lot of old values that Americans have lost. Americans get rid of their grandparents and put them in nursing homes and their kids are put into camps and boarding schools. But Latin people bring all the relatives together. The grandmother has to be at every function, every party. You get that sense of family and community. Pride is our flaw. We're easily insulted and that's why we fight a lot. If you attack the family, that could be dangerous to your life.

13.

PLAYBOY: Can Anglos ever look good in a conga line?

LEGUIZAMO: It's a kick for us to watch white people try to dance to Latin music. They're not hitting the rhythm right, they don't know the right moves. They're trying really hard to be loose and free and trying to have a good time. But they're so awkward. They're like those gooney birds that try to walk after flying for a long time: They crash-land and they're all rubbery. They don't cross over enough so they don't have the experience. If they crossed over more often, they would know what to do.

14.

PLAYBOY: Do you have plastic slipcovers on your furniture?

LEGUIZAMO: I left the plastic on my mattress. My girlfriend said to take it off. I go, No baby, what if I have to move? I want my mattress to be intact and brand-new. When I was young, furniture was supposed to last your whole life. I wasn't allowed to sit on it or breathe on it. I had to stay away from the living room. I wasn't even supposed to turn on the TV because it would waste it. Not waste electricity. Waste the television.

15.

PLAYBOY: You made several appearances—as drug kingpin Calderone's son—on *Miami Vice*. What do you think of that show's depiction of Hispanics?

LEGUIZAMO: *Miami Vice* gave so much work to Latin actors. And every Latin actor wanted to be on it because it was exciting. It was filling our pockets and destroying us at the same time. It perpetuated so many negative stereotypes. Unbelievable. Every Latin man was a drug dealer. Every woman was a prostitute and junkie. But it's better to be seen than not to be seen. I'd rather be a gangster than a nobody.

16.

PLAYBOY: Just how do starving actors spend those days waiting for the big break?

LEGUIZAMO: I was eating a lot of rice and sardines and pasta with butter. I convinced myself that I loved those foods. I didn't have enough money to pay rent. I was staying with anyone who'd have me. I was the king of the busboys at the Black Rock Cafe, a Mexican joint on Eighth Street. And I was a salesman at Angel's apparel store. I read law books to this guy who was legally blind. I would try to act it and he'd say to just read it plain and fast. I fell asleep reading the books a couple times. I cleaned apartments for three years. I scrubbed people's toilets. I did all the nasty things in those apartments. I'd lock the doors and eat their food. Take a shower. Watch TV. Use all their Clinique stuff, all these fancy funky lotions. People had sexual gadgets in their bedrooms. I was cleaning, but it was an excuse to pry. I'm certainly eating a lot more than I used to. But you never know. Knock on wood.

17.

PLAYBOY: Tattoo parlors are illegal in New York. Where did you acquire the artwork on your shoulder? Why did you choose a heart in such distress?

LEGUIZAMO: I got the tattoo on Sunset Strip with my friend Darren Burrows. He's in *Northern Exposure*. It doesn't say "Born to Lose," but it has the same effect. I wanted a tattoo and searched to find a symbol that motivated me. It's a heart being stabbed and set on fire—and still living. No matter what, I'll survive. The tattoo reminds me to dare. To risk.

If it isn't a tradition, it's a very, very, very long fad.

WILD TURKEY

101 proof, real Kentucky.

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY 50.5% ALC./VOL. AUSTIN, NICHOLS DISTILLING CO. LAWRENCEBURG, KY © 1991.

18.

PLAYBOY: Are you going to celebrate the five-hundredth anniversary of Columbus' arrival in the New World in a big way?

LEGUIZAMO: Columbus Day is the big Italian holiday, but who gave Columbus the money to come? A Spanish lady. The difference between the conquistadores and Pilgrims is that the Pilgrims came here with their women. They weren't horny so they didn't mix with the Indians. They killed them. The Spaniards came here in ships and they had been at sea a long time and they'd been eating fish and they were horny and when they saw these Indian women, they mixed with them. They had all that sex and all those bastard children and that's why Latins are such a funky mix of European, Indian and African. The Pilgrims came to conquer and everything had to fit their structure. The Spaniards were a little wilder and looser. They had less control. They came, had sex, took the gold and left. It was like a big Las Vegas. You came to gamble with a lot of nice naked ladies all around. But the Anglos came here and they settled.

19.

PLAYBOY: Don't you have some 'splaining to do about why Desi Arnaz is your hero?

LEGUIZAMO: He was a role model for me. He fought hard to be on television. He was one of the few Latin persons on TV for the longest time. He tried to find what was funny about Latin people: the temper, rambling in Spanish—a passionate, jealous man, loving his music, loving to dance. They didn't want the Ricky Ricardo character in the show. They said you can't have an interracial marriage. Lucy said she wouldn't do the show if he wasn't in it and it ended up that Desi produced it. He's the one who first used three cameras in a comedy show and it still looks good today. He really changed comedy in many ways.

20.

PLAYBOY: One of your characters enjoys making love to "mountains of mocha." Is that a clue to one Leguizamo kink?

LEGUIZAMO: My fantasy is Roseanne Barr Arnold. If I could make love to her, my life would be complete. Chubby women. Carolyn was chubby when I met her, but she's skinny now. I didn't put her on a regimen. I'm real active and I didn't have much money and we didn't eat, so it made her lose weight. She *is* tall.

When we kiss, she bends over a little, I lean up a little and it's OK. I dip her as often as I can. When we dance Spanish or when we're goofing around and I kiss her, I dip her. And in bed it makes no difference whatsoever. I'm right there at all the important parts. I'm closer to the important parts than a regular guy.

JOE AND KURT

(continued from page 88)

"Imagine somebody coming back from the Gulf saying, 'Gee, I'm lucky. I didn't have to kill anybody.'"

even though I tell them that the missions were largely milk runs.

VONNEGUT: And what kind of medals did you get?

HELLER: I got the conventional medals, which came automatically. Air Medal with five or six clusters. You know, you're in my new book. Unless you object.

VONNEGUT: Good. Good.

HELLER: In that sense it's not a sequel. One of the characters does end up in Dresden and he's talking to a guy named Vonnegut. You're not in *Catch-22*, so it's not properly a sequel.

VONNEGUT: Joe, when he was working on this book earlier, wanted to get an officer or a high-ranking noncom into Dresden. You know, the guy who had done bombing. Then, finally, he's bombed, and this is technically impossible. Noncoms and officers were not allowed to work. They were kept in big stalags out in the countryside.

PLAYBOY: How did you feel when Iraq was bombed?

HELLER: I felt awful about the whole Gulf war. My feeling is that at that time Bush still hadn't figured out why he had invaded Panama, and he didn't know why he was making war in Iraq. And he still doesn't. I think it was an atrocity.

VONNEGUT: I can see where you might catch a whole lot of people and have to kill them that way, particularly from the air. But people in our war, the good war, were sickened by it afterward and would not talk about it. When we went to war, we had two fears. One was that we'd get killed. The other was that we might have to kill someone. Imagine somebody coming back from the Gulf, particularly a pilot, saying, "Gee, I'm lucky. I didn't have to kill anybody." TV has dehumanized us to the point where this is acceptable. It was like shooting up a crowd going home from a football game on a Saturday afternoon. Shoot the front vehicle and the back vehicle and then go up and down and kill everybody dead. A disgraceful way to act. In the SS—probably a tough branch of the SS and maybe just officers—they had to strangle a cat during their training. With their hands. And I think TV has done this to a whole lot of people without anybody's having to strangle a cat.

HELLER: I would guess that after one strangled the first cat, the rest are easier. The next five or six are pure fun. Then it becomes a kind of pastime. A careless hobby. Like lighting a cigarette.

PLAYBOY: Why do we celebrate war with a parade?

HELLER: I think it's dangerous to use the expression "we" in dealing with war. One of the fallacies has to do with democracy. I don't think we've had a President in my lifetime who came to the White House with a significant proportion of the eligible voters voting.

VONNEGUT: Yeah, but you got at least one great President, didn't you?

HELLER: Which one?

VONNEGUT: Roosevelt.

HELLER: I often wonder, if I were an adult in Roosevelt's time, whether I would have revered him and loved him the way I do in retrospect.

VONNEGUT: The Russians loved the czar as long as they could. Right up until the last minute, because he was the father.

HELLER: Once the war broke out, I think everyone wanted it over quickly and did not want to see a U.S. defeat. There was so much bunkum and deception.

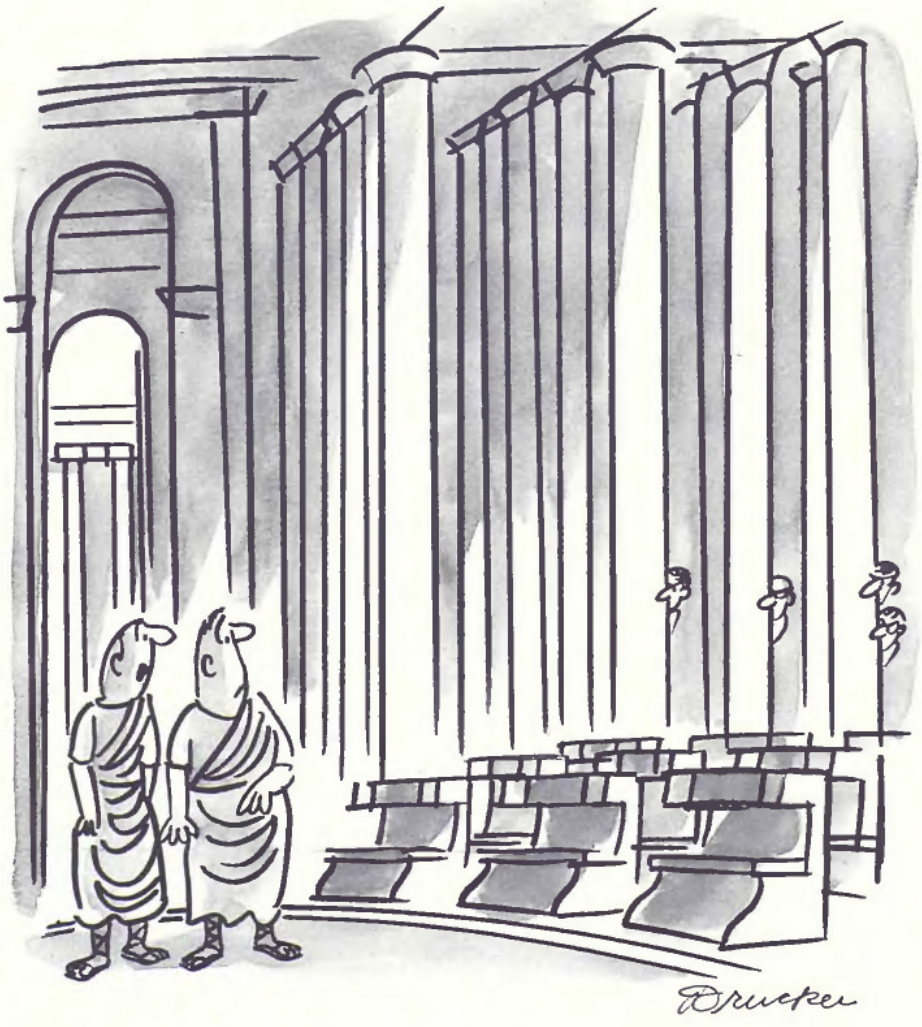
PLAYBOY: Instead of killing several hundred thousand Iraqis, why wasn't Saddam Hussein "disappeared"?

HELLER: It's not that easy. I think they were bombing places selectively in the hope of getting him. The way they missed Qaddafi and got his daughter.

VONNEGUT: There's a wonderful documentary Canadians made when people were really sick of the war—World War Two, that is. People were dying in industrial quantities. Fifty thousand nameless guys going over the top and they focused on these romantic figures up there in the airplanes and revived interest in the war.

HELLER: Is this in the U.S. or France?

VONNEGUT: All fighter pilots. Everybody loved Von Richthofen as much as anybody else. It was, Who was going to get him? My agent, incidentally, Ken Littauer, who is dead now, was Lieutenant Colonel Littauer, who in military history was the first man to strafe a trench. He



"They don't look like senate aides to me, either."

was a full colonel at the age of twenty-two and he and Rickenbacker and Nordoff and Hall were all in the Lafayette Flying Corps. They were the only guys in the American Air Force who really knew how to fly and fight. Littauer was supposed to be just an observation guy, out for artillery. He decided, "What the hell! The object is to kill people." And he peeled off and I guess he had a machine gun.

HELLER: It was fun in the beginning. We were kids, nineteen, twenty years old, and had real machine guns in our hands. Not those things at the penny arcades at Coney Island. You got the feeling that there was something glorious about it. Glorious excitement. The first time I saw a plane on fire and parachutes coming down, I looked at it with a big grin on my face. I was disappointed in those early missions of mine where nobody shot at us.

VONNEGUT: Morley Safer wrote about going in after B-52s dropped these enormous bombs on an area suspected of sheltering Viet Cong. He said the smell was terrible, there were parts of human bodies hanging in treetops. The poor pilots don't usually see that.

HELLER: Air Force people don't see it. I didn't realize until I read Paul Fussell's book on World War One that almost everybody who took my artillery shell or bombing grenade was going to be dismembered, mutilated. Not the way it is in the movies where somebody gets hit, clutches his chest and falls down dead. They are blown apart. Blown into pieces.

PLAYBOY: Is there a hidden agenda behind our romance with war?

HELLER: American rulers are discovering that the way to get instant popularity is to go to war. I think if the Vietnam war had been over in a month or two, Johnson might still be President—and might still be alive.

PLAYBOY: Do you think there's a relationship between the CIA and the war?

VONNEGUT: I know Allen Ginsberg made a bet with Richard Helms, who was the head of the CIA. When the Vietnam war was going on, Allen bet him his little bronze dumbbell or some sacred object that the CIA was in the drug business and it would come out sooner or later. Flying drugs in and out of East Asia. I don't know whether Allen won the bet or what Helms was supposed to have given him, but I'm sure it's true.

HELLER: There's one thing about being involved in a drug trade. There's another thing about *being* the drug trade.

PLAYBOY: Were we in Iraq and concentrating on foreign affairs to cover up problems at home?

HELLER: Doing this last novel of mine, I find that Thucydides filed the same charge against Pericles in the war against Sparta—to divert attention from allegations of personal scandal. It's so much easier than administering your country. It's also extremely dangerous because of the temptation in a democracy.

VONNEGUT: It's also very bad if the enemy shoots back.

HELLER: Well, you have to pick enemies that won't. During the Spanish-American War, American casualties at Manila Bay were four or seven. Panama was instructive to me because such a high percentage of the number of people who went were either killed or wounded.

VONNEGUT: What was that island we attacked before, with that long runway?

HELLER: Grenada.

VONNEGUT: Some of the first guys we lost were SEALs. Because they were dropped into the ocean and never heard of again. Nobody knows what the hell happened to them.

PLAYBOY: Let's switch to censorship. Are you at all concerned about the government's intrusion into our privacy?

HELLER: Do I think, for example, this guy Pee-wee Herman should be arrested for playing with himself in an adult theater?

VONNEGUT: Did he play to climax? I really haven't kept up with the news as I should.

HELLER: But is that a crime? I would say no.

VONNEGUT: I agree with Joe.

HELLER: We may have an aversion to the idea of somebody's masturbating in a theater or in a bathroom but so long as he didn't call attention to himself—that's what we call exhibitionism.

VONNEGUT: This is a huge country. There are primitive tribes here and there who have customs and moral standards of their own. It's the way I feel about religious fundamentalists. They really ought to have a reservation. They have a right to their culture and I can see where the First Amendment would be very painful for them. The First Amendment is a tragic amendment because everyone is going to have his or her feelings hurt and your government is not here to protect you from having your feelings hurt.

PLAYBOY: What about the hurt being done to women deprived of the freedom of choice?

VONNEGUT: I think Bush is utterly insincere on the abortion issue. He probably feels about it the way most Yale graduates do. There's just political capital in pretending to be concerned about abortion. He doesn't want to push it any harder than he has to because he'd lose a big part of the electorate.

HELLER: Even if he's pretending. I'm going to quote from the introduction of *Mother Night*, "We are what we pretend to be." If those people in government are only pretending to object to sex displays or abortion, the effect is the same as if they were sincere.

PLAYBOY: Do you think Senator Helms is pretending?

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VONNEGUT: Yes. There are several famous hypocrites in the South and he's surely one of them. Like the Bible thumpers. To attract a crowd.

PLAYBOY: Do you see him as a real threat?

VONNEGUT: He has a good many Christian fundamentalist followers. So he is, in fact, serving his constituents—and they are not hypocrites, I would say. But in that little railroad car that runs under Congress, I rode with a guy who worked for Helms, one of his assistants. This guy was as hip and sane and liberal as anyone. He simply had a job to do.

PLAYBOY: Let's turn to books. Are you alarmed about the corporate role in publishing?

HELLER: "Alarmed" is a strong word. I'm aware of it and I don't think the effects will be beneficial toward literature. As I get older, I begin thinking that not only are certain things inevitable, *everything* is inevitable.

PLAYBOY: How about censorship in publishing? What about when Simon and Schuster decided not to publish a book it had contracted for—Bret Easton Ellis' *American Psycho*—because of pressure?

HELLER: The allegation was made that the decision came from the head of Paramount [which owns Simon and Schuster]. But the book was published. I don't think censorship is a widespread threat in this country.

VONNEGUT: You can publish yourself. During the McCarthy era, Howard Fast published *Spartacus*. Sold it to the movies. Nobody would publish him because he was a Communist.

PLAYBOY: Are writers supportive of one another or resentful?

VONNEGUT: Writers aren't envious of one another.

HELLER: We may be envious of the success but not of one another.

VONNEGUT: Painters and poets can be deeply upset by the good luck of a colleague. Writers and novelists really don't seem to give a damn.

PLAYBOY: Are nonfiction writers more jealous and envious of one another than novelists?

VONNEGUT: I know one very close friendship that ended when one guy was working on a book and his best friend came in right behind him.

PLAYBOY: Is it more difficult to get blurbs for nonfiction than fiction because of jealousy?

VONNEGUT: Blurbs are baloney. Anybody who reads a blurb is crazy. Calvin Trillin said that "anybody who gives a blurb should be required right on the jacket to reveal his relationship to the author." It's a good way to advertise. Keep your name around.

HELLER: That's one reason, but they don't advertise as voluminously as they used to do.

VONNEGUT: When Alger Hiss wrote a book—his most recent, his side of the story—I wrote a blurb for it and I was the only blurb on the book. Startling! I thought other people would be on there with me. Howard Fast or somebody. . . .

PLAYBOY: Did you ever review each other's books?

HELLER: No.

VONNEGUT: Yes. We hadn't known each other very well. And then we were neighbors out here and Joe had finally written another book.

HELLER: That was 1974.

VONNEGUT: Since *Something Happened* was only his second book, he was rather anxious to find out who was reviewing it for the *Times*.

HELLER: I'm going to correct this impression when you finish.

VONNEGUT: It wasn't unethical at the beginning of the summer because I really didn't know him that well. But I spent most of the summer writing the review and I got to see more and more of Joe. Who did they tell you was reviewing it for the *Times*? You change the story.

HELLER: I knew fairly early you were doing it because Irwin Shaw brought it out. And I said, "You never should have told me that." I knew enough about you to know that you would not undertake it unless you were going to write favorably about it. Then I began to get anxious about you and myself. Each time they got word of a good review from somewhere else, I made it a point to tell you.

VONNEGUT: Talk about disinformation.

HELLER: I didn't want you to feel inhibited in your praise.

VONNEGUT: Was there anyone who really tied a can to your tail? Anybody who really hated the book?

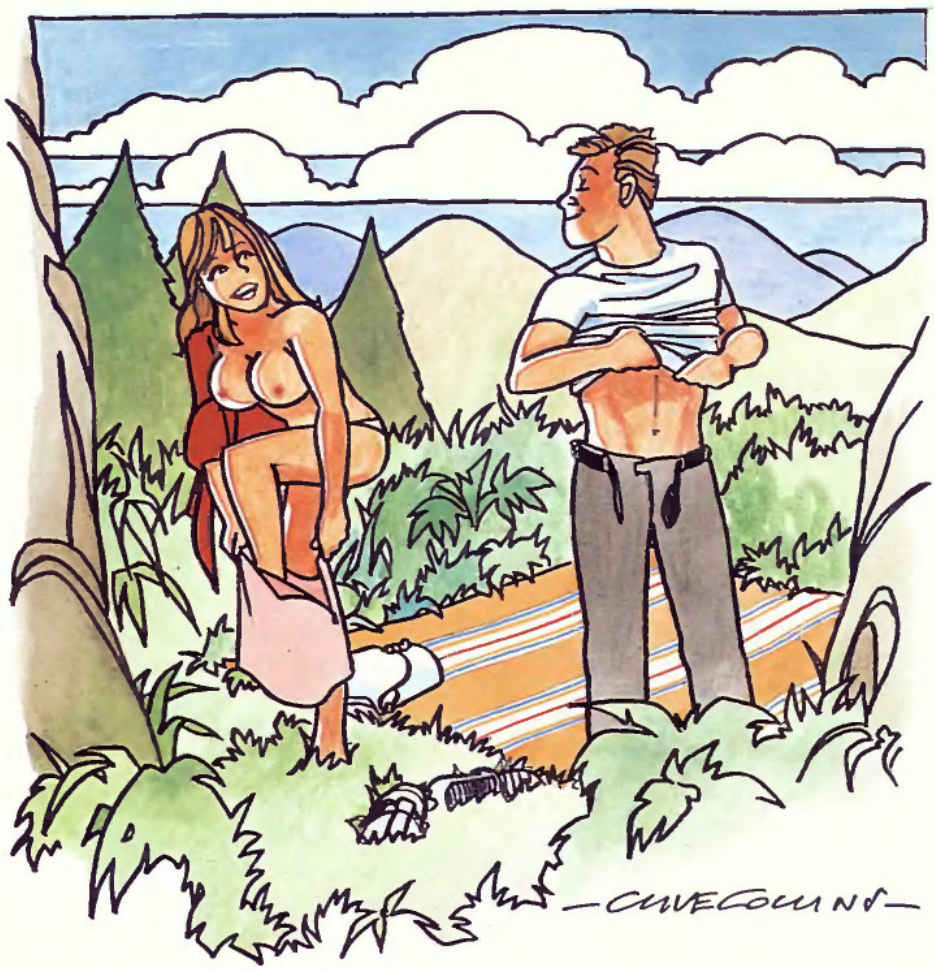
HELLER: There were reviewers who were disappointed, because it was not another *Catch-22* and they expected it to be.

VONNEGUT: Well, *Catch-22* was sort of a fizzle when it first came out, wasn't it?

HELLER: Despite an advertising campaign that has never been equaled or surpassed in terms of the number of ads.

VONNEGUT: Did Bertrand Russell praise the book?

HELLER: He not only praised the book, he had his secretary call me up and arrange for us to meet. It was one of the few thrilling encounters I've had in my lifetime. It's a long drive to Wales from London. Russell was already ninety. And he looked exactly like his photographs. I had that experience with Venice the first



"You were right. It does make a nice change to eat out occasionally. . . ."

time I went to Venice. It looks exactly like Venice. Paris doesn't. London doesn't. New York doesn't. Venice looks exactly like Venice and Bertrand Russell looked exactly like Bertrand Russell.

VONNEGUT: I suppose it was the first unromantic book about the Air Force.

HELLER: I don't know about first. It's not a romantic book. It is romantic. I know the underlying sentimentality. Phillip Toynbee began a review of it with a paragraph that embarrasses me still. He begins listing the great works of satire in the English language and he puts this among them. I think he was the one who said it was the first war book in which fear and cowardice become a virtue.

PLAYBOY: So, who are the new Kurt Vonneguts or Joe Hellers?

HELLER: Oh, I don't think there has been anybody after us.

VONNEGUT: Well, we haven't seen Schwarzkopf's memoirs yet. [*Laughs*]

HELLER: You've got the name wrong. Scheisskopf.

VONNEGUT: I remember Schwarzkopf's father, a police commissioner in New Jersey. Then he was the host on a radio show called *Gangbusters*.

HELLER: Somebody told me his father was also the head of the regional Selective Service department in New Jersey and New York.

VONNEGUT: Four stars is a lot of stars. That's all Pershing had was four stars.

HELLER: They didn't have five stars then. Five stars was a rank in World War Two.

PLAYBOY: I had a little trouble when he said that being under a missile attack was no more dangerous than being in a thunderstorm.

VONNEGUT: His comment on the Scud, I think, was that shooting down a Scud was like shooting down a Goodyear blimp, because these things are not very fast or hard to hit. There was a story in World War Two about a Dutch cruiser that escaped from the Nazis just as they were occupying Holland. The ship pulled into a fiord somewhere and put on war paint, purple and green stripes, and sailed into the Firth of Clyde, where the British navy was anchored in Scotland, and the skipper of the cruiser called to the flagship and asked, "How do you like our new camouflage?" And the answer that came back was "Where are you?"

PLAYBOY: Is that true?

HELLER: Would Vonnegut joke?

PLAYBOY: Do either of you read any contemporary writers?

VONNEGUT: Well, it's not like the medical profession where you have to find out the latest treatments. I've been reading Nietzsche.

HELLER: And I've been reading Thomas Mann. I hesitate because maybe I'm reading more difficult books to grasp than nonfiction. Scientific books. Philosophy, I would not be able to read rapidly. I have a definite impression that I'm reading more slowly than I used to.

VONNEGUT: There's no urgency about reading anymore. We're not trying to keep up. I have that big book by Mark Helprin and I don't think I'm going to read it because I'm too lazy.

PLAYBOY: What about Norman Mailer's?

VONNEGUT: That's none of your business. Norman's a friend of mine.

HELLER: I intend to read it at one sitting. I read contemporary writers.

PLAYBOY: Such as whom?

HELLER: It wouldn't be whom. It would be a particular work. If the work is described in a way I feel would be interesting to me. Not enjoyable. Interesting. I look into every galley I'm sent. I don't have time to read them. Just the way I don't get as many invitations to parties as Kurt Vonnegut does.

VONNEGUT: They've stopped coming. Well, I'm reading Martin Amis.

HELLER: The last book?

VONNEGUT: It's a new one. The whole thing runs backward. Time runs backward. It's very hard to follow.

HELLER: I will read Julian Barnes's new novel. I like Julian Barnes for reasons I can't explain.

PLAYBOY: Any women?

HELLER: You have to name some.

PLAYBOY: Ann Beattie.

HELLER: I've read Ann Beattie.

VONNEGUT: I read Margaret Atwood's *The Handmaid's Tale* and thought it was terrific. I wrote her a fan letter. Joe said one time in an interview or somewhere that people in advertising are better read and wittier than most novelists.

HELLER: And most academics. That was my experience when *Catch-22* came out.

PLAYBOY: What is your favorite book of Joe's?

VONNEGUT: He hasn't written enough to choose from.

HELLER: There's no answer that would be convincing and satisfying.

VONNEGUT: You know about the frog-and-peach restaurant? Well, there are four things on the menu. You can have a frog. You can have a peach. You can have a frog stuffed with a peach or a peach stuffed with a frog. When you ask what is my favorite of Heller's, you don't have a very long menu. I have gone the extra mile with Joe. I have seen *We Bombed in New Haven* performed at Yale. Not many people can say that.

HELLER: More at Yale than on Broadway. I used to think *Catch-22* was my best novel until I read Kurt's review of *Something Happened*. Now I think *Something Happened* is.

PLAYBOY: What is your favorite book of Kurt's?

HELLER: Oh, I don't like any of his works. I just give blurbs to his books so we can remain friends.

VONNEGUT: I'm sure Joe doesn't mind this being discussed. It takes him a while to write a book. He might be a different author in each case because he's a decade older. Nietzsche says the philosopher's view of the world makes his reputation and he doesn't change it. It reflects how old he was then. Plato's philosophy is the philosophy of a man thirty-five.

PLAYBOY: You're writing a movie, we hear.

VONNEGUT: Yes, with Steven Wright.

HELLER: Boy, I'd love to write a movie script.

PLAYBOY: Why don't you collaborate?

HELLER: Take me as a secret collaborator? Pay me just enough to qualify for the medical plan of the Writers' Guild.

VONNEGUT: It's hack work. I just got interested in Steven Wright. He was out here and stayed with me for a couple of days. You know who he is?

HELLER: Not really.

VONNEGUT: He has sort of the build of a Woody Allen and that melancholy and he doesn't know what the hell he's going to say next. And so you're listening and finally he says it, but he never says where he is from, what he is. He is in fact a Roman Catholic. Most people assume he's Jewish. But he's very smart not to say, "I'm from Boston." He's very hot on the college circuit. He gets fifteen thousand dollars an appearance and he does fifty a year.

HELLER: Are you being paid for the screenplay?

VONNEGUT: I'm doing it on spec. But I won't show it to them until they pay me.

PLAYBOY: What about Hollywood?

HELLER: I love it. I don't work that much and I will accept every offer I get. I love going to Hollywood because I know people there. When I go there, somebody else is always paying the expenses.

VONNEGUT: How do you know people there?

HELLER: Almost every friend I had on the Island moved out there after the war. Then my nephew was out there working for Paramount TV.

PLAYBOY: Kurt, we gather you're less enthralled in dealing with Hollywood.

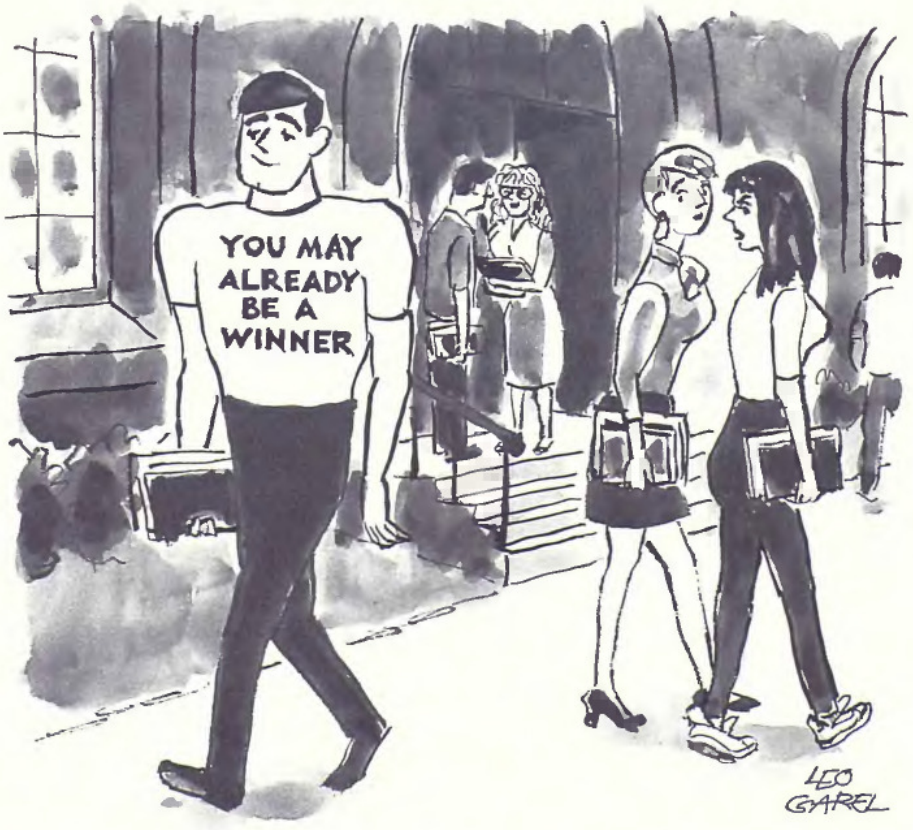
VONNEGUT: No. There are two novelists who should be very grateful to Hollywood. Margaret Mitchell is one and I'm the other one.

HELLER: *Thelma & Louise* is the first movie I've seen in years. I liked it. Well, a year ago I saw that Italian film *Cinema Paradiso*. I usually don't like the movies.

PLAYBOY: Did it bother you that in *Thelma & Louise* the heroines killed a man?

HELLER: No. It doesn't bother me when they kill cowboys or Indians. It's only the movies. There are so many movies where the woman turns out to be the murderess. I didn't see it as a movie with any kind of morality. It was a movie

about two women who get into trouble.
PLAYBOY: Does a movie like *Thelma & Louise* indicate a change in the culture?
VONNEGUT: You have forgotten that we are so old we are contemporaries of Bonnie and Clyde and of Ma Barker. She was the head of the family. We know about some really rough women.
PLAYBOY: Bonnie still followed Clyde, didn't she?
HELLER: You're not asking us about women. You're asking us about characters in motion pictures.
PLAYBOY: At the recent St. John's [rape] trial in New York, one of the jurors wore a T-shirt that read, UNZIP MY FLY. What is that all about?
VONNEGUT: I don't know, but it's a very popular T-shirt.
PLAYBOY: Where is that coming from?
VONNEGUT: A T-shirt factory, obviously.
PLAYBOY: Why would someone want to wear that?
VONNEGUT: Joe and I had a publisher in England for a while and his fly was always unzipped.
PLAYBOY: Does sex get better when you're older?
HELLER: Does what?
PLAYBOY: Does it get better when you're older or not?
HELLER: I don't know. I haven't had it since I was young.
VONNEGUT: I don't know if he's kidding or not.
HELLER: Oh, I've had no sex as an adult.
VONNEGUT: He's a comedian.
PLAYBOY: Well, what about you, Kurt? Does sex get better when you get older?
VONNEGUT: You get to be a better lover.
HELLER: I find I'm much more virile now than I was.
PLAYBOY: More what?
HELLER: More potent. I want to do it more often than when I was seventeen or eighteen.
PLAYBOY: Why don't you guys write more explicitly about sex and its emotional trappings?
HELLER: More explicitly than what? You keep projecting. You keep attaching emotional reactions to sexual reactions. Earlier you used the words "love" and "sex" and now you're suggesting emotional reactions to sex. By emotional I'm sure you mean something different from the sensory responses.
PLAYBOY: Well, emotions are different from senses.
HELLER: I don't think there is a necessary correlation between emotional responses and sex.
PLAYBOY: Didn't D. H. Lawrence write about emotions?
HELLER: That was the content of his artistic or literary consciousness. I don't think writers have a choice, by the way. I think we discover a field in which we can be proficient and that's our imagination. My imagination cannot work like Kurt's and I don't think his can work like mine. Neither of us could write like Philip Roth or Norman Mailer. I know John Updike has a lot of tales of the sexual encounter. And I suppose there are writers who can do it and will do it and want to do it.
PLAYBOY: Henry Miller?
HELLER: What you get there is the raw activity.
PLAYBOY: Anaïs Nin?
VONNEGUT: I haven't read the porn she wrote. If you have an attractive man and woman coming together, the reader is going to want to see them do it or find out why they didn't do it. And so you can't talk about anything else. The example I use is Ralph Ellison's *Invisible Man*. It's about this black guy who is looking for comfort and enlightenment somewhere in American society. It's a picaresque novel. If he ever ran into a woman who really loved him and he loved her, that would be the end of the book. It would be as short as my books. And Ellison has to keep him away from women.
HELLER: I must say, for me, it doesn't normally make good literature. Fiction having extensive detail about the gymnastics of copulation or sexual congress—or even the alleged responses to it—does not make interesting reading to me. It's like trying to describe the noise of a subway train. There are people who can do it. Young writers go in for that type of description. But when they're finished, all they've done is described the noise of a subway train coming into a station or pulling out of a station. Is that the noblest objective of a work of fiction? To convince the reader that what you're writing about is really happening? I don't think so.
PLAYBOY: Isaac Bashevis Singer said, "In sex and love, human character is revealed more than anywhere else."
VONNEGUT: He is liable to say anything to be interesting. He entertains in that way. Do you know what he said about free will? "We have no choice."
HELLER: That's not been proved. I would not agree with that. The same two people could have come together sexually numerous times and it could be a different experience and the person's character doesn't change from copulation to copulation.
PLAYBOY: But one gets to know the other better with increased copulation.
HELLER: I don't think so.
VONNEGUT: Well, this is the French theory of the golden key.
HELLER: You learn more at lunch than you do in the meeting before. In phone conversations.
VONNEGUT: Nietzsche had a little one-liner on how to choose a wife. He said, "Are you willing to have a conversation with this woman for the next forty years?" That's how to pick a wife.



"He thinks he's God's gift to women!"

HELLER: If people were more widely read, there'd be fewer marriages.

VONNEGUT: I will give you all the money that's left after the divorce if you can get me a film clip of Frank Sinatra making it with Nancy Reagan. I think that is the funniest damn thing.

PLAYBOY: In the White House?

VONNEGUT: I don't care where. Those two scrawny people.

PLAYBOY: Have you read Kitty Kelley?

VONNEGUT: Sure. Parts of it. Joe gets all those books. And I just leaf through them. About the Kennedys or about any scandal.

HELLER: I didn't look at it.

PLAYBOY: Why do you think we're so interested in scandal?

VONNEGUT: Just because it's in the papers. The same way we pretend to be interested in sports, a way to say hello to a stranger. "What did you think of the second game of the World Series? What did you think of this? What do you think of the Super Bowl?" It's a way of saying hello.

HELLER: I agree with him. I have a slight, diminishing taste for gossip and for scandal. If you're talking about the most interesting things in the newspapers, I think our news reporting is abominable. There shouldn't be daily papers. Maybe once a week they ought to publish.

VONNEGUT: John F. Kennedy was off the scale. He was a freak! I mean, he was in the *Guinness Book of Records* for the number of women he screwed, apparently.

HELLER: I would have liked him a lot more if I had known at the time what was going on.

PLAYBOY: Why is a man respected for having many sexual relationships and a woman disrespected or scorned?

HELLER: The explanation would be the terrible fears of impotency men have and the jealousy that's concomitant with that. Mark Twain says that the only reason the Bible was against adultery was to keep the woman from screwing someone else. His explanation is that a man is like a candle and he's going to burn out, and the woman is like a candlestick and she can hold a million candles.

PLAYBOY: But women also scorn women who have had many sexual experiences.

HELLER: Women with bad reputations can be attractive to a man. They are to me. But a wife or a daughter like that would be a terrible embarrassment to me.

VONNEGUT: Joe's got the Freudian explanation. I think that men can't help suspecting that women are stronger and better people than they are and they learn that from their mother. I would agree with that.

PLAYBOY: Do you think younger women are sexier than older women?

VONNEGUT: No.

HELLER: I agree with Kurt.

VONNEGUT: I taught at Iowa for a year and there were a whole lot of blondes there because of our Scandinavian population. I was not interested in these undergraduate girls at all.

HELLER: Even when I was young, I found older women more attractive than young girls.

PLAYBOY: Is there anyone for whom you lust in your heart?

VONNEGUT: My goodness!

HELLER: Madonna. Madonna.

VONNEGUT: Joe mentioned one of Artie Shaw's wives. Seemed to me the sexiest woman I ever saw was Ava Gardner.

HELLER: Kathleen Winsor was pretty hot.

VONNEGUT: Rita Hayworth. I took it hard when she came down with Alzheimer's.

PLAYBOY: Joe, were you serious about Madonna?

HELLER: No.

PLAYBOY: Who's going to win the Democratic nomination?

HELLER: I have a feeling it might be me.

PLAYBOY: You? Are you going to vote for yourself?

VONNEGUT: He will have to register first.

HELLER: I'd register and I'd pose. I would if I ran.

PLAYBOY: Kurt, would you vote for Joe?

VONNEGUT: Certainly. It's a figurehead job in any case.

HELLER: I'd run on two issues. And I believe I'd win. The first would be, as President of the federal government, I would take no steps whatsoever to interfere with a woman's right to terminate a pregnancy. The second is I would find some way to institute a national health program in this country. Don't ask me where the money's going to come from, I will find a way to do it.

VONNEGUT: The big difference between conservatives and liberals is that killing doesn't seem to bother the conservatives at all. The liberals are chickenhearted about people dying. Conservatives thought that the massacre, the killing, of so many people in Panama was OK. I think they're really Darwinians. It's all right that people are starving to death on the streets because that's the nature of work.

HELLER: Western civilization has made a pact with the Devil. I think the story of Faust has to do with Western civilization. You might say white civilization. The Devil or God said, "I'll give you knowledge to do great things. But you're going to use that knowledge to destroy the environment and to destroy yourself." You mentioned Darwin. I think what we're experiencing now is the natural state of evolution. Half the society is underprivileged and maybe a third of the rest is barely surviving. The trouble with the Administration is that it doesn't want to deal with the problem. It doesn't want to define it as a problem because then it will have to deal with it.

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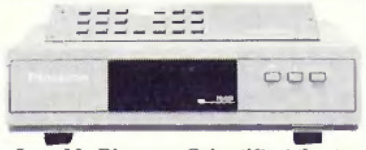

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LONE STAR STUNNER

(continued from page 96)

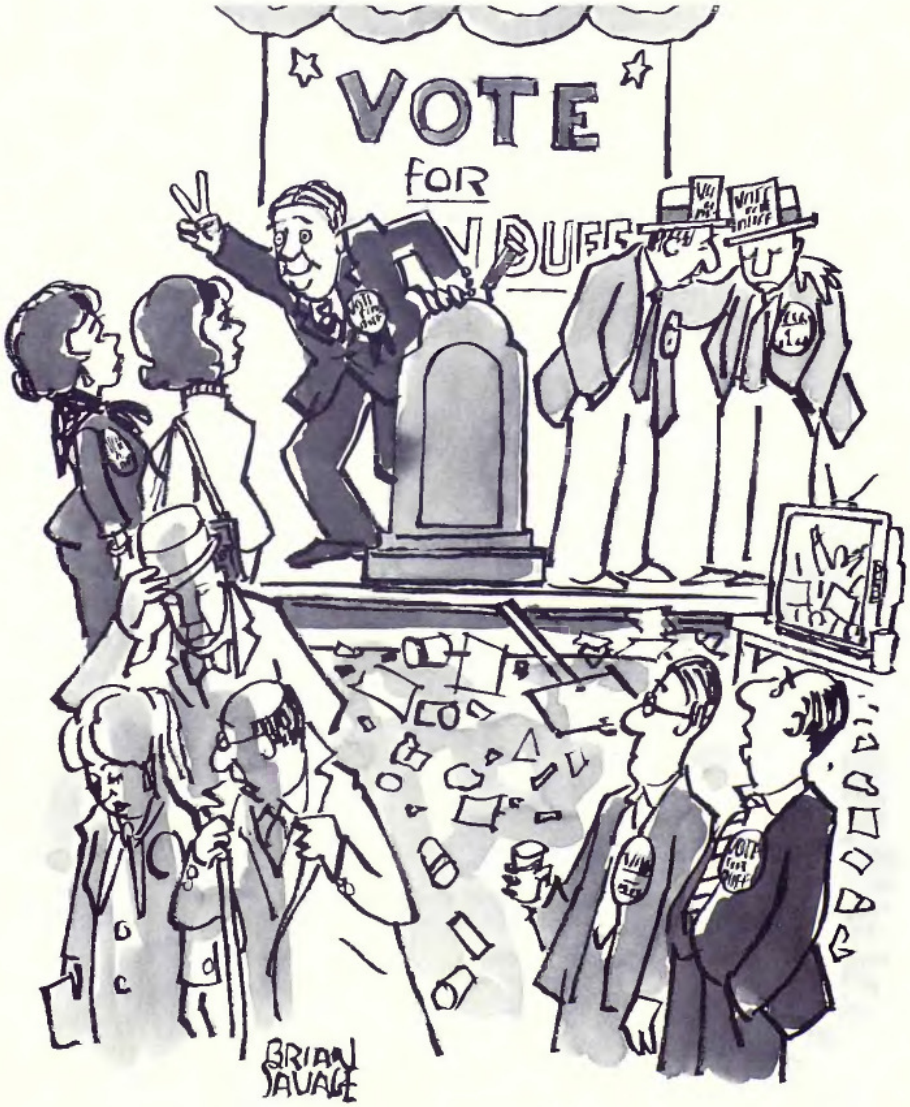
on me," Vickie admits, "so I've leaned in the other direction, almost never saying no to Daniel and spoiling him a lot. Still, he doesn't take too much advantage of me."

Other people, she says, sometimes have. "I'm such a soft touch and so trusting that people—not just men—tend to use me." That worries some people, notably David, the brother to whom she's closest. "He's always been my protector, and now he's an FBI agent!" She considered getting a watchdog but figures her cat, Booger, her cockatoo, Gizmo, and her Vietnamese potbellied pig, a female inexplicably named Madison, are about all the wildlife she can handle in addition to her rambunctious little boy.

It's an unusually cold day for Texas, but the sunshine blasting through the windows is too compelling to resist, especially after weeks of rain that have turned this area of Houston into a bog.

"Let's go roller-blading," Vickie suggests. "I'm a good skater, but this is supposed to be a lot harder," she warns. Pulling off her black cowboy boots, she straps on brand-new Flash Gordonesque blue-and-white blades. In tight blue jeans and a denim jacket, she's ready to brave the cold and the concrete.

At first, this long, tall Texan is as wobbly as a newborn colt. Twenty feet from her doorstep, her feet fly out from under her and Vickie's trimly upholstered behind hits the pavement with a resounding *whump*! But seconds later, grinning, she pulls herself up by her skate straps and glides gracefully down the street and right onto a broad boulevard, blonde ponytail billowing behind her. Traffic slows down noticeably as a succession of rubbernecking good old boys hoot and holler at the sight of this Amazonian urban cowgirl whizzing past like a fantasy on fast forward. Clearly, this girl is on a roll.



"Oh, he knows he lost. He's just reminding a few staunch supporters that he's had a vasectomy."

AUTOMOTIVE REPORT

(continued from page 84)

power is needed.

In contrast, the brawny Viper RT/10 has so much low-end torque that you can comfortably steer it with the throttle in third and fourth gears. Barely turn the wheel, ease down on the gas and the Viper readily changes direction, provided you've done everything very carefully. Although the Viper has six forward gears, you'll find the top two aren't really necessary. At 2000 rpm in sixth, you'll be doing an effortless, but impractical, 100 mph.

Both the RX-7 and the Viper are in their element on winding roads. We tested the Mazda in North Carolina's Blue Ridge Mountains; the Viper on the Los Angeles Crest Highway. The Mazda's crisp steering, with its relatively light but firm feel, needs close attention. Skilled drivers will appreciate the newly redesigned wishbone suspension. Although the RX-7 is stiffly sprung, the ride is supple. Toss the RX-7 into a tight turn; the suspension takes a firm set and the little coupe tracks neatly. At the Charlotte Motor Speedway, coming off the high bank at 135 mph, the Mazda was surefooted and predictable.

The Viper, on the other hand, should be steered as if one were aboard a fast motorcycle, using soft pressure on the wheel, letting the V-10's awesome torque power you through all but the tightest turns. Do anything quickly in this car and you'll lose it, as we found out in a decreasing-radius turn at the Willow Springs Raceway.

If you're looking for a great all-around sports car at a fairly reasonable price, the new RX-7 merits strong consideration. The Viper, of course, is anything but an all-around car. If you live up North, you wouldn't drive it in the winter and you probably wouldn't drive it to work, either. But on a sunny day with the top down and an open road ahead, few cars can match the rush that comes from goosing this snake. Remember, you only go around once.

In addition to testing the RX-7 and the Viper, *Playboy* has been talking to car-company executives, checking out show cars and driving other new models. Beginning with U.S. automakers, here's a rundown on the companies that we think are on track—and off.

GENERAL MOTORS

Off Track: Despite personnel cuts and plant closings, GM remains too bloated and carries too many dealerships. Losses last year averaged a half billion dollars per month in North America, production stood at around 60 percent of capacity and major opportunities continue to be missed. For example, the company recently presented several key new models—the Buick Skylark, Pontiac Grand

Am and Olds Achieva—without air bags. It also belatedly responded to Chrysler's best-in-class minivans by introducing what auto experts have coined "the dust-busters" because of their shape: Chevy's Lumina, Pontiac's Trans Sport and Oldsmobile's Silhouette, all of which are selling poorly.

Chevrolet had inexplicably restyled the LT1 Corvette to look much like the limited-production ZR1, a move that threatened the ZR1 with extinction and infuriated Corvette loyalists who paid a hefty premium for the exclusive model.

While some Pontiac models, such as the new Bonneville, are externally attractive, their dashboard controls appear to have been designed by GM employees who never talked to one another. It's time for a cleaner, less cluttered look.

The $3 billion Saturn project was GM's response to the imports—particularly the Honda Civic. Unfortunately, start-up delays and production bottlenecks resulted in dated styling. When Saturn finally hit the market, its actual foe was the significantly improved 1992 Civic. Consequently, instead of luring Honda buyers, it ended up taking some sales away from Chevy's Geo. The latest prediction is that Saturn will never break even.

Oldsmobile is floundering, too. When Cutlass became the country's best seller (with as many as 13 different Cutlass variations in one year), Olds went for the numbers, losing its identity—and the sales crown—to Honda. On the plus side, the division's Eighty Eight Royale LS is selling well and the new Achieva is arguably GM's best-looking new small car.

Lastly, GM's position as the forerunner in the development of electric cars is under fire. While industry insiders describe the company's commitment to energy-saving electrics as "lukewarm," GM brass argues that even if it does build electric-powered, zero-emission vehicles, no one will buy them. After all, they say, takers for Geo Metro's 50-miles-per-gallon coupes are few.

On Track: Buick was the only American make to register a sales increase last year. This success began three years ago, when Buick redefined itself as a builder of mature, powerful American cars. Top J. D. Power quality ratings followed. So did a new selection of desirable wheels, such as the classy Park Avenue Ultra, the reborn (and affordable) Roadmaster, the peppy new Regal and the neatly reshaped LeSabre.

Cadillac's 1992 Sevilles and Eldorados are sparking a turnaround. Drivers who wouldn't have considered owning a Cadillac a few years ago are now checking out Sevilles. While not yet autonomous, Cadillac has redefined its direction from a disastrous GM reorganization a few years back. It's pushing models upmarket and we think it finally has what it takes to go head-to-head with Japanese luxury cars. Worth waiting for: the 1993 Seville, which will come equipped with the highly touted 32-valve Northstar V8 and upgraded suspension.

FORD

Off Track: Ford's multimillion-dollar Taurus restyling is so conservative, you have to look closely to tell a 1992 model from one made in 1991. Reportedly, Ford's top management pressured designers to keep it "safe." They're paying the price in reduced sales, which may only get worse when Chrysler's dramatic 1993 LH sedans hit the streets this fall.

Other Ford mistakes: The newest Escort, engineered in conjunction with Mazda, needs an update. Sales of the new Crown Victoria fell nearly 40 percent, partly because Ford didn't have lucrative police and taxi packages ready in 1991, as Chevrolet did with the Caprice.

Lincolns are so deeply discounted for fleet and rental programs that they're losing prestige. Ford's Crown Victoria, built on the same platform as Lincoln's Town Car, is a remarkable value and Lincoln buyers are choosing it instead. It's rumored that Lincoln's 1993 Mark 8 will be an exceptional car.

On Track: Ford sold 250,000 Explorer sports utilities, clobbering Jeep's aging Cherokee. Off-road motoring isn't the Explorer's real forte (because of its long wheelbase), but people who never venture far from the highway like the statement this handsome truck makes. Ford will also be back on track with its great-looking, totally restyled 1993 Probe.

Lastly, Mercury is holding its own, thanks to the Grand Marquis and the Capri convertible—which, surprisingly, has been outselling Mazda's Miata.

CHRYSLER

On Track: Capitalizing on its streamlined product-development teams, Chrysler has proudly unveiled its stunning new LH sedan series. The Chrysler Concorde, Dodge Intrepid and Eagle Vision all share the shorter of two wheelbases (comparable to Buick's LeSabre and the Olds Eighty Eight). But the exciting entry is the bigger New Yorker, a sleekly chiseled sedan with a road presence that even Jaguar would be proud to offer. Over and above the dramatic, cab-forward styling and roomy interiors, LHs boast dual air bags and spirited 200-hp, 3.5-liter V6 engines.

There's also good news for sports-utility fans. Jeep is challenging the Ford Explorer with the all-new Grand Cherokee. This bigger, more luxurious model is the first in its class to offer a driver's-side air bag and four-wheel ABS brakes as standard. Coming soon: a reborn Grand Wagoneer with a powerful V8 engine.

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find the best U.S. rubber on a Corvette, Goodyears are original equipment on Porsche, Mercedes, Lotus, Toyota and Lexus. (*Playboy*'s Car of the Year, the Lexus SC400, comes equipped with Eagle GS-Ds.) These carmakers could specify any tire. The fact that they choose Goodyear tells you something.

Several other U.S. firms also produce world-class products. General Motors' smooth Hydra-matic transmissions are used by Rolls-Royce, Mercedes, Jaguar and BMW. AC-Delco's climate-control systems, considered by many to be the best in the world, are popular with importers.

EUROPEAN MAKES

Every European automaker lost sales here in 1991. For Porsche and Jaguar, whose sales dropped nearly 50 percent, it was disastrous. Obviously, the recession was partly responsible. So were luxury taxes.

Off Track: Rolls-Royce and Bentley, two big-ticket cars that were hit especially hard by luxury taxes, are attempting to fight back. Bentley is offering its new $260,000 Continental R, and Rolls is following with a $310,000 Silver Spur II Touring Limousine. Lotsa luck.

Volkswagen, currently Europe's most successful car company, remains stalled in the States. Its new EuroVan fails to match Chrysler and Japanese competitors in styling and refinements and, at $25,000, the V6 Corrado SLC is overpriced. One model that could make a big impact, though, is the redesigned 1993 Golf.

On Track: Audi's restyled, sporty 172-hp 100 CS is a spirited performer that holds its own against the Acura Legend and Mazda's 929. It has also unveiled its new Quattro Spyder, a mid-engined concept car that could rival Porsche. And Audi's all-aluminum experimental car, the Avus Quattro W-12 (a 12-cylinder engine with three banks of four cylinders each) foretells future lightweight all-alloy sedans from Ingolstadt.

Responding to increased pressure from the Japanese, BMW was smart to offer its hot new 3-Series coupes and sedans in the mid-$20,000s. The company is also showing a battery-powered commuter car, the E1, which has a 150-mile range and a 75-mph top speed. And overseas, BMW offers a bounty to German customers who return high-mileage conventional cars to the factory for disposal. More than 75 percent of a BMW's parts are recyclable. Look for other makers to adopt this responsible trend soon.

Ford Motor Company paid $2.5 billion for Jaguar. Although profits are not expected for some time, Ford's brass knows that Jaguar has the name, cachet and staying power needed for a luxury nameplate. Look for a mid-Nineties generation of well-built, elegant and innovative Jaguars. Meanwhile, Ford rushed an air bag into production for Jag's venerable XJ6. Subtle updates on the XJS coupe may help hold the line, too.

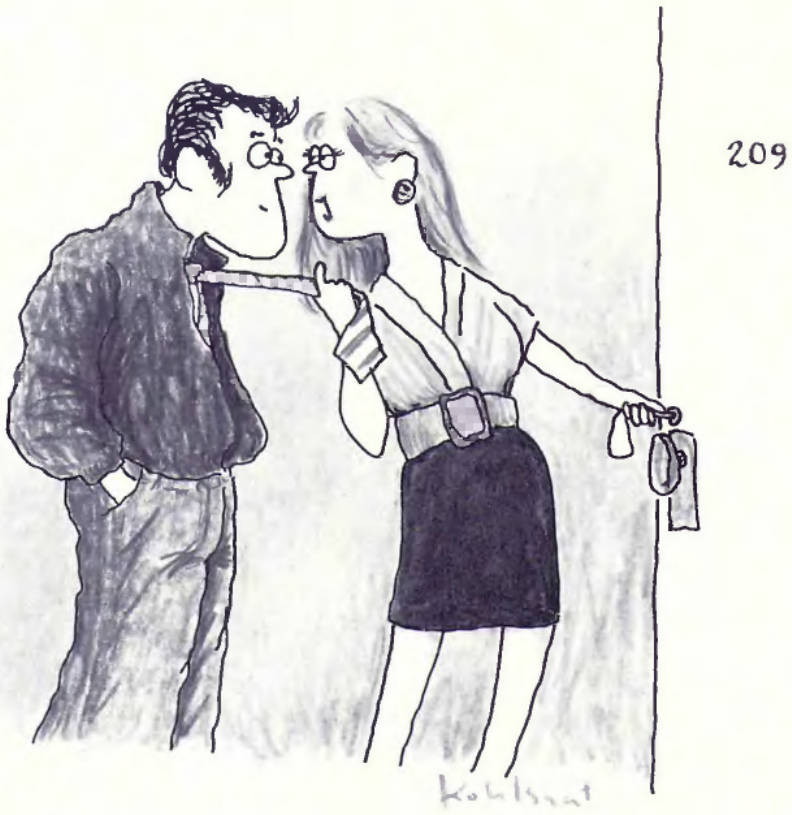
With the exception of the poorly timed and pricey S-Class sedan and 600SEC (from $69,000 to $127,000, and $150,000, respectively), Mercedes-Benz is reacting wisely to market pressures by lowering overall costs, decentralizing sales operations and offering enticing lease plans. It has also rushed its own Lexus-fighter, the V8-powered 400E, into production.

Known for matching each drop in the deutsche mark with an upward price adjustment, Porsche dramatically lowered prices on its new 968 to below the critical $40,000 level. It's offering financing, and talking about a new entry-level Porsche in two years.

Troubled by U.S. economic woes, upscale Range Rover is planning to boost sales by importing 500 Land Rover Defender 110's. First introduced in 1983, the updated version boasts a V8 engine, a full roll cage and everything you need to go on a safari. At under $40,000, Range Rover claims most of the models are already spoken for.

Volvo has returned to its basic values—reliability and safety. Its newest 900-Series cars are unlikely to win styling awards, but they're built like battle tanks with improved side-impact protection system and reinforced front-and-rear crumple zones. Traditionally espousing rear-wheel drive, Volvo will soon offer the 850 GLT: a mid-luxury front-wheel-drive model.

On Track, But at What Cost? Saab's 1991 sales dropped less than any other European carmaker's here, largely because of aggressive discounting. Now half owned by GM, Saabs in the future will likely incorporate some Opel components. But GM's planners say they won't mess with the rambunctious spirit that makes a Saab a Saab.



"Let's just say you're the wrong man at the right time."

JAPANESE MODELS

Off Track: A current U.S. government investigation is looking into allegations that Toyota and Mazda have been dumping minivans—selling them here for less than they sell comparable units in Japan. European carmakers are now advocating a dumping investigation of the burgeoning Japanese luxury-car business in the States.

In a separate legal matter, Honda has been accused of misrepresenting the percentage of North American contents in its Canadian-built cars. That investigation is still pending.

Meanwhile, Honda's Acura division may have stubbed its toe on the Vigor. The car has a generic Honda shape and it's negatively affecting the sales of the Integra and the now-more-expensive Legend. Sales of the $60,000 NSX sports car have also tapered off.

Nissan makes some great cars—the 300ZX, the 240SX (soon to be

convertibles), the Maxima, and a great new minivan, the Quest, to name a few. In addition, its FEV experimental electric car probes the limits of battery technology, offering a 40 percent recharge in six minutes and a full charge in 15 minutes. Still, the automaker remains a well-kept secret. Analysts claim the corporate name change from Datsun blurred Nissan's image. In the war for market share, you can't just build and race great cars, people have to know you're doing it. That's Nissan's challenge.

Daihatsu has become the first Japanese car company to leave the U.S. market as a result of competitive pressure.

On Track: The Honda Accord is still the top-selling nameplate in America—and a target for every mass competitor. What's new, then? Honda has greatly improved the Civic, and the restyled, aggressively powered Prelude may finally shed its Quaalude nickname.

Isuzu's 1991 sales nearly tripled from the previous year. Credit for this success goes to the Stylus, a hot performer with a Lotus-tuned suspension. The newest Trooper boasts a peppy four-cam V6 and a fashionable, rounder look.

Lexus' attractive SC 400 handily outsold all competing luxury coupes in its first abbreviated year. The Lexus division continues on track with the attractive ES 300 sport sedan. And likely to arrive next year is the Aristo, a twin-turbo Lexus sedan that's slightly smaller than an LS 400 yet has all the snap of a big German sporting four-door.

Mazda looks smart with its hot RX-7, its sexy V6-engined MX-6 coupes and its updated 626s. Sportiness, innovation and individuality help Mazda stand out. The company's philosophy—"There's a bit of the Miata in every Mazda"—helps, too. In the near future, look for Mazda to move into luxury markets with its Amati division. Amati promises a pair of luxury sedans that will push enthusiasts' hot buttons.

Mitsubishi recently sold its one millionth U.S. vehicle, bought a car-rental company and established its own finance arm. In addition, Mitsubishi's newest Montero is a handsome reincarnation of a sport utility that's found many friends. Aside from an understated engine (151 horsepower is barely enough for a two-ton truck), the nicely appointed Montero is a winner.

Nissan's luxury division, Infiniti, is finally on track. Its new J30 sport sedan is the latest entry in a rapidly expanding class of mid-luxury contenders battling in the under-$35,000 bracket. The styling of Infiniti cars, says designer Gerry Hirshberg, "fights the tyranny of the wedge." Infiniti leans more toward European makes in its positioning and road feel than Lexus does. We like Subaru's dramatically different SVX sports coupe. Its functional window-within-a-window should set a new styling trend.

Hurt by the Samurai's slide, Suzuki sales are down. But the Sidekick, a mini off-roader (available now), and the Swift, a compact passenger car, comes in three- and four-door versions.

Toyota's lavish new Camry threatens Honda's Accord in the top-selling individual nameplate competition.

Korea's Hyundai, the company that brought us the hot little Scoupe and the well-made Elantra, unveiled a sizzling HCD-1 prototype two-seater that stole the auto show in Detroit. If it can market this 150-hp, twin air bag, ABS-equipped roadster for less than $15,000 in two years, Hyundai will be headed in a new direction.

This year will be a critical one for the automotive industry. So far, the light at the end of the recessionary tunnel is dim at best. While we wait for signs of economic recovery, Japanese automakers are likely to experience further political pressures as "Buy American" sentiment spreads. But their U.S. counterparts face the real challenge: to prove to the American people that they are building cars that are as good—if not better—than the imports.

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BASEBALL *(continued from page 112)*

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small-market Twins follow the small-market Reds to the top of the world.

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That's why wonders never cease. It is why we have had three stunning, unpredictable World Series in four years. Kirk Gibson's Dodgers over the unbeatable A's in 1988. The Reds in a sweep over the unbeatable A's in 1990. The Cinderella Twins and Cinderella Braves fighting over the glass slipper last year. The lone recent exception, 1989's sweep of the Giants by the unbeatable A's, was perfectly predictable. Except for the earthquake.

The Reds and Mets will probably go to the post as N.L. favorites. I picked them last year, along with probable 1992 A.L. favorites Oakland and Toronto. (I have the gift of pre-prescience: calling pennant races a year early. Who else forecast the Reds–A's 1990 World Series in 1989?) Doing so would presume that baseball makes sense, so I won't.

Cincinnati has moved Eric Davis, replacing him with center fielder Dave Martinez and the team has added two fine pitchers, Tim Belcher and Greg Swindell. The Reds rotation is now the envy of the league. What those who love them forget is that they have no cleanup hitter and no bull-pen smoker if Rob Dibble (a) is as hittable as last year's second half suggests, or (b) goes berserk, kills a few fans and joins Pete Rose on Fay Vincent's enemies list. Bumping the Reds aside in the West, I am out on a limb with San Diego, looking for help from three potentially superb Padres starters, Andy Benes, Bruce Hurst and Greg Harris.

The Mets signed Bobby Bonilla to play left field. They got Bret Saberhagen and an infielder for two good hitters, Gregg Jefferies and Kevin McReynolds. They may be surprised to see Saberhagen pitch Elliot Ness–style—untouchably—while Bonilla, Vince Coleman and Howard Johnson play the outfield soccer-style. The better-balanced Pirates, who can pick up the ball and throw it, deserve to win.

The Yankees kept Danny Tartabull, the hot stove league's top free agent, from making a difference. They signed him to hit 35 homers for a fifth-place club. The Blue Jays addressed an important problem by signing Series hero Morris, their new number-one arm. April brings Morris' 13th-straight inaugural start, a record. Last year, he redefined the concept of starter by starting opening day, the All-Star game, the play-offs and World Series. The Jays also got Dave Winfield, the die-harder D.H.

Boston fell short in the bidding for Morris and settled for Frank Viola, the poster boy for elbow trouble. Once unhittable, Viola may spend 1992 watching his change-ups bounce off the Green Monster at Fenway. Baltimore unveils Camden Yards, the best new ballpark since the one Ruth built, plus a healthy Glenn Davis, but the O's have only one reliable pitcher: closer Gregg Olson. Detroit hasn't had a reliable pitcher since Jack Morris. The A.L. East, as usual, is the Jays' to choke on.

In the A.L. West, the White Sox ride a young-gunning rotation, a Radinsky–Thigpen bull pen and a batting order that begins Raines, Sax, Ventura, Thomas, Jackson to their first world title in 75 years.

•

Maybe. This is a game that has spent 147 years scratching the surface of its surprises. "A game," as Stephen Jay Gould notes, "whose inventor's middle name was Joy." No one sees its future.

Sox over Padres in October is plausible, but who knows? Baseball is nothing like football or hoops. It is more like the weather. The weather defeats supercomputers because small things can have profound effects. A hummingbird over Kansas changes an air current that changes another that leads to a typhoon in China. In the same way, Braves leadoff man Otis Nixon gets caught with cocaine in his system, is suspended and is replaced by Lonnie Smith. Smith ties a World Series record, hitting homers in three straight games. He then vapor-locks at second base as the ball that should have won the World Series rattles around in left-center field. Smith is frozen in goofball history as the Braves' chance dies.

We like to call it destiny, but it is chance. It is the weather of baseball, the element that rains down on the best game Joy ever made.

Happy opening day.

•

Since 1985, the East's dominant club, the **Blue Jays**, has won the division three times and lost it two other times on the regular season's last day; still, Toronto has yet to play in a World Series. After last year's A.L.C.S. flop, general manager Pat Gillick didn't let it bug him that folks called the Jays chokers. He went out and assembled what could easily be the best team in the game. Knuckleballer Tom Candiotti is gone, but his replacement is Series idol Jack Morris. On opening day, the reliable Morris makes his 466th consecutive start. He heads a rotation that also features Jimmy Key, Juan Guzman and Todd Stottlemyre, with Tom Henke and Duane Ward splitting saves in the bull pen. Dave

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Winfield, with 406 home runs and almost as many candles on his birthday cake, loves hitting in the SkyDome. He solidifies the D.H., a trouble spot in Toronto since Cecil Fielder left. Right fielder Derek Bell hit .346 at Syracuse and is capable of .290 as a rookie; Eddie Zosky won't hit much, but watch him play shortstop. If Morris' grit rubs off on his new team, you'll see that Jumbotron scoreboard light up in late October.

Last year, Roger Clemens was 18–10. Without that, the **Red Sox** were 66–68. Over six years, he is 118–52. Without that, they are 399–402. As of this writing, they still haven't traded Mike Greenwell or Ellis Burks, but whatever they get won't be enough to make up for the fact that this is two teams. The one *with* Clemens never quite makes up for the one *without*. His 1991 numbers were more daunting than they looked; exclude one awful outing and his E.R.A. dips to 2.37. Young slugger Phil Plantier will help Clemens even more this time around. Last spring, Plantier was the only man to strike out against Jim Palmer during the Famer's brief comeback attempt. But Plantier batted over .341 after a late-season call-up from Pawtucket. Hitting out of a low crouch that lets him spring at the pitch, Plantier had 27 homers between Triple-A and the majors. Mark him down for more in a full year at Fenway. New manager Butch Hobson will get the Sox to the Series soon, but his pitching staff is suspect after Clemens. Signee Frank Viola was 10–5 with a 2.80 E.R.A. for the Mets at the 1991 All-Star break. Then—presto change-up—he couldn't get anyone out and wound up 13–15, 3.97. The Sox wanted Morris instead, but had to settle for second best.

After a Murphy's Law season last year, the **Orioles** expect things to go right this time. First baseman Glenn Davis, healthy again, should be worth 35 home

runs at beautiful new Camden Yards. Kid pitchers Mike Mussina, Jim Poole and Arthur Lee Rhodes swoop in to save a staff that may not need much from veterans Storm Davis (whose parents took teammate Glenn, an abused child, into their home) and Rick Sutcliffe. Chito Martinez and Sam Horn, if both are aboard to aim at the new park's cozy right-field porch, help Davis and M.V.P. Cal Ripken, Jr., in the middle of the order. Then there is Ben McDonald, the longtime "next Clemens" who keeps hurting his arm. Suppose McDonald stays off the D.L. and wins 15. Suppose four other pitchers from a pool of six or seven good candidates join him in getting games to closer Gregg Olson, while outfield hopeful Luis Mercedes tames his talent and gets on base ahead of Ripken–Davis–Horn–Martinez. Do you suppose Camden Yards is ready for a World Series?

Sparky and Cecil's **Tigers** hit. Or more precisely, swing. Hard. That breeze you felt in the Midwest was Detroit's league-record 1185 strikeouts. But in breaking

THE CASEY AWARDS

He was a World Series hero. He managed the worst modern team as well as some of the best. He was the wise man who once said, "I had many years that I was not so successful as a ballplayer, as it is a game of skill." He was Charles Dillon Stengel, and these awards go to the men who keep his mighty spirit alive.

Sportsman of the Year: Lonnie Smith would soon be the World Series' goat, but before freezing in history's headlights, Smith did something perfect. As game seven began, he stepped into the batter's box and offered a handshake to Twins catcher Brian Harper. That shake should become a Series tradition.

Hardnose Award: Rodney McCray of the Pacific Coast League Vancouver Canadians chased a fly ball *through* the center-field fence at Civic Stadium in Portland, Oregon. The wooden fence split on impact and McCray vanished into the night as the ball fell for a triple. He bloodied his nose but stayed in the game.

Rookie Quote Award: On a Montreal trip, Reds rookie Steve Foster was asked by a customs official whether he had anything to declare. "I'm proud to be an American," he said.

Survivor of the Year: Ten years ago, catcher Jeff Banister learned he had bone cancer. He wouldn't let doctors amputate his leg; he said he'd rather die than not play baseball. After seven rounds of surgery, he returned to the game, only to break his neck in a collision at home plate. But last July, Banister was called up to replace the Pirates' Don Slaught, who was hurt. He singled in his first at-bat. When Slaught recovered, Banister, whose desire surpasses his talent, took his 1.000 batting average back to Buffalo.

Special Citation for Fuel Efficiency: The Blue Jays' Roberto Alomar lived in the SkyDome Hotel. He went to home games by elevator.

Bat Out of Hell Award: At Sumter, South Carolina, Al Bennett of the Spartanburg Phillies swung and lost his grip on the bat, which sailed into foul territory, over the field boxes, over the Uecker seats and completely out of the ballpark.

Freudian Flip Award: Padres catcher Benito Santiago, no darling of management, got even in July. After grounding out, Santiago threw his batting helmet, which Frisbeed into the dugout and beaned pitching coach Mike Roarke, then ricocheted off manager Greg Riddoch's head, giving him a concussion.

Stat of the Year: Twins lefty David West gave up four World Series runs, got no outs and entered Series record books with a ∞ by his name—hideous symbol of his infinite earned-run average.

Pussy of the Year: In an exhibition game between Detroit and Cincinnati, Reds reliever Tim Layana faced a surprise pinch hitter, Tigers fan Tom Selleck. Major-league macho called for fastballs from Layana—a pro hurler facing a movie hunk. But when the actor manfully fouled off a couple, Layana meowed. He fanned Selleck with a tricky knuckle curve.

Best Headline: The Village Voice on the Yankees and Mets: THEY'RE HERE, THEY SUCK, GET USED TO IT.

Best New Pitch: The six-fingered fastball of Expos farmhand Tony Alfonseca, who has an extra digit on his right hand. Alfonseca needs 478 wins to double the output of Mordecai "Three-Finger" Brown.

Tough as Nails Award: After cracking up his new Benz, himself and teammate Darren Daulton, the Phillies' Lenny Dykstra was stumbling around the wreckage, refusing offers of medical attention: *No way, dudes. I'm fine.* He had a crushed collarbone, broken ribs and a punctured lung, but was still on his feet.

the 1986 Mariners' whiff mark, the Tigers contrived to finish tied for second. They connected often enough to lead the majors in homers (they would have even without Mickey Tettleton's 31) and to finish second to Texas in runs, while trailing the A.L. in batting average. Fielder, who has 95 homers in two years, is the best fat hitter since Ruth. Only 28 years old, he should last long enough to see Detroit win the East again. It can't be this year, though. For pitching, manager Sparky Anderson needs miracles; his unifaceted club's best arm belongs to Travis Fryman, a third baseman.

He's back! Hide the silverware! And the rookies! George Steinbrenner may have already broken every rule of his "lifetime" suspension by allegedly OKing the signings of Danny Tartabull and Mike Gallego as well as a trade with the White Sox. This summer, Steinbrenner makes his unofficial return to fight with his **Yankees.** Tartabull will help them fight back. Young hurlers Scott Kamieniecki and Wade Taylor and second baseman Pat Kelly have bright futures; Don Mattingly has a new haircut but the same old sore back. Designated hitter Kevin Maas hits only fastballs. Mel Hall sometimes has trouble off the field. Last year the sharp-dressing outfielder was nabbed by Boston DEA agents who thought he looked like a drug lord (something that never happens to Mattingly). A club with all that plus two members of the wacky Perez pitching family begs to be hidden away in fifth place.

The **Brewers** were favored to win the East three years ago. Then they crumpled under an avalanche of arthroscopes. Their only respite from injuries was when ace Teddy Higuera's shoulder healed long enough for him to lift a pen and sign a lucrative long-term contract. Then his arm blew out again. They were 17 games under .500 last August but stuck with manager Tom Trebelhorn; they went 40–19 to finish a strong fourth, one game behind Boston and Detroit. For taking the trouble to turn things around, Trebelhorn was then fired. New skipper Phil Garner will need the iron will he is known for. Higuera is still wincing, shortstop Bill Spiers is recovering from back surgery and the Brews' only established stars, Robin Yount and Paul Molitor, are a combined 71 years old.

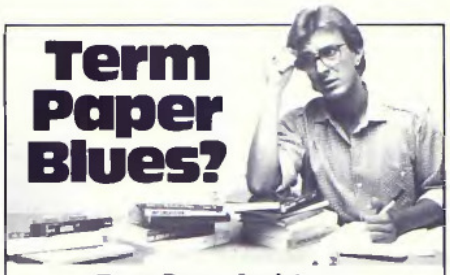
Carlos Baerga, Albert Belle, Kenny Lofton, Jim Thome and Reggie Jefferson are future All-Stars, and they'll all labor for the last-place **Indians** this year. Sure, Cleveland still stinks, but at least now they stink in the right way. Rather than shoveling money at old stars—the plan until last year—general manager John Hart has dumped old talent, stockpiled kids and shown how quickly a bad team can get exciting.

•

In 1990, the **White Sox** chased the seemingly dynastic A's all summer but lost by nine games. Last year, they christened the new Comiskey Park with a 16–0 loss, then climbed to within a game of first before losing to the eventual world champs by eight games. Still, their second-place finishes put them 38 games over .500 for 1990 and 1991. This is a young club, except for its 88-year-old Charlie Hough–Carlton Fisk battery. It should be a better club than the world champ Twins or A's in 1992. Better than any other club at all, even. Rookie manager Gene Lamont comes from Pittsburgh's third-base coaching box to bring Jim Leyland–style fire to Chicago's South Side; what was once the baddest part of town is now the best, in baseball at least. Tim Raines and Steve Sax will spin around the bases ahead of the rib-sticking meat of the order: Robin Ventura, who hit .284 with 23 home runs and 100 R.B.I.s in a sophomore year that redeemed him; Frank Thomas, the smartest great hitter in years; Bo Jackson, a lesser player now but still better than most D.H.s; and Fisk, who can still hit 20 homers as a sideline to his real job—mentor to the young pitching staff. The Chicago rotation, starring Jack McDowell, with Kirk McCaskill aboard to make 30 starts, can average 15 wins. Bobby Thigpen, brilliantly supported by Scott Radinsky, anchors a flawless bull pen. Sax's arrival turns second baseman Craig Grebeck from a good everyday player to a stellar utility man. All of it means that the Sox' only weakness may be shortstop Ozzie Guillen's attention span. According to *The National Sports Review*, Guillen has fallen asleep on the bases—and been bushwhacked by the hidden-ball trick—four times in two years.

Manager Tony LaRussa can barely hide his pleasure when asked if his **Athletics** can win again. After his team spent half a decade as baseball's overdog, he loves the thought of sneaking up on other teams. He knows everyone was hurt last season. The pitching collapsed. First baseman Mark McGwire batted .201. Rickey Henderson complained that he was underpaid, then crassly sold out to a mirrored-visor maker. He wore the hideous things as he stole number 939, pissed off the world with an inadvertently surly speech and sulked to a year unworthy of him. Even so, the A's won 84 games. Oakland was the only team in baseball that never fell below .500 in 1991. Don't worry about Tony's team. Jose is to slugging what Madonna is to hype. Second-year starter Kirk Dressendorfer and late-season arrival Todd Van Poppel will soon be winning big. The Athletics will be back because they never went away.

With his team going nowhere with Bret Saberhagen, general manager Herk Robinson seems to have asked himself, "Why not shake things up?" By sending his ace (plus Bill Pecota) to New York for three hitters, Robinson has rescued the



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Royals. Troubled ex-Mets Gregg Jefferies and Kevin McReynolds, plus untroubled but less talented ex-Met Keith Miller, bring the extra lumber Kansas City lacked. Free-agent first baseman Wally Joyner completes the revamp. Joyner hits like a demon on plastic grass. Batting title for Wally? Bet on it. Nightmares on Royal Way for a bad-to-middling mound staff? Maybe, but Robinson's gambles give the Royals a shot at first place.

Jack Morris, who started every vital game, is gone. Dan Gladden, who scored the run that won it all, is gone. The calm center of the **Twins,** manager Tom Kelly, returns to try to prevent a first-to-worst rebound. Kelly was almost gone when the Twins lost nine of 11 to start last season. The rest is fable. Minnesota still has Kirby and Herbie, the Tweedledum and

AMERICAN WEST LEAGUE

Tweedledee defensive whizzes who hit a bit, too. Scott "Superman" Erickson, a Christopher Reeve look-alike, and Kevin Tapani, formerly a mild-mannered UPS deliveryman, head a rotation bolstered by lefty Mark Guthrie. Relief stopper Rick Aguilera's fastball shears off the corners and his splitter sends hitters to the dugout. Outfielder Pedro Muñoz can step in for Gladden, and two kid pitchers, Willie Banks and Pat Mahomes, will help soon. But Kelly, who joked that N.L.-style pinch-hitting strategy wasn't "up there with rocket science"—then screwed it up in the Series—will need to be Robert Goddard to make the Twins take off again.

I have a stack of Nolan Ryan stats. You have seen most of them already. They add up to one thing: He is the most remarkable athlete of this or quite possibly any other era. Last year, at the age of 45, he was baseball's stingiest hurler. Future fans will talk about Ruth *and* Ryan. His **Rangers** hit a lot and have a kid catcher for the ages in Ivan Rodriguez. Ruben Sierra is a great player, Juan Gonzalez will be and third baseman Dean Palmer may become an All-Star. Texas could contend in any other division but must have everything go right to stay close in the West.

The **Angels** have a fine new manager, Buck Rodgers, and a famous new G.M., Whitey Herzog. Whitey got a late start and flunked the off-season. Joyner and McCaskill got away. Every important free agent went elsewhere. The relief in Anaheim when reliever Bryan Harvey signed a four-year deal was sad. More troubling was Herzog's weakness for guys he liked in his National League days. He gave up a good young arm for Von Hayes and real money for Hubie Brooks. They were good players in the mid-Eighties. Remember: Mario Mendoza is in their organization. In his honor, the .200 batting average is called the Mendoza Line.

Seattle's **Mariners** want a fat, injury-prone 30-year-old to lead them toward the millennium? Opponents won't pitch around Ken Griffey, Jr., with Kevin Mitchell lurking on deck (a Mitchell line drive grazing Mets pitcher Wally Whitehurst's leg "felt like a gunshot wound," said Whitehurst), but Seattle gave up too much for Mitchell. Bad teams that trade good, young pitchers stay bad. If they ever trade Roger Salkeld, best arm in the minor leagues, let's trade the whole team to Japan for the Seibu Lions.

•

Barry Bonds, the league's top all-around player for the past two years, vanishes every October. He is seven for 45 (.156) with one R.B.I. in two play-off series. Short series magnify the game's random elements; Bonds may finally cut loose one of his power binges this post-season as the **Pirates** banish the boos from Three Rivers Stadium. Why not? Even without Bonds's Killer B hivemate Bobby Bonilla, the bats are bullish. Left fielder Bonds and center fielder Andy Van Slyke are the cannons, but all eight everyday slots feature above-average hitters. Bonilla's departure improves what was already a transcendent defense. Orlando Merced and Jeff King can now play their natural positions—right field and first base, respectively. In addition to Gold Glove outfielders Bonds and Van Slyke, Pittsburgh has potential Gold Gloves at second base with Jose Lind and at third with Steve Buechele. Shortstop Jay Bell was a substandard fielder when he came from Cleveland in 1989, but he now is almost as slick as the rest. Buechele was perhaps last winter's best free-agent signing. Strangely shunned by the Yankees, Cubs, Dodgers and Padres—wealthier clubs in dire need of help at third base—he was re-signed for half of what the Mets paid the ultimately less important Bonilla. The Bucs have a proven rotation featuring three adroit lefties and a fast-rising closer, Stan Belinda. Then there is manager Jim Leyland. "Hump" runs his ship with good strategy, respect for his men as adults and . . . sniff . . . yes, love. It all brings tears to Leyland's eyes. This year, they should be tears of joy.

When Frank Robinson heard the **Mets** had landed Bret Saberhagen, he said, "Who finishes second?" The rest of the East has decided to play the season

THE ECONO ALL-STARS

Uncork some Cook's champagne—a clubhouse favorite for its fast fizz and beery price—and toast the game's best buys:

Twins A.L. Rookie of the Year *Chuck Knoblauch* (.281, 25 steals, heady D) leads off and plays second base. Knoblauch made $100,000 in 1991. White Sox third baseman *Robin Ventura* (23 home runs, 100 R.B.I.s, $150,000) bats second. Seattle's *Ken Griffey, Jr.,* (.327, 22 homers, 100 R.B.I.s, 18 steals, $560,000) plays center field. Chi Sox *Frank Thomas* (.318, 32 homers, 109 R.B.I.s, $120,000) plays first base and bats cleanup. Next come Rangers left fielder *Juan Gonzalez* (27 dingers, 102 R.B.I.s, $127,500), Cardinals right fielder *Felix Jose* (.305, 20 steals, 15 outfield assists, $220,000) and Brewers shortstop *Bill Spiers* (.283, 14 steals, $250,000). Texas' *Ivan Rodriguez* (.264, $100,000) catches Atlanta's *Steve Avery.* Avery, who cost Ted Turner $110,000, was 18–8 with a 3.38 E.R.A. during the regular season, 2–0 with a 1.53 in the post-season.

The top-price nine, with a dead battery of Mark Davis and Lance Parrish, cost $27,000,000 in 1991. The Econo All-Stars collected a total of $1,737,500—less than the Brewers paid Franklin Stubbs to hit .213.

anyway. After all, the pitching was supposed to be great last season and the Mets finished 20½ games out. In came new manager Jeff Torborg, along with Saberhagen and Bonilla. New Yorkers expect the trio of newcomers to mean instant pennant, but it is no cinch. For all his millions, Bonilla had fewer homers than Kevin Reimer or Robby Thompson. The Mets' ballyhooed 3-4-5 men Bonilla, Howard Johnson and signee Eddie Murray are all switch-hitters. The trouble is, they don't hit left-handed pitching, which is Pittsburgh's strong suit. These guys have averaged .294 against right-handers since 1989, .251 against lefties. Shortstop Kevin Elster and catcher Todd Hundley don't hit anyone. The Mets do have a catcher who hits, Mackey

NATIONAL EAST LEAGUE

Sasser, but he has a mental block about throwing the ball back to the pitcher. The outfield has iron gloves all around. Flushing's team has enough talent to win. Still, my guess is that Torborg left a World Series team to run a runner-up.

The good news about **Cubs** pitching is that last year's bad news can't get worse. Danny Jackson, Mike Harkey and Dave Smith cannot do worse than 1–13 with a cumulative 6.33 E.R.A. Greg Maddux, possibly the game's least-known great pitcher, will get some backup from signee Mike Morgan. Morgan owes some of his fine N.L. stats to pitching off the mountain at Dodger Stadium, but his E.R.A. at Wrigley is a remarkable 1.23 and he's a reliable sinkerballer—exactly what the staff needs. Curveballer Lance Dickson is a rookie-of-the-year candidate. Turk Wendell will still set Chicago on its ear when he arrives. The Cub attack is not the juggernaut Wrigleyvillers want, though George Bell should improve on last year's numbers and 1989 rookie hero Jerome Walton deserves a chance to play full-time. The wonderful Hector Villanueva has a career homer-per-at-bat ratio better than Jose Canseco's. Nothing but a little luck stands between the Cubs and a pennant.

Manager Joe Torre on Pedro Guerrero, whom he planned to start in the **Cardinals** outfield: "His only limitation is his ability to move around." Guerrero was one of the better hitters of the Eighties. He spent the winter grinning at the thought of the new, more inviting fences at Busch Stadium. If George Bell can play the outfield, I can, he figures. Trouble is, neither man can. The Cardinals are dreaming. Their limitation is the expectation spurred by last year's second-place finish. They're a bad team. If general manager Dal Maxvill doesn't trade Ozzie Smith and Lee Smith for prospects soon, he will squander his chance to build a good team quickly. He has some solid young pitchers, four good kid hitters in Felix Jose, Ray Lankford, Todd Zeile and Geronimo Peña and trade bait. But without prompt action, the Cards' 1991 highlight could well be their revolutionary signing of pitcher Rene Arocha, a defector from the Cuban national team.

Jim Fregosi's **Phillies** have high-speed center fielder Lenny Dykstra, capable first baseman John Kruk, apprentice slugger Wes Chamberlain and role model Dale Murphy in a lineup as bad as the Phils' pitching used to be. Their improved rotation may feature Terry Mulholland, Tommy Greene, scatter-arm smoker Jose DeJesus and ex-Angel Kyle Abbott. Not enough to make up for a suddenly puny attack. Setup man Barry Jones and closer Mitch Williams are a solid bull-pen tandem. On the whole, the pennant has no plans to be in Philadelphia.

In September, a 110,000-pound hunk of concrete fell off Olympic Stadium in Montreal, forcing the **Expos** to finish their horrible season on the road. Montreal's Calderon–Grissom–Walker outfield is the league's fastest, if Calderon doesn't switch to first. Last year, center fielder Grissom threw to second, saw the ball get away, raced to the bag and made the tag, registering an assist and a putout on the same play. *Les Expos* have a future dominator in reliever John Wetteland, but the only reason to think they can contend now is that the Twins and Braves did last year.

•

Not even the **Padres** think they are the team to beat. Manager Greg Riddoch says he would like to stay close to the top. Most San Diegans hope their Pads can avoid the bottom of the fierce N.L. West. Atlanta looks like a worthy defending champ, Cincinnati has pitching and an All-Star infield, L.A. has a zillion-dollar outfield. Even the soon-to-be San Jose Giants could win. Even so, we pick San Diego. The pitching staff was a Ben-Gay ad in the first half of 1991 as the Padres reached the All-Star break 40–43. Then, even with Tony Gwynn hurt, they went 44–35 to finish with the third-best record in club history. Reason? The mound crew of Bruce Hurst, Andy Benes and Greg Harris. Those

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three were 14–15 with a cumulative 3.60 E.R.A. before the break, 25–9 with a 2.42 after. Old Ed Whitson and young Ricky Bones fill out what could be a scary 1992 rotation. Randy Myers, acquired in a trade for Bip Roberts, growls in the sun-drenched pen at Jack Murphy Stadium, dying to prove that the Reds gave up on him too soon. The Padres' offense headlines Gwynn, who batted .358 going into his All-Star start last season. He got hurt and limped (slowly—the man is starting to make Kirby Puckett look svelte) home at .317. A healthy Gwynn now teams with shortstop Tony Fernandez, underpraised catcher Benito Santiago and first baseman Fred McGriff in a batting order that can keep up with the West's best. Like any team in the West except Houston, the Padres can finish anywhere from first to fifth. They have a mound corps to build a championship on.

FOCUS ON A DREAM. That's what a banner at Three Rivers Stadium read in the last game of the N.L. play-offs. The sign was meant to inspire the home-team Pirates, but **Braves** starter John Smoltz, who turned his season around by focusing on a psychiatrist's happy-think, mumbled that mantra and shut out the Bucs. Funny year, funny team. Only Atlanta could find rookie Brian Hunter, the first good player in 15 years to bat right-handed and throw left-handed. Or turn a 10–12 pitcher in 1990, Tom Glavine, into 1991's Cy Young winner;

NATIONAL WEST LEAGUE

or a .230 hitter who clouted six home runs in 1990, Terry Pendleton, into 1991's Most Valuable Player; or an impossibly overmatched rookie named Steve into "Poison" Avery, the sharpest kid pitcher of all. Only problem is, it cannot happen again, even with a strong rotation and a matchless bull-pen committee, even with outfielders Ron Gant and David Justice, the best third and cleanup hitters in anyone's lineup. There is no margin for error in this division, and few dreams come true twice.

Last year, when the **Dodgers** held their first spring workout, Darryl Strawberry hit five huge homers, one of which knocked a branch off a distant tree. False alarm—what began so boomingly ended with a whimper as L.A. fell short by one game. They singlehandedly saved the season for the Giants, who ruined that last weekend for Tommy's boys. Fact is, opponents cherish beating the Dodgers, particularly since Strawberry's prima-Darryl 'tude was added to a team that was already arrogant. Now toss in Strawberry's boyhood pal Eric Davis, another big talent with similar head-case credentials. Manager Tom Lasorda loves his pitching staff—Ramon Martinez, knuckleballer Tom Candiotti, Orel Hershiser (whose recuperating fastball was so slow Lonnie Smith *caught* one as he was hit by it), Bob Ojeda and Ramon's terrif kid brother Pedro Martinez. Enough? Not if defense matters. The Dodgers must either trade for shortstop Ozzie Smith or try to win with the league's worst infield.

STAR-GAZING

SAN DIEGO, July 14—The 1992 All-Star Game, which began with tom-toms tonight, ended with Bells. Pinch hitter Jay Bell doubled home George Bell for a 3–2 National League win. Bo Jackson and Rickey Henderson hit solo homers for the American League. Starting pitchers Bret Saberhagen and Roger Clemens each worked three perfect innings, while the winner, Atlanta's Mark Wohlers, struck out six A.L. batters. The game lasted only two hours, as umpires used the new, larger 1992 strike zone. There were a record four All-Stars named Martinez, plus two Bells and one Belle. In pregame ceremonies, Atlanta Americans owner Ted Turner and the Cleveland Bums' Richard Jacobs shared a peace pipe with Native American groups to celebrate their teams' new names. The moment was marred when firemen, citing this year's ban of all smoking in outdoor Jack Murphy Stadium, doused Turner.

After the game, the Bums' Albert Belle, who made the A.L. roster but did not play, changed his name to Martinez.

The **Reds** have everything a team needs to win. Jose Rijo, Greg Swindell, Tim Belcher and Tom Browning make up a murderer's-row rotation. The lineup features Bip Roberts' leadoff speed, moves to Barry Larkin, Paul O'Neill, Chris Sabo and Hal Morris in the middle and dribbles down to Joe Oliver's occasional power in the eighth slot. It all looks just dandy until you figure that the Padres, Dodgers and Braves have starters who are every bit as good, and Cincy's superstopper Rob Dibble had just eight saves in the second half of 1991. The lineup may have holes, too: Roberts and Larkin get hurt a lot, O'Neill and Morris don't hit left-handers and Oliver seldom hits anyone. And whoever bats fourth is merely a pretender to cleanup manhood. Meanwhile, Lou Piniella, the angriest of managers, cusses out players and umps till his face is the color of his cap. If anything goes wrong, will their psycho manager lead them down the drain?

The **Giants'** radio theme last year was *Good Vibrations*, an airhead southern California tune unsuited to a tough-minded franchise. General manager Al Rosen—the 1953 A.L. M.V.P. now dueling the Dodgers' Fred Claire, Oakland's Sandy Alderson, Toronto's Pat Gillick and Atlanta's John Schuerholz for M.V.G.M.—has solved his club's mound problems by landing Seattle's Billy Swift and relievers Dave Burba and Mike Jackson. A strong lineup surrounds Will Clark's perfect swing and Gold Glove third baseman Matt Williams' pure power. The Giants might be favored in the N.L. East.

Like Cleveland's Indians, the **Astros** used to be stinking in the right way: trading pricey veterans for bargain babies. Then they traded phenom Kenny Lofton to the Indians for a little boost this year. Why? Maybe because the Astros, who will slog through a 28-day road trip so owner John McMullen can rent out their home park, are an experiment in stinking for profit. McMullen cares only about the price he gets for selling them. On the field, Craig Biggio moves from catcher to second base to save his legs. First baseman Jeff Bagwell—stolen from Boston—and left fielder Luis Gonzalez have two of the sweeter swings in the West. Pitchers Pete Harnisch, Darryl Kile, Jeff Juden, Ryan Bowen and Al Osuna deserve more ink.

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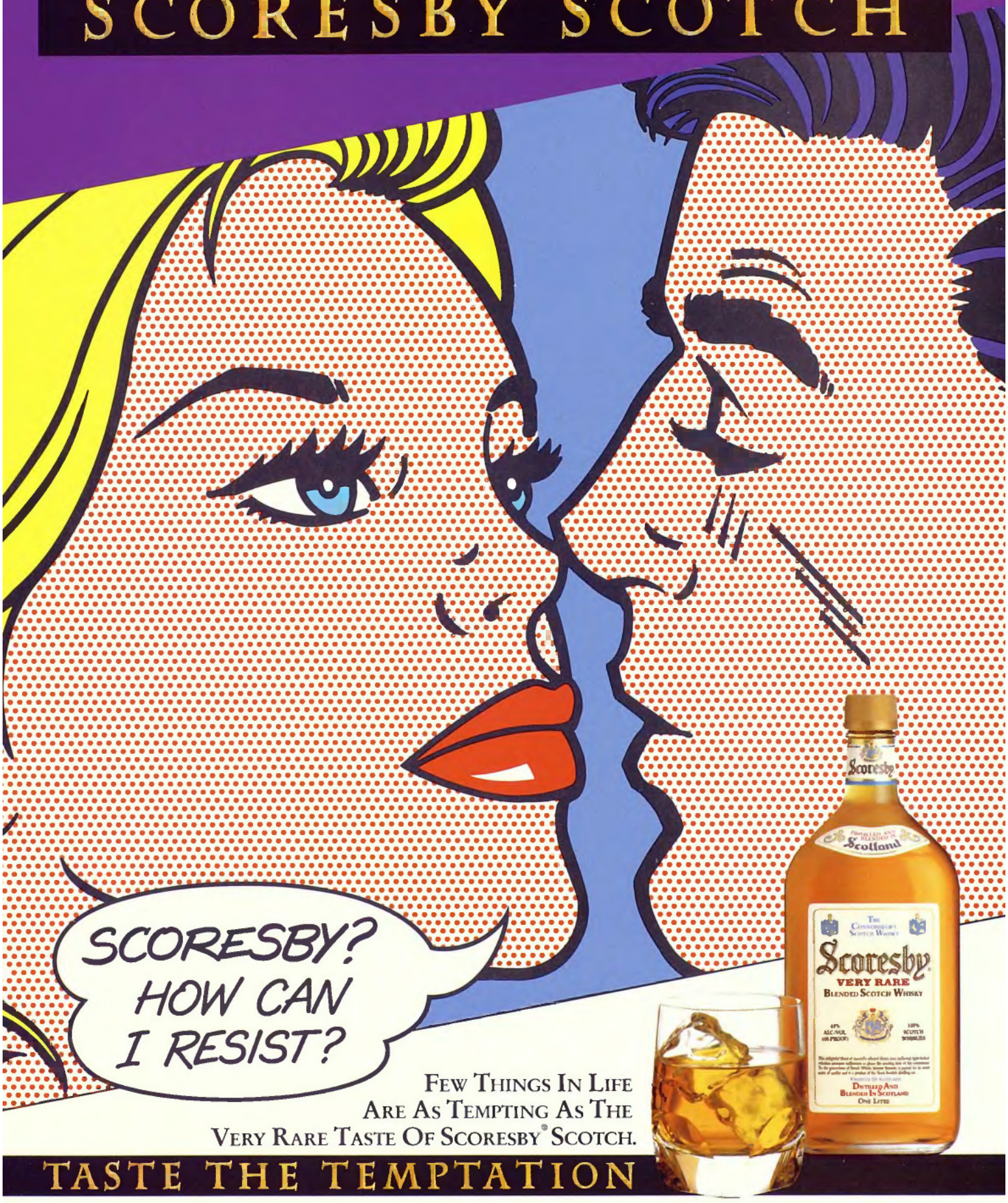

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"Elizabeth's devotion and telegenic smile quickly made her a rising star in Pat Robertson's TV empire."

the week, *83 Hours 'til Dawn*, with Peter Strauss. "That's the most interesting part I've done because I played a half-Honduran, half-German sociopathic nymphomaniac who wanted to do it in a coffin," she jokes. But it has been difficult to move up to the next level in her career, and that's why she contacted *Playboy*. "It's a way of getting attention," she explains. "I know I'm a good actress, but it's just a matter of name recognition. I realize that this is a good business move."

Between the incessant tabloid coverage and her pictorial, Elizabeth is primed for her second shot at the spotlight. "I haven't been in the public eye for a long time, ten years or so," she confesses. But she remembers her first encounter with fame vividly. "When I became Miss America, everyone in Arkansas went wild. I have photographs of the basketball auditorium back in Russellville, where I grew up, overflowing with people. The high school band, the college band, the junior high school band, all playing. The red carpet. It was like royalty visiting."

She was known as Elizabeth Ward then, just a small-town girl—a native of Booneville, Arkansas—with small-town values. (Gracen is a name she invented because there was another Elizabeth Ward in the Screen Actors Guild.) Her mom was a nurse; her dad worked at a factory that made bowling balls and combs. "We had bowling-ball doorstops in our house," she recalls, "and a lot of combs." Her parents divorced when she was young. "It wasn't an ideal childhood. There was lots of drama," she says, reluctant to divulge too many details. Lack of money was one of the problems, and Elizabeth entered the Miss America pageant to try to win a scholarship. "They don't call it a beauty pageant. They call it a scholarship pageant," she points out. "I don't understand why they're intent on stuffing you into a swimsuit and matching high heels if it's a scholarship pageant, but that's their thing."

The pageant itself, of course, is an American institution. Elizabeth bought the *Judy at Carnegie Hall* album and memorized *After You've Gone* for her musical number. Bert Parks had been fired two years before, so Ron Ely, who had played Tarzan on TV and to whom Elizabeth drily refers as "Mr. Dimples himself," was the host.

"I guess I was brainwashed to a certain extent to give the right kind of answers," Elizabeth says. "It's very much like being a politician. You say the right things, you don't offend anyone and you're likable—and it paid off. I got scholarship money and the chance to travel a lot. I think I'd been on an airplane only twice before then."

Her travel schedule was a killer. "I was on a plane every other day going someplace, with no rhyme or reason. You have no home. You live out of a suitcase. Maybe I'm a wimp, maybe I think I'm a princess, but it was grueling."

Her tour of duty as Miss America did more than show her the world. It also gave her a unique insight into her own psyche. "You start to lose your identity after a while—just being charming, charming, charming all day long. It took me years to realize that I didn't have to be perfect, that I didn't have to make everyone in the room feel comfortable with me. I had no separation between my private self and my public self, and it took me a long time—and a lot of therapy—to learn that I don't have to cater to other people.

"At that time, I was *very, very* religious—a born-again Christian. When I look back at everything ten years ago, I'm just a different person now, because I don't really believe anything I believed at that time."

After her reign was over, Elizabeth's religious devotion and telegenic smile quickly made her a rising star in evangelist Pat Robertson's TV empire. "I did a lot of work for Pat Robertson and the 700 Club," she remembers. "They were grooming me for a co-host position at one point. I did this telethon for the 700 Club. It's a fund drive, but you also answer prayer requests over the phone. I was so unqualified—really distraught individuals would call, people who were getting ready to kill themselves, people who were financially ruined. Twenty-two years old—what am I doing with people with real problems?"

Elizabeth took the calls, turned to a special book she had been given that was indexed according to problems and read aloud from the specific Bible verses listed. She followed that with her best sales pitch. "At the end of the conversation, you would have to get them to join the 700 Club for ten dollars a month or whatever."

It was during the last few minutes of the telethon that Elizabeth had what she calls her revelation. As time ran out, Robertson frantically urged the phone workers to keep the prayer requests

"Here's a play about a man who suddenly discovers that he is homosexual. Later, he suddenly discovers that he isn't. Finally, he suddenly discovers that it doesn't matter whether he is or not."

short and get as much money as quickly as possible so he could show a big tally on the tote board. "A chill just went up my spine," recalls Elizabeth. "I was so freaked out having to do this anyway. All of a sudden I saw what it was. It had nothing to do with God or spirituality. I just realized organized religion was big business. I had been very naive. But when you're a small-town girl, you really don't know."

After that, Elizabeth began to make a series of changes in her life. She divorced her first husband, a born-again Christian who didn't share her newfound skepticism, and began taking acting classes in New York. She returned for a while to Arkansas, where she made a few commercials. Crews for two films came to Arkansas on location, and she got a bit part in each movie. Both directors were encouraging. "What are you doing here?" they asked her. "Why don't you come to Los Angeles?"

Once she made the move to L.A., she found more than acting roles. On location in Utah, she met Brendan Hughes, an actor-writer and, in Elizabeth's words, "a gorgeous Welshman." They fell in love and married shortly thereafter in 1989. "We're both kind of gourmet chefs," she says. "We just spent five hundred dollars on a set of pans."

Now 31, she happily admits she's not the same obedient little girl who served as Miss America and impressed Pat Robertson. "I used to be very trusting of people," she says. "Now I'm not. You get hurt along the way. You reveal too much about yourself and you become very vulnerable. I've had to work on protecting myself from being exposed to the public again. I think a lot of it comes from being Miss America—I was everybody's Miss Perfect for so long. What people say about you and what people think about you isn't necessarily how you feel about yourself. That's what's most important: how you feel about yourself."

And how does Elizabeth Ward Gracen feel about herself?

"Pretty good. I'm on a journey. It's a big journey and I don't pretend to know any answers, but I feel better about myself. I feel happier now than I have in a long time."

"Nobody drinks my whiskey, thumps my woman and then brags about bein' a scratch golfer—go get your sticks!"

IMPOSSIBLE VACATION

(continued from page 80)

to do whatever you are doing now, and if you are in agony and anxiety and pain, I want you to realize that it is because you have chosen it. Then you have to ask why? Why would you choose a life of pain and suffering? There are reasons for it. You have to realize that only in sorrow can you be. When you are in ecstasy, you disappear. Suffering gives you a definition. It makes you feel solid."

He went on talking about how we are divided by our pain, how misery separates and separation makes us more miserable. He told us that when we become happy, the ego cannot exist. He asked us to take a look and see how when we are suddenly happy, the ego disappears.

By now, the man had really terrified me. I could not remember the last time I was suddenly happy. The most I ever got was a mild sense of well-being and I wondered if I even had an ego to lose.

After more talk about ecstasy and ego and how the choice is ours whether to go deeper into pain or let it go and cry and laugh together so that we at last become one, he started explaining his initiation process. "All you have to do is tell me when you're ready and I will be ready to receive you. When you do this, it is not throwing away your responsibility, it is giving up your resistance. If you cannot trust yourself, trust me. Pass through the Master in trust, in love, in surrender, and things will start happening."

God, this was tempting stuff. If he didn't mean it, he sure knew how to say it well. Of course, I felt everything he said applied to me. I was the ultimate self-help-book sucker. I was unhappy, and to some extent, I suspected that I was engineering my misery. But I had no idea how to stop. It had become such an ingrained habit. To take it away would be to take away me.

Yes, many things the Bhagwan said made seductive sense, but I was not yet sure if I trusted him. I had to get closer to him physically to find out.

When the Bhagwan finished speaking, he placed his hands in prayer position, bowed to his audience and, gathering his white robes around him, strolled regally off the stage. As soon as he was out of sight, the two tall bearded assistants removed his great white chair. Instantly, about 15 or 20 women rushed onto the stage, threw themselves down and kissed the floor where the chair had been. "What are they doing?" I asked a person next to me.

"That," she replied, "is bhakti yoga, the yoga of worship."

I filed out with 2000 people dressed in orange and retreated to the Ritz to recuperate. I had to be alone. It was too confusing. I had lost my sex drive. It was too hot. I missed Meg a lot. The whole place suddenly reminded me of one big

Christian Science camp, except everyone was dressed in orange and making love. Nothing made sense. I wanted a Scotch very badly. It was too hot to drink in my sweatbox of a hotel, so I walked down to the Blue Diamond, the only five-star hotel in town. I had Scotch and a steak and everything made sense again. The Blue Diamond was dark and air-conditioned and I got into just fuzzing out. The booze worked as it always does: It slowed down my head. I felt like Dad.

•

The following day, I went down to the ashram to sign up for an audience with the Bhagwan. After putting my name on the list, I retreated to my hotel. By four o'clock, the day had cooled down enough to be bearable and I took a slow walk down to the ashram. Eight of us lined up at the gate and again I was the only one not dressed in orange. The others were dressed in flowing robes, but because they had not been initiated yet, they did not have the *mala* with the little black-and-white picture of Rajneesh around their necks. I assumed they were going in to be initiated. This made me think about why I was there, outside of curiosity. I remembered something Rajneesh had said in his talk, about not coming to him out of curiosity but rather with a sincere and open heart.

While I stood there, I did my best to open my heart, but I had no idea what or whom I was opening up to. Just to be wide open seemed a little risky unless I was looking to be Christ.

We were all led around to a little garden behind the ashram and told to sit. We sat cross-legged on the grass and stared with great anticipation at the big empty white chair on the porch. A young woman of about 19 or 20 came out dressed in orange and sat cross-legged just to the left of the chair. I think she was one of the Bhagwan's consorts. Then he appeared and moved in a very direct and focused way to sit. He lifted his hands into prayer position, closed his eyes and breathed.

Opening his eyes, he said, in a most sensual and hypnotic voice, "Now I am here to receive you." One at a time, people were singled out by one of the bearded ushers to go up and kneel. As they did, the Bhagwan would look at them with this great open smile and study them for a bit until he intuited the right Sanskrit name to give them. When he got the name, he would write it on a piece of paper and hand it to the initiates while he spoke it to them and told them what it meant. After he put the *mala*, with his little black-and-white glossy picture on it, around their necks, he got out a little pen flashlight and shined it onto their third eye and dismissed them. Most of the people were joyful and ecstatic. It was a big event for them, I could see; but, much to my surprise, I could also see that each initiation was being videotaped by two of the ushers off to the side and there were two small microphones on the edge of the porch right at the foot of the Bhagwan's chair. It was all being recorded.

When my time came, one usher approached me and whispered, "Go up and kneel but not too close or you may cause him to leave his body." At that point, I had a great temptation to get in very close, but I could also see that one of the ushers standing just behind Rajneesh was really a big bodyguard.

When I kneeled, he smiled and, seeing I was not in orange, said, "What can I do for you?" At that point, I felt very lost. Nothing came to mind, not even that I wanted to get laid. I just felt lost and empty and I told him I was confused and didn't know what to do. He told me to take a workshop and he listed some of them. "You can take the enlightenment intensive, the centering group or interpersonal confrontation. Or you could try primal scream, let go or art therapy. You choose one, do one and then come back to me and we shall talk some more."

When I left, I saw a little counter where they were selling audiocassettes and videotapes of the entire event.

Back at the Ritz that night, I got angry, thinking, What does Rajneesh mean by live in the moment, forget the past, and then he goes and sells you videotapes to remember your moments with him. All moments are not equal. The Bhagwan is driving me nuts. It's too hot here. I've lost my sex drive. And besides, I think all the people here have money. I don't have enough money to take a lot of workshops that won't do me any good once I get back to the real world. I wish Meg would come save me.

Meg did come the following day. She came to take me away to Kashmir where it would be cool and real and just us. But first I dragged her to see one of Rajneesh's talks. It was about the same old stuff, liberation from personal pain. Meg was not impressed. I was impressed by her lack of impression.

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Meg and I rented a houseboat on Dal Lake. It was beautiful, but it wasn't enough, just sitting there on the boat looking at those mountains. So one day not long after our arrival, we rented a gondola for a tour of the lake. The boatman put flowers around our necks and sat us up in the bow. Meg looked great with the wreath of jasmine around her neck. The lake was very still as the boatman poled us across. This was so much nicer than the Ganges, only we couldn't get the Ganges out of our minds because of the smell. Even the jasmine didn't overpower it. We couldn't figure out why the boatman didn't notice. We thought he must have grown used to it, or had just learned, like any good tour guide, how to ignore it. As we were passing through the mouth of a shallow

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inlet, I bent over the bow of the gondola and saw a bloated, decaying baby calf stuck on the bow like some big, stupid death bumper.

When we got tired of the view, we would go to the rug factories. Although the rugs Meg was looking at were beautiful, I was bored. Meg could see into the patterns and workmanship in those rugs. She could see the entire story of how the rug was made and it mattered to her. Meg wanted a rug to live with. She wanted to grow old with a rug. Things mattered to Meg but not to me. I didn't want a rug. I didn't want to grow old, with a rug or anyone. I wanted an orgy. I wanted an endless orgy now.

Now that the weather was cooler, my sex drive was coming back, but we were having problems with our sex life. Problems in the sense that the drive for each other was absent. It was there before we came to India, and then it just went away like the windy mystery it is. Maybe all the sights of death had helped blow it away.

So the more Meg looked at rugs, the more I stood beside her and fantasized that I was back in Poona. Only in my fantasy, the weather was cooler and I had at last decided to take one of the so-called gestalt encounter groups. In this fantasy, there were 20 of us: ten very good-looking young women and ten real handsome men—me included. We were all tan, lithe and languid. And the group leader was a German gestalt therapist who had given up her few belongings in Frankfurt and had come to Poona to live. And she comes into the room where we are and says, "Just do what I tell you to do and trust me because what I'm going to tell you to do is going to feel real good. I want you to take a risk to feel pleasure. I want all of us to pretend that we are here today just to experience pleasure."

We're all standing on these mattresses as she's telling us this. The mattresses are covered with clean white cotton sheets that have just been hand-washed by a bunch of local Poona women. And the gestalt therapist, who I am now calling Hilda in my mind, says to us to please disrobe and hang our orange garments—raiments, I think she was calling them—on hooks that are all along the white wall to one side of the room. And as we all slowly slip out of our raiments, all kind of languid and humid, our muscles now completely relaxed by the warmth of the place, we look across the room and see that the wall is one big mirror. And Hilda hands us all some almond oil and asks us to begin rubbing one another's bodies in front of the mirror. I can feel hands going down between my crack and around the back of my balls, and my oily fingers go down between other cracks and everything's all slippery and fluid, and as we stand there looking at ourselves naked in the mirror, Hilda adjusts the lights to a low amber and relaxing Indian music begins to play.

Hilda says in her German accent, "Come people. Make a sitting circle in the center." We do as we are told, no problem, and it feels right. It feels good to do this. It feels all so perfectly right as if there is no other place in the world to be. And then we sit there, just gazing at one another's eyes because we are still a little inhibited about looking at one another's body parts even though we just rubbed them all with almond oil. Now Hilda pulls out a long wooden hash pipe and says, "Before we go any further, I just want everyone to take a big hit of my herbal medicine here. I promise it will help you relax even more." And she lights this pipe and passes it around the circle, filling the room with the sweet smell of hash. The pipe keeps going around and we all get high, real mellow and real relaxed. I can feel the hash smoke go all the way down into my belly and fill my balls. I can feel my balls begin to swell and roll. I can feel my lazy dick begin to sprout and peek out to see what's going on. And it's like Hilda is a great snake charmer who is gently bringing all the snakes out of their holes in search of new warm ones.

And then Hilda gets up and says, "Now I'm going to turn the lights out, and I'm going out and I'm going to lock the door from the outside, and I'll be back in two hours. I want you all to go to town—to do crazy things you've never done before. See if you can feel where heaven is. I want you to go to the Garden of Eden before you knew there was an apple tree. I want you to go to the Garden of Eden when the garden was only flesh, not flowers, when the landscape was you and not the earth, when your bodies were all the earth and the earth was your bodies and there was no separation. Please go there. Please, please take the courage to go there just this once, so you will know pure pleasure before there was time and history, pure, pure, historyless pleasure." And she's saying all this wonderful stuff with a German accent as she turns out the lights and leaves us.

And what happens when she goes out of the room is so delicious that it stops time and wipes out death. Death is nowhere in the room. The room turns into a pure impenetrable fortress against death as we slowly begin to pant and touch. And Hilda has even turned off the music so the room is completely dark and without sound, except for the sound of all 20 of us turning into pure animal heat. All the body parts begin to feel like parts of one body as we link and couple in that room. Some gentle hand has found my cock and is guiding it into a warm, wet hole, while I have found another kind of tighter hole with my finger, as all the oily bodies fit together. Someone wraps a thumb and finger around my balls and squeezes just so and, ooh, who's that, is that a tongue and, ooh, it's in my ass and, oh, we lie there humping and heaving until no body and no hole is unstopped. The holes and all the parts get miraculously connected like a great flesh puzzle linked up at last and it's all done by sheer animal intuition. And everything gets filled up and satisfied, all the empty places get filled. My ass is filled up solid with a cock and my cock is filled up solid with my blood and it fills up a waiting hole or mouth that a warm hand guides it to. And the whole room seethes and heaves and begins to fill with blue sparks that arc and jump around the giant united body pile as everyone swells into a giant moan and watches the blue sparks fly in the mirror, and we all come in our various ways, in our various holes together. We come together, we all come as one big panting river of flesh. And for just one glorious timeless time, it's all one sound and one body. It is the Garden of Eden before the voice of God spoke to Adam. It is exactly that for all of us. A total union. And we know it, all at once as we all come together and slowly collapse into a mindless limp slumber, a slight river of drool and joy juice trickling from all the slack, satisfied cracks. And we just lie there in that timeless, absolutely satisfied body heap until at last Hilda opens the door and turns the lights up slightly so we can all look into one another's eyes again. And we do it. As brightly and innocently as a team of Fifties cheerleaders at a high school in the middle of America. "Hi, guys!" our eyes say. "Hi, gang!" our mouths say. "Wasn't that great?"

"Yeah, that was far out!"

"That was great! Let's do it again tomorrow!"

And we don't even feel a hint of shame. Shame and guilt never enter that room. Of course, we knew they were right outside the door. But we also knew we had consecrated a sacred place. We had created the Garden of Eden before the knowledge of good and evil. And we'd do it again next Wednesday. And the knowledge that we had the power to create that place, that it would be there for us again on Wednesday, made us able to live with the guilt and shame of the outside world. It purified us. And Hilda turned up the music real loud this time and it was reggae, and we all danced naked, real happy, as we rubbed what was left of one another's juices onto our bodies to show we had been initiated into the brotherhood and sisterhood of pleasure: the Garden of Eden Club. Or the Eden Garden Club.

Now this fantasy was so strong that it played like a movie loop in my head. And the more I played it, the more I wanted to return to Poona. In fact, I was beginning to get paralyzed by not knowing what was real and what was fantasy. I was afraid that if I went back, I'd run

into all the same barriers again. And I tried to calm myself by telling myself that I'd do it one day. I knew I loved Meg, but I also knew that I needed to get back to a place like the Garden of Eden Club. I had to get through the fantasy or it would turn on me and I'd go crazy.

You see, I was beginning to realize the mistake I made when I had my meeting with Rajneesh. I had been false. I had played some sacred and holy game with him instead of just coming out and telling him that all I really wanted was to get laid over and over again. I wanted to *fuck*, and for some reason, perhaps because of the guilt I felt toward Meg, I needed his permission to do it. And here is the sad part: My fantasy workshop didn't even come into my mind until I was all the way up in Kashmir with Meg. I began to feel tortured. I could not accept the fact that I was torturing myself, so I began to blame it on the guru. I mean, I began to blame it on Rajneesh! I began to think he had power over me and was torturing me for not accepting him. And this began to frighten me and make me nuts. "Unfinished business, unfinished business!" was the phrase that kept running through my mind. I was playing around with madness when I could have taken a risk and gone mad in a safe way in Poona. I was about to poison myself with regret. I was beginning to torture myself with the idea that I had to go back to Poona to do it right, to go to him and say, "I want to get laid. I need to get laid." Meg was not enough for me. I needed to lose myself and meld. I wanted to lose myself every morning and every evening in glorious, boundaryless sex.

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Actually, I first decided to go back to New York City. Meg wanted to stay for a while in Delhi and take a yoga class. I was incredulous. I couldn't imagine how Meg could do yoga in that heat, but she was disappointed that she'd come all this way to India and never once got to take any lessons in yoga. All she had done was buy rugs. Until then, I had been thinking of myself as the spiritual quester and Meg as the merchant, but that was changing.

•

I flew Air India to Amsterdam, where I was supposed to change planes for New York. I didn't want the flight to be over. Six hours had gone by like six minutes. As soon as the plane had landed, the dizzy feeling of too much freedom came over me again, the feeling that I was no one and everyone everywhere, and that I could do anything I wanted—except there was hardly any "I" left to operate out of. Then, pulling away from the window, I realized that my head was locked to the right from having stared out the window for six hours.

I strolled into the almost-empty airport with my head locked to the right, walked past the Dutch immigration officials, who all looked like stoned-out hippies in uniform, and it occurred to me that I could have been bringing in pounds of hashish and opium and it wouldn't have mattered to them.

Yes, Amsterdam felt like a little paradise of freedom and all my plans to get on the next flight to New York City began to dissolve and crumble. "Why not spend one night in Amsterdam?" the little gremlin voice was saying in my ear. "Just one night." After all, I had an open ticket and what was the rush to get back to New York City in the summer?

So I called Hans and Sonia, my only friends in Amsterdam, and said, "Hi, it's Brewster. I'm just in from India and I'd love to come over and see you." It felt so exciting to be able to say "just in from India." Never in my life did I think I'd be able to utter a phrase quite as jet-setty as that.

"But of course," Sonia crackled in her thick Dutch accent. "What a surprise!"

I caught a cab and was off, sitting in the back trying to force my head to the left, overwhelmed by the large, hypertrophic prosperity of all I saw out the window. The wealth of that city! Never did I think Amsterdam would look so luxurious. The people in the streets were like great blown-up sex giants,

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strapping male towheads and butter-and-peach-cream-skinned women, coming and going on black Mary Poppins bicycles, their spines gloriously erect, their eyes straight ahead with the great purpose of life.

As my Mercedes cab wound through the narrow Dutch streets, I could see flashes of bright-colored, overflowing vegetable stands. After India, all the vegetables in Holland looked as if they had been blown up by bicycle-tire air pumps. That's about the time the fever came on me, just as I was looking at some particularly plump cauliflower. It was a cool, wet, beautiful Nordic day in June and everything was so fresh, but all at once, I felt a chill creeping into my bones. I saw all the people again, all those Dutch people, and the realization crept into me like a chill that all of this had been going on without me; Amsterdam had been going on all the time that I was in India, or all my life, for that matter, and now I was just peeking in on it. Yes, all of Amsterdam, not to mention Frankfurt, Paris, Brussels or London, had been going on without me. And no one cared whether I came or went; no one cared what I did or felt; so my newfound freedom was turning into a horror. No one even knew I was in that cab or who I was, much less how I perceived the cauliflower or the upright Dutch women on their black Mary Poppins bikes. No wonder so many people craved fame, I thought. It allowed you the grand illusion that you were someone. No wonder people need to pretend that God is watching them all the time. Any illusion would be better than this loneliness, this awareness of infinitesimal existence, this awful freedom. Thank God for Hans and Sonia, I thought. At least they'll recognize me.

By the time I got to Hans and Sonia's apartment, I was shaking and sweating with a fever and sure that I'd come down with some exotic Indian disease. I couldn't believe how fast it had come over me.

•

Gradually I got better. I drank the mugs of homemade vegetable soup that Sonia brought up to me. I began to miss Meg a whole lot and I tried to figure out when it was that she had planned to be passing through Amsterdam on her way to New York. I was sort of sure that she had planned to spend 12 or 14 days at that yoga school in Delhi, so I figured, in 12 days' time I would try to have all the incoming flights from India paged at the airport.

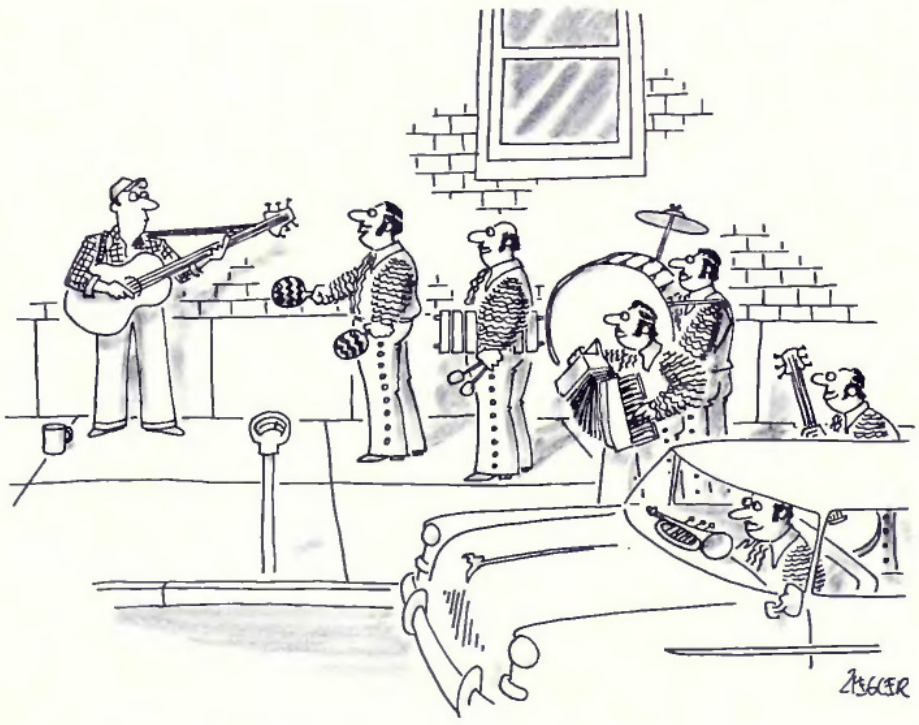
On the third day of my recuperation, I began to get curious about the books on the shelf in my little room. I pulled out a small paperback called *The Grammar of Living*, having no idea what a vulnerable state I was in and how careful I should have been about what I filled my empty head with. *The Grammar of Living* was filled with all these lusty, sexy Sixties stories, told under the guise of teaching the reader how the nuclear family, with its accompanying Oedipal problems, had to be broken down and destroyed immediately, so we could all become free of guilt and experience liberating good sex, pure sex with no words, no conditions, no apparent historical consequences. I lay there and swallowed it whole.

This guy Cooper would tell about how he was just hanging out at the local antifamily commune in London, hanging out tripping on pure Sandoz LSD, and happy just to be there with no longings or desire, and then came a knock on the door. I mean, it wasn't even *his* door. It was just *the* door, because he was involved in this communal-non-ego-non-family-door situation. So there was this knock and there she was, this leggy Suzette, a long-torsoed, beautiful Frenchwoman from across the Channel. Without a word, the next thing Cooper knew, he was locked into some *Kama Sutra* tantric pose with her. Cooper, deep and hard into Suzette, and she with her long legs wrapped around him, swooning like a swan in blind lust. They were in the doorway just doing it in front of the whole commune, if they even cared, just doing it so the whole commune could observe and celebrate the end of the nuclear family. They were in what he called a deep sexual meditation, the unification of opposite poles, sex as a big France-and-England-joy-juice spiritual thing. Those stories put me in an almost unnatural state of desire and lust. I was so taken in by this damn book that I forgot to realize that this guy, this Cooper, had to have taken the time to write it all down, to get it edited and to get it published, which most likely meant that he must have rewritten it a number of times, but all of this didn't enter into my head then. I just kept seeing him as completely ecstatic in this state of ideal, pure, sanctioned, antifamily sex. I wanted some for myself right away.

As I lay there in bed, I began to have a big, stirring notion that I could find what I needed down at the Dam, the main square in Amsterdam where all the hippies hung out. And to make it even more perfect, Hans and Sonia were going away to the country for the whole month of July and they offered me their apartment for free! I could have it, I could stay there and do anything I wanted. I could smoke hash all day, or drink, or take LSD, or read whatever books I wanted, or indulge in tantric sex.

I put down that damn provocative book and lay there in bed having elaborate fantasies of what I was going to do. I was going to pick up a young, dark, foreign woman—an Italian hippie who spoke no English, just enough for her to understand what I needed. I'd bring her back to my little cozy Dutch apartment and get her in tantric poses. It was about to become my new Garden of Eden. We would do it in the window, on the table or while sliding down the banister. This was like a new fever, a fever in my brain.

I told Hans that I'd like to go down to just sort of look at the Dam, you know, from a distance. "You know," I said, "I'll



"Mind if we sit in?"

take a nice little walk through Vondel Park and then head on down to the Dam."

Hans said, "Well, please take my bike."

And I did. I took Hans's big black Mary Poppins bike and I had that sickening, dizzy freedom feeling yet again. I was wobbling all over on that bike, the wind blowing in my hair. I felt free and alive and, God, what a scary place it was, what a wobbly, scary place. It was as though I suddenly found myself on a high wire doing a tightrope act without having had any practice, without any idea how I had gotten out there. I was in this scary, risky place and I knew that I could fall at any moment into the dark, soft, destructive side of pleasure—the pain that feels so good, the masochism—or I could opt for the joyous, humorous side, which I really knew nothing about and had a feeling Mr. Tantric Cooper didn't either.

The Dam was jammed with all sorts of hippies, hanging out, playing wooden flutes, dealing dope, selling their used VW buses. Everyone looked so fucking great, so beautiful, in their shaggy confidence, and so together, stoned and part of something that was beyond me. What was worse, no one even noticed me. No one noticed my incredible new skinny fresh-out-of-India body. No one noticed me in my raw silk Nehru jacket riding high on my magic Mary Poppins bike. No one noticed me as I got off my bike and stood at the edge of it all, like a lame, excluded boy longingly looking in on some glorious schoolyard playground at recess.

I thought maybe I should just go and have a beer and think all this over some more, go and make a few notes on the back of a napkin about what I just saw and try to put the puzzle together again. I could always come back to the Dam and pick someone up in a few hours.

I was tortured by this new gnawing dark thought that this had been the history of my life: retreat. I'd never gone after what I wanted because I'd never trusted that what I wanted was what I wanted. Everything always seemed like an illusion covering over another illusion, layers and layers of it.

I went to a bar for a beer, anyway. At last, back to the hops! The river of forgetfulness, I thought as I took my first slow sip. I knew I liked hops better than hash, because hops were grown in cooler climates and helped diffuse the flames of lust that were so often brought on by marijuana or hashish. Oh, God, that wonderful Dutch beer was so smooth and relaxing. But as soon as I'd get relaxed, all the ten thousand things would start entering my head again, the temptations that came like those wild and crazy birds flying at me, all those shoulds and woulds and coulds, which started now like an infernal engine in my head. Maybe I should go to Bali, I thought, or maybe I would or could take a train down to Greece. Maybe I should go to Ireland. Then I'd order another beer to try to quench what now seemed like endless desire spinning in my head like a giant wheel of fortune. I sat there in that overripe place of desire and expectation, poised and teetering on the edge of a life not yet lived.

I ordered another big pint of slow thick beer as Bali came back to my mind and then passed like those ever-changing June clouds of Amsterdam. I didn't even know what day it was now and I didn't care. I loved the lostness.

•

Eventually, I developed a new plan—that I would get work in one of those live sex shows in the red-light district of Amsterdam and thus have a sort of guaranteed, sanctioned and remunerative sexual activity. Then, once again, after Dutch coffee and sweet rolls, I'd get on Hans's big black Mary Poppins bike and, now with great purpose and direction, not once weaving or wobbling, I would ride down into the red-light district at midday before the sex shows were open to the public and make my rounds. I'd go to each sex show and make a rather formal request to the manager. To my amazement, they all treated me with respect and credulity. They told me that I would have to do three shows a night with a female partner and the shows would consist of some dancing, a lot of stripping and, then, *public sexual intercourse*. They said I didn't have to come three times a night, but I should be able to get erect and make a full-blown, obvious vaginal penetration in public. It struck me as a wonderful way to make money and have a good time. Like the New Leftists say, it would be true erogenous work; all the senses would be involved, and furthermore, the porn-show managers said they were open to me creating my own show. But (and here was the big show-stopping *but*) I had to have a female partner. They did not supply the female partner. The first person that came to mind was the KLM Royal Dutch flight information and reservations woman. Somehow I knew that was just a fantasy and out of the question.

Now I had a reason to go down to the Dam again. I would go to the Dam and try to find a partner. I was sure I could, but first I needed my lunchtime beers, and after two of them, I was thinking of Bali again. I no longer had a will. I was being swept away by an endless succession of fantasy whims. My will had been eaten away and I was blowing around like some weird wind.

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Then, one day in the middle of all my confusion, Meg arrived in Amsterdam. She arrived to stay a few nights with

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Hans and Sonia. She showed up without even having been paged at the airport. She just decided to come in to Amsterdam as I did, to break up her flight between India and New York. At first, I was as surprised to see her as she was to see me. Then I was sort of happy and relieved, and then, just as quickly as all that occurred, I didn't want her to be there because I saw clearly how over the years I had made Meg into my conscience, my guide to a controlled and meaningful life. As I said before, things seemed to matter to Meg.

Meg arrived in a bustle of purpose and direction, with all her customs papers for her Kashmiri rugs in order, and all her energy focused on getting back to New York to sell rugs and get on with her life. The yoga retreat she stayed at in Delhi had not been a successful event, but she didn't dwell on it and, more importantly, didn't have any regrets.

Meg perceived that something had gone wrong in me, that I was more troubled than usual, and perhaps she made a mistake when she said, "I think you had better come home with me to New York." That little statement put me in a mild panic because I began to assume that she thought there was something wrong with me, and that if she did, then there must be. After all, she knew me so well and if she thought it was important for me to go home with her, then most likely it was. At the same time, I kept ranting and raving to her about how I should really take the time to go to Bali.

When I'd spin out too far in too many directions, Meg would always rein me in, pull me back with questions like, "Do you think you'll find yourself in Bali, Brewster? Come back with me to New York, come back and find your roots there. We'll celebrate the Fourth of July in America."

So there I was in Amsterdam, packing my bags like some sort of lost robot. I didn't have any joy about the return trip. I was without joy and without satisfaction. I couldn't find the real world I was supposed to live in. It just didn't seem to exist out there for me and I seemed unable to make it up inside me. I was in limbo.

I felt like a little boy standing next to Meg saying goodbye to Hans and Sonia and Baby Willie, suddenly feeling remorse because I'd not really spent any quality time with them. God, I hadn't even gone to the Van Gogh museum. I had just run all around Amsterdam like a crazy, obsessed chicken. I knew it was because I had read the wrong book when I was sick. Hans and Sonia said they were sorry that I didn't want to use their place for July. I told them the thought of being alone at this point was just too much, it was out of the question. We left and headed for the airport.

It was at the airport that it happened. That's where I think I finally snapped altogether.

Meg and I had checked in our bags for the KLM Royal Dutch flight to New York and we were wandering around the duty-free shops, or rather Meg was wandering in her purposeful way and I was like this robot dog-boy behind her. I couldn't help noticing that I didn't have the usual feeling I had in airports. I didn't feel nervous or anxious about the flight and I didn't want to buy any duty-free booze, which is really weird. I didn't feel anything until we got close to the boarding gate, and then I had one very strong feeling, kind of an impulse: I didn't want to go. I did not want to get on that plane. I did not want to go back to New York. This feeling turned into a kind of nervous, neurotic twitch. As we stood there in the boarding line, I began to groan, and when Meg asked me what was wrong, I simply told her I needed to get my bags off the plane. Worst of all, she didn't disagree with me. She didn't try to talk me out of it or stop me.

By now, the flight attendant had noticed my distress and came over to ask what was wrong, and I said, "Please, please, I can't fly today. Get my bags off the plane."

Then to my surprise, the flight attendant paid attention to what I was saying. She stopped and picked up her walkie-talkie and began acting like she was really going to do something about my demand, and I began to think that maybe she was the same lady I had been calling on the phone each morning to reserve and cancel my reservation to New York.

I said again, "Yes, please, please get my bags off. Get my bags off the plane." And then as quickly as I said that, I changed my mind. "No, no, I'm on, leave them on. I mean yes, I mean no, yes, no, I mean no." And then I just fell into a short circuit: "Yes, no, yes, no, yes, no," and I groaned, almost barking like a dog, between noes and yeses and noes, and Meg, who was in front of me, slowly turned and looked at me as though I were going completely mad. Then she began to move forward toward the plane without me, and when I saw that, I just said to the flight attendant, "No, leave the bags on the plane. Let my bags go back to New York. I'm staying here. For better or for worse, I'm staying here."

And she said, still very politely, as though she were dealing with a completely sane and responsible adult male, "But Mr. North, I'm afraid that you can't do that. You must accompany your bags to New York. That's policy." By this time, Meg had already boarded without me and I stood there sweating and shaking in my self-created hell of confusion, then I took one giant step and I was on. I got on the plane to accompany my bags to New York City. I was surprised to find that I was not afraid. I was without fear. In fact, I was without almost any feeling at all in that completely mad summer of 1976, the year of the great American bicentennial, the year of the tall ships, the strangest year of my life.

 (continued from page 68)

"'Rrr-awwww-err,' he calls. The sound starts with a low growl and rises to a thin, hair-raising cry."

tiles. "These tracks are too old for us," he says, examining several sets. He points out the best places to leave traps, usually in travel ways, and breaks coyote scats with his hands. Their gray color, he notes, indicates a meaty diet.

After a mile or so with no sign of the calf, we head back to the truck. McNulty won't hunt for a predator whose handiwork he hasn't witnessed. But suddenly he stops. "Bingo," he whispers, pointing to a disturbed patch of ground. Obviously, something of considerable size has been dragged through here. We follow the fresh prints back through the sagebrush and discover 12 inches of gnawed backbone. McNulty wants to see more; we keep looking but find only a few clumps of muddied red hair. "Hereford," he says.

Squinting into the sun, his back against a rocky butte, McNulty places his hands to his mouth and begins to howl. "Rrr-awwww-err," he calls. The sound starts with a low growl and rises to a thin, hair-raising cry. "Coyotes are territorial," he explains, "and there's always a resident pair in a given area. If you howl, they'll think there's a new coyote around here and they'll come out to investigate the new kid on the block." He howls again and sits back to wait.

•

The Animal Damage Control program began in 1931 when Congress passed legislation authorizing the Department of the Interior to control wildlife deemed injurious to agriculture, forests, range and other wildlife. ADC has a national budget of just over $29,000,000, half of which comes from you and me in the form of federal monies, the rest from counties and individual ranchers. In the 17 Western states in 1990, McNulty and his colleagues killed 91,219 coyotes, 207 mountain lions and 247 bears—an obscene number of animals, one would think. Unless one made a living raising sheep or cattle.

McNulty isn't the only one killing coyotes hereabouts. Utah officially classifies coyotes as varmints, and as such they can be killed at any time, in unlimited numbers, by anyone. And they are. "Everybody and his dog kills coyotes," McNulty says. "That's just how people grow up around here. Coyotes kill livestock." In Utah, where sheep ranching brings in $15,600,000 annually, coyotes killed 26,000 sheep and lambs worth about $2,180,000 in 1990. That same year, ADC's Utah branch spent 80 percent of its $1,700,000 budget on poisoning, trapping, snaring, gassing and shooting some 4600 coyotes, lions and bears. The figure pleases sheep ranchers—though they'd prefer the number were even higher. But it horrifies an increasingly vocal contingent of conservationists, environmentalists and advocates of animal rights, who sum up the agency's misdeeds as follows: Not only does ADC kill too many animals, it kills the wrong ones, brutally, too expensively, with taxpayer money, on public land and to little real effect.

Fifty years ago, another dead coyote, mountain lion or bear wouldn't set off any alarms. But in the last half century, attitudes about predators have changed as scientists learn more about their role in ecosystems. At the same time, large numbers of people have moved from rural areas—where predators are an evil of agricultural life—to cities and suburbs, where wolves and mountain lions are poster stars for burgeoning nature groups. These days, it could be said, predators not only play a recognized biological role but also a cultural role, embodying the values of wilderness and wide-open spaces.

It's no surprise, then, that McNulty and ADC itself share a tarnished image. According to the agency's 1990 figures, ADC killed more than 142,000 mammals (to coyotes, mountain lions and black bears, add foxes, bobcats, lynx, skunks, badgers, porcupines and deer) and almost a million birds. The figures are probably low, considering the number of nontarget animals the agency takes by mistake and doesn't record. One former ADC trapper estimates that the number of nontarget kills may be as high as two thirds of all animals taken.

As high as those numbers are, they used to be much worse. Mindful of the agency's public image, ADC officials are quick to proclaim the old days of reckless killing, the so-called numbers game that gave the agency its poor reputation, over. But if the numbers game is truly over, one wonders, why were 91,000 coyotes taken in 1990, compared with 86,000 in 1989 and 76,000 in 1988?

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Vern Wilson's family has been in the sheep business for more than 100 years, rotating thousands of animals in a timeless pattern between the desert, his lambing grounds and high mountain pastures in the Manti–La Sal National Forest in central Utah. On the range on a snowy spring day, Wilson bemoans the state of the sheep industry while his son tries to warm a couple of lambs just two hours outside the womb. The shivering lambs are pitifully small, the size of toy poodles. They rest in a wooden crate atop a wood-burning stove. "If they don't warm up soon, they're going to die," says the younger man.

Wilson, a fast-talking septuagenarian with wavy gray hair and weather-beaten features, speaks with the forcefulness of one under siege. "The sheep industry is being threatened by environmentalists," he says, eyes flashing. "They want to cut the numbers of sheep we can put on the range. They think we're damaging it. Our fixed overhead is way up. We have a tremendous elk problem—they're eating our forage. And we're not getting enough for our finished product." Wilson gets 48 cents a pound for his lambs where he once got upwards of 60. "And then you've got people eating less lamb these days, down from four pounds per capita to a pound and a half."

Because of this small margin of profit, Wilson worries even more about predator control. "Coyotes could put us out of business," he says. "The only thing left by the time we pay our herders, our grazing fees and fees to the ADC is what's in the bottom line, and the coyotes are taking it." So are lions and bears. Wilson lost 21 sheep to one bear in a killing spree last summer. Each year, he loses between five percent and 25 percent of his sheep to predation.

Wilson relies heavily on ADC's most controversial method of control: aerial gunning. Each winter, when snow blankets the mountains, Wilson and other ranchers rent a helicopter, at $260 an hour, and call McNulty. Strapped into an inertial reel harness, he leans out the Plexiglas window of a Bell 47, follows fresh tracks and fires his shotgun at targets 60 to 70 yards away. The work is cold, noisy and, with the chopper's frequent dips and climbs off mountain faces, sickening. It's also highly successful: McNulty has killed as many as 38 coyotes in three hours, though lately he's down to about ten a day.

McNulty flies each mountain area in his district three times a winter. Although it will be months before sheep arrive on these ranges, and many of these upland coyotes are, so far, innocent, the law states any animal "about to do damage" is fair game. "Without control in the winter," says Wilson, "we couldn't live in the summer."

Wilson bristles at the charge that without ADC help he couldn't make a living at all. "You have to consider that we're harvesting a renewable natural resource, the forage," he says. "We have a right to protect our private property from public wildlife. The recreational person can protect his mobile trailer when he goes up into the forest, and we have a right to protect our sheep."

The figures may tell the story. When McNulty first started in his district, "which had been neglected since 1976,"

he averaged between 200 and 300 coyote kills a year. The numbers gradually decreased as the district came back "under control." McNulty believed then, as he does now, that without his assistance, many ranches would fail.

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McNulty visits a rancher named Randy Campbell who has had some trouble. We easily find the evidence. Ravens have made a meal of the dead lamb's eyes and part of its rectum, but otherwise the woolly creature shows little damage, just a small round hole under the neck, indicating a fox or coyote attack. A bite mark on the top of the head would point to a bobcat. From its tiny hoofs, slightly worn, we can tell the animal had walked, and so was born alive. With his knife, McNulty makes an incision in the lamb's scalp. Deftly, he pulls back the gray skin to reveal a matching tooth puncture on the skull's other side. "A rule of thumb with little lambs," he says as he cuts, "is that for every one you find killed, there are three you don't find."

McNulty may sound a little casual, prone to guesswork that justifies his efforts, but a couple days with the trapper reveal he's as much a forensic investigator as he is an expert marksman. He walks carefully, noting animal tracks and picking up scats. Their shape and size tell him what animals produced them and what they ate. Ranchers are quick to blame coyotes for depredation among their herds, but if McNulty sees a lot of bitten and hamstrung lambs, he might ask a rancher if he's seen his dog lately. "Domestic dogs start out playing and chasing," he says. "Coyotes go right for the kill."

When McNulty kills a coyote, he checks its digestive track for lamb's wool and its teeth to determine its age. If the animal's bladder is full, he might carefully cut out the organ and pour its urine into a jar for later use around traps.

Sometimes McNulty finds buried kills. Bears kill sloppily, he explains. They tear off the hide and bury the carcass in the sun to eat later. They're interested in rotting flesh, in maggots. Lions kill more neatly. If the heart and lungs have been eaten, the lion probably won't return for more meat; if it does plan to return, it will bury the carcass in the shade.

A bear hunt, seemingly a grand affair, holds little appeal for McNulty. "The first one of the year, you're excited, but after that it's no fun." On bear days, McNulty rises by three A.M., loads up his dogs and prepares himself for a ten- to 15-mile run through rough country. Once he shoots the bear, he has to skin it and hike out the pelt, a rifle over one shoulder, 40 pounds of ripe-smelling fur strapped to his back. If he has his horse along, there's an additional problem. After a bear hunt a couple seasons ago, McNulty says, "I tied that son of a bitch in a bundle and dragged him back to the horse. The horse must have brought his hind leg up to his ear before he let go, because all that was left of me in that spot was my hat. I couldn't walk straight for a month." It's no wonder that McNulty sometimes opts to destroy the animal's pelt, bury its gall bladder—a lucrative item on the Asian black markets—and leave the entire mess in the forest.

Walking up a wide wash, we discover another dead lamb, this one without any gore. Finding a body excites little emotion, for the bleached skeletons of cows, lambs, deer, birds, rabbits, lizards and coyotes litter these rangelands. The bones add perspective to McNulty's work, not validating it, but somehow placing man himself in nature's scheme in the struggle for survival in the wild.

Moving through bands of sheep, we are chased by Great Pyrenees and Akbash guard dogs. "The dogs are great," says McNulty, "but I can't use traps, snares or poisoned bait if they're around." Some operators see guard dogs as the great barking hope of the industry, but their success depends on the type of terrain they patrol, the size of the coyote population and the amount of land they guard. On many ranches, guard dogs are next to useless.

McNulty climbs a high, rocky bench and proceeds to call for coyotes. This afternoon's performance is a repeat of yesterday's: The coyotes are ignoring us. "You see?" he says. "It's not like I'm out here every day gunning down coyotes."

When we get back to the truck, McNulty sips coffee, eats a Snickers and plows through three-foot ditches with one hand on the wheel while I look through his log book. Yesterday he killed no animals and today is shaping up similarly. I see days where he took three coyotes and days where he took 20.

"In a helicopter?" I ask, unable to imagine that much successful calling.

"Yew betcher," he answers. Then he explains, "You have to keep predators at a manageable level. The coyote has no natural predator." He pauses, then adds, as if the thought had just occurred to him, "In forty years of hunting and trapping, I have never come across a dead coyote. Never." What he means, of course, is that he's never come across a dead coyote that wasn't killed by the coyote's number-one predator: man.

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Later in the day, McNulty revisits the Jensen calving pasture and successfully calls up a coyote. But there's a problem: The sun is rapidly setting, the wind is picking up, the coyote is 700 yards away and, as I am quick to point out, the cattle were moved from the area this morning, not to return for an entire year.

McNulty looks through his scope. "That beggar's got blood on his face all the way back to his shoulder," he says. If the coyote were a bitch, he would be less inclined to shoot it. He says males, being larger, are more aggressive about killing livestock. Females eat more rodents,

"Do you think we've agreed on enough movies to consider going to bed together?"

more pocket gophers and rabbits.

I still don't understand why he'd want to take a coyote that won't see livestock for a full year, even if it has just been chowing down on a calf. One doesn't often ask if killing a coyote is right or wrong in this business: Most ranchers believe any coyote is a bad coyote. Whether or not it has killed livestock, the potential to do so is there. In fact, not all coyotes prey on sheep, and removing a resident coyote that's never tasted lamb opens up territory for coyotes that could potentially make lamb a regular meal.

Sitting out here in the vast Utah desert, as the stars begin to appear and the craggy rocks assume ominous shapes in the fading light, McNulty and I play out a new chapter in a story with ancient roots. From the beginning of Western man's contact with coyotes, that animal has played a part in legend. To Native Americans, the coyote was the Trickster, a con artist, an amusing clown-devil figure. In other myths, the coyote was God's Dog, sent by its master into the world to observe and report back. McNulty, while no scholar of history, admires coyotes purely on their own merit. He respects them for their beauty and cunning. "I don't get excitement from killing them but from luring them," he says. "There is something about outsmarting a coyote that still gets my heart thumping."

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It's been estimated that more than 20,000,000 coyotes have been killed in this century—by ADC, by private citizens and by local agencies. But the slaughter seems hardly to have made a dent in coyote populations, which have swelled and spread across the country. Today, nearly 1,500,000 coyotes live in the 17 Western states alone. Hundreds of years ago, *Canis latrans* lived only between central Mexico and southern Canada, west of the Mississippi. At the beginning of this century, however, they began to migrate—as far south as Costa Rica, north through Alaska, and to the east. Coyotes can now be found in every continental state except Delaware; they are expected there soon.

Man has only himself to blame for the coyote's proliferation. Biologists call the species "invigorated" because of the way it has prospered at the hands of humans. Man has not only increased the coyote's range and prey base by clearing forest land, he's also virtually eliminated the coyote's natural competitor, the wolf, and increased its numbers through constant control. When threatened with extermination, coyotes, like most animals, respond by breeding at an earlier age and raising larger litters. In coyote populations not undergoing control, says research ecologist Robert Crabtree of Montana State University, between one and two pups per litter survive. In controlled populations, the coyote's social system falls apart and natural limiting factors are overruled. In these areas, as many as six pups per litter survive.

Control has also made coyotes harder to catch: By killing so many and upping reproduction rates, says Crabtree, "natural selection is probably happening at a faster rate. We're creating more younger coyotes, coyotes who are warier, more nocturnal, who kill sheep and avoid traps, snares and dead meat that may be poisoned. We've created a coyote nightmare, a super predator."

McNulty knows the type, and catching a super predator only fuels his ego. "There's a real challenge factor to killing the older ones because they're so smart," he says. "You've got recreational hunters out there calling coyotes and so they've wised up by the time I get there. I take a lot of pride in getting one that's already been to grad school."

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The fact that reports of losses to predators remain consistently high, regardless of how many coyotes are taken, begs the question: Is ADC effective?

Economically, ADC's cost-benefit ratio is a bust. In some areas of the West, ADC spends more than $100 per predator killed. A lamb, if it outlives disease, harsh weather, abandonment or predation, will bring about $60 at market. Nationally, ADC spends nearly $30,000,000 a year while losses to the sheep industry average about $18,000,000.

The inequity has prompted consideration of nonlethal control methods or of dropping ADC in favor of a compensation program, where livestock operators would simply be paid for their losses. (Utah's Division of Wildlife Resources already pays ranchers 50 percent of an animal's market value for kills attributed to mountain lions and bears.) But ranchers aren't interested. "A compensation program wouldn't work because eventually there would be no more sheep left," Utah rancher Paul Frischknecht says. "We'd go out of business."

Harsh though it may sound, the loss of some public-lands ranchers would not plunge the economy into despair nor would it significantly pinch the nation's food supply. Public-lands ranchers contribute only two percent to the nation's red-meat production. "Studies show that very few Western towns derive more than five percent of their income from ranching," says Lynn Jacobs of the conservation group Free Our Public Lands. "They produce the lowest-quality wool in the world, and we wind up paying between eight and ten dollars a pound for meat once the grazing and predator-control subsidies are figured in."

Other critics suggest that ranchers ought to handle and pay for their own predator-control work, with an agency such as Fish and Wildlife enforcing the laws. McNulty, for one, believes ranchers left to their own devices would kill more predators and more nontarget animals, with crueler and probably illegal methods, than ADC ever has. The trade in homemade toxicants would boom.

From his small corner of the West, McNulty looks out on an ADC program that, to his way of thinking, works well. "I was at one ranch where there had never been any control," he says. "They lost thirteen hundred out of four thousand sheep in one summer. I took twenty-six coyotes over the season, and the next year there were only thirty kills." To McNulty, this story spells success. To others, 26 coyotes is a lot of animals to kill and still have 30 losses.

McNulty finds himself wedged uncomfortably between hardheaded environmentalists and hardheaded ranchers. "No one sees the total picture," he says defensively, "but I do. You can't tell a livestock operator that not all coyotes eat lamb. And you can't tell an environmentalist that coyotes don't eat just the lame and the sick."

For McNulty, the situation is clear: There's no way to protect flocks without killing predators. He rarely kills an innocent bear or lion, and if he takes out innocent coyotes in the course of eliminating the guilty, he can live with it. "There's no way to sugarcoat what I do," he says. "The bullet, the steel trap, that's the real world. This is not *National Geographic*. My job is to stop depredation and I do."

As the stock of ranchers, environmentalists, federal trappers and predators rises and falls with political debate, the only clear winner may be the coyote itself. Ranchers continue to lose animals, perhaps in sustainable numbers, perhaps not. Environmentalists deplore the loss of wildlife. Trappers play catch-up—with state regulations, an increasingly critical public, continuing depredation. Lions, bears and other wildlife continue to fall to guns, traps and poisons. But the coyote, wily beast, carries on—in greater numbers, to farther reaches, stronger, smarter and better at what it already does best.

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In the springtime, McNulty is busier than ever, working seven days a week to keep up with coyotes now intent on feeding their pups. Usually, he can dispatch the male of a resident pair and stop predation, but recently this technique failed him and lambs continued to disappear from a ranch near the town of Wattis. McNulty returns on an overcast morning to call for the bitch and gets no response. But luck visits him in the form of a sudden rainstorm and he begins to walk a large circle through a muddy canyon, steadily cutting in until he locates a set of tracks that leads him to the

animal's den. Inside, he discovers three lamb legs, with hooves intact, and eight small pups.

Of all the killing McNulty does—whether shooting, poisoning, trapping, snaring or running lions up trees—the only dirty job, he says, is denning, the practice of dropping CO_2 canisters into dens to suffocate the pups within. "The pups are innocent, they're not the cause of predation but the reason the parents kill, to bring them food," he says. "I'm saddened by killing pups, but I'm also saddened that little lambs are being killed." Does he ever get used to it? "You don't get hardened, you just learn to turn your head. I don't feel guilt. If there was another way, I'd try it."

Working quickly, McNulty punches a hole in one end of a CO_2 canister and lights the fuse. He drops it inside the den, blocks the opening with shovelfuls of dirt and within three minutes, counts his morning a success.

He ends his day at the Allred ranch. Coyote tracks wander all over this place, and just this morning Jim Allred had watched as one hungry specimen, bold as brass, sprinted across his front yard. McNulty and I set out with the gun; as we walk, he points out the tracks of deer, coyote and rabbit, the trees that porcupines have rubbed up against.

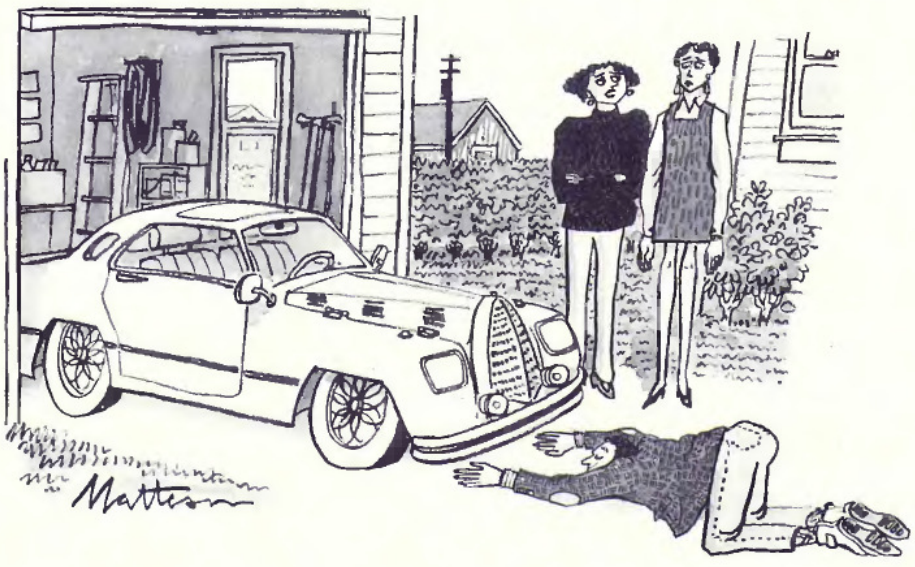
After several miles, we climb a bench and McNulty calls into the canyon below. A herd of deer trots by, a hawk circles. Another five minutes and McNulty gets an answer from the opposite direction. The howling, a chilling sound, never quits as we crawl on our stomachs to the cliff's edge. "Boy, is he pissed off," McNulty whispers, impressed.

Raising the rifle, he scans the deep, sandy bowl. Then I take a turn at the scope. The dog is large, white-chested and he pivots his head neatly to the side as he howls. I am awed by his beauty and thrilled by the fact of his presence—this top predator in his natural habitat, doing what he has evolved over the millenia to do. But at the same time, strangely enough, I can easily imagine shooting the coyote, not so much out of atavism as out of a desire to play a role in this classic Western confrontation. We had stalked the animal, lured him toward us and will now finish him off. McNulty invites me to pull the trigger, testing me. Although it isn't absolute, I no longer hold a blanket prejudice against killing coyotes that prey on sheep. It helps that there's no shortage of coyotes, but I'd have fewer qualms if we needed to eat this animal. I hand the rifle back.

McNulty wants the coyote to move in and begins his imitation of an injured rabbit. Next he fits an elk diaphragm, a latex-and-rubber half-circle, into the roof of his mouth and makes the sound of a distressed fawn. But the coyote doesn't move. It just sits atop its knoll.

"Adios, big stud," McNulty then whispers, his finger near the trigger. But he doesn't fire, perhaps giving the animal one final chance to advance. A moment passes and the coyote backs off. Now he is gone and will not return. Our disappointment is acute, though disappointment for what is difficult to say. McNulty wanted the coyote for a multitude of reasons; I was aching for some sort of denouement after several hours' work and several days' imagining the finality of this moment.

In a while, snow starts to fall and we begin our long hike back to the ranch. We take a different route now, looking for several coyotes McNulty had killed about this time last year, but the carcasses are nowhere to be found.



"Sunday is car-appreciation day."

WORST SENATOR

(continued from page 124)

Castellano. Giuliani had indicted him in March 1984, along with 20 other racketeers, on charges that included 25 murders. Giuliani understood the Senator's reference perfectly. He immediately summoned his top aide, Dennison Young, to his side as a witness.

"You shouldn't talk to me about pending cases," he then told D'Amato. "Roy Cohn shouldn't try to communicate with me through you. Don't talk to me about this. This should be done lawyer to lawyer. There are proper ways to do this."

Giuliani says he once believed that D'Amato carried these messages "because he was naive." Now he believes that the Senator "may have done this out of arrogance."

Looking back on his increasingly difficult relationship with the Senator, Giuliani says, "I think the Castellano conversation was a turning point in my relationship with Al. Maybe he was testing to see how far he could go with me."

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When Alfonse D'Amato walked into the Capitol in January 1981, he did so as the product of the most systematically corrupt Republican machine in the nation. What the freshman Senator from New York found in Washington—with its corporate lobbyists, its cash-bloated political-action committees, its patronage-ridden bureaucracy and its "ethics" committees—was a way of doing business altogether familiar to any true son of the Long Island G.O.P.

And a true son he is. Twenty years before he reached the Senate, D'Amato was inducted into the Republican Party of Nassau County as a young law graduate who'd failed to find a position in the private sector. He was taken care of by a powerful family friend who secured for Al the rather lowly position of law clerk in the county government. Paying just over $100 a week, the job didn't portend a great future, but it introduced him to the vast empire controlled by the Nassau Republican organization.

The riotous growth of America's largest bedroom community offered many ways for politicians to enrich themselves: an ever-growing list of jobs to be filled, thousands of acres of land to be developed (with the attendant zoning variances, permits and subsidies, as well as legal, architectural and engineering fees) and hundreds of fat contracts to be let for garbage collection, road maintenance, sewer construction and insurance. In later years, there were franchises for services such as cable television and waste recycling. If your party ran the government, you could help yourself to a little, and often a lot, of every aspect of Long Island's multibillion-dollar boom. With the proceeds, you could

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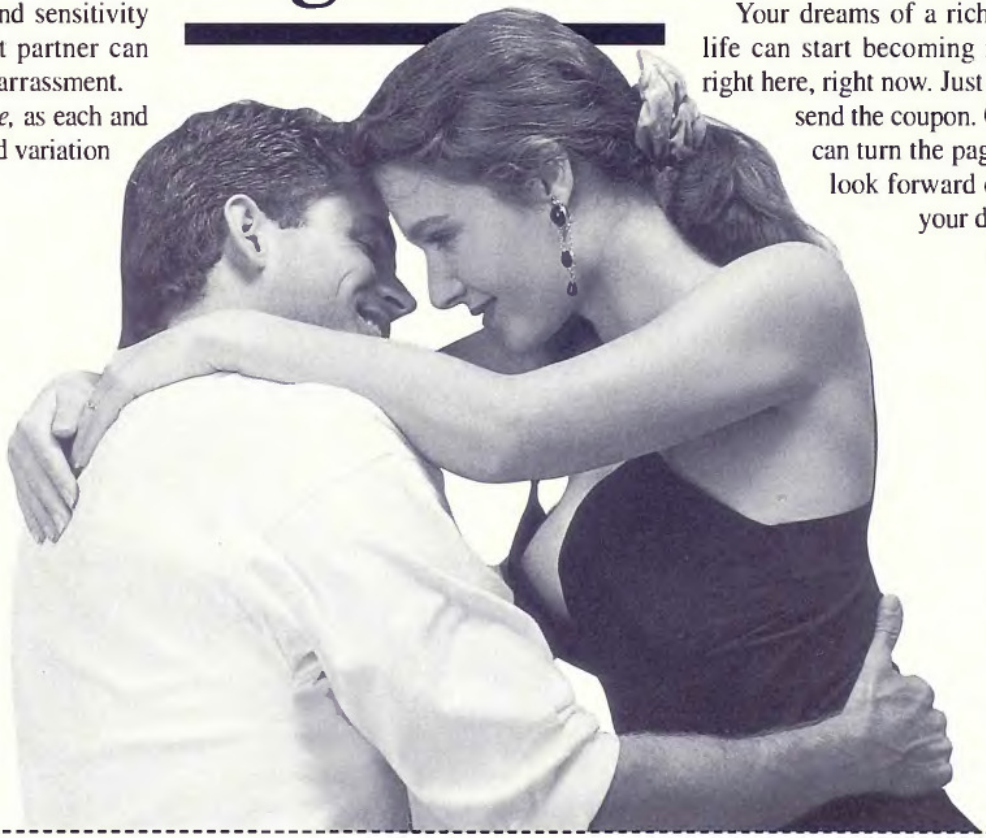

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build yourself a political juggernaut. That's exactly what the Nassau Republicans did.

Al D'Amato probably got his first lesson about the machine's methods the day he showed up for work in the county office. Like every other public employee in Nassau County, the young attorney was expected to kick back one percent of his salary for the Republican organization's upkeep. No matter how little you made, if you wanted a raise, a promotion, some overtime or just not to be laid off, you paid.

As all machine pols must, D'Amato waited his turn and paid his one percent. For this he was regularly promoted to better county and party jobs. In 1969, he was put on the G.O.P. ticket as Hempstead, New York, tax assessor and, a few years later, moved up to supervisor and presiding supervisor.

From the beginning, he instinctively understood the Nassau County system of favors. In 1964, D'Amato became the Island Park G.O.P. leader. The following year, his father, Armand M. D'Amato, an insurance broker with an office in a nearby town, began to handle the village's insurance needs. According to the village clerk's office, Island Park's insurance ran to around $20,000 in annual premiums from 1965 through the early Seventies. The contract was awarded on a no-bid basis and Pops D'Amato's take increased as his son moved up. When Alfonse became town supervisor, a larger firm handled Island Park's insurance but still handed over all its commissions to the supervisor's father.

This insurance patronage was derived from a countywide Republican scam. Legitimate brokers seeking town or county insurance business had to agree to kick back part of their commissions to other, G.O.P.-connected agents, who did little or no work. As a state investigation later revealed, at least $400,000 in taxpayers' money was squandered this way. A federal probe of the insurance conspiracy in the early Eighties finally put D'Amato's mentor, county boss Joseph Margiotta, in prison.

D'Amato survived the scandals of the Margiotta machine while others were tarnished, in part by lying to a 1975 grand jury about his personal knowledge of the one-percent system. But he was still almost unknown to the rest of New York when he decided in 1980 to challenge the state's distinguished but aging Republican senior Senator, Jacob Javits. D'Amato mounted a series of brutal televised attacks on Javits suggesting he was too old, too infirm and too liberal for another term.

Before his assault on Javits, D'Amato had never identified with ideological conservatism. There was nothing conservative about the free-spending Nassau machine. But ever alert to shifting winds, he learned to speak the language of the rising Reaganites.

Political insiders in New York and Washington were stunned when these tactics won the Republican primary for D'Amato. They were more shaken when the nasal-voiced, cheap-suited local pol went on to win the general election in a three-way race against Javits and the Democratic nominee, Elizabeth Holtzman. What was scarcely noticed amid the wailing over the defeat of an elder statesman was how much D'Amato spent to win, and where he got the money.

Nobody who owed anything to the Nassau machine went unsqueezed after its favorite son announced his candidacy. Everyone on a public payroll—even Comprehensive Education and Training Act county workers, poor trainees who made subsistence salaries—was expected to ante up. So did professors at the community college who, like all other county workers, owed their jobs to political connections.

The big money came not from these little people but from high rollers whose fortunes had been made in D'Amato's town hall. Companies that leased trucks to the town of Hempstead gave. Concessionaires who ran restaurants and golf courses on public property gave. Developers who had received tax breaks or zoning changes gave, sometimes within days of winning the favors they'd sought. Executives of the cable TV company that had just been awarded the county franchise, without so much as a public hearing, also gave. And so did the builders of a controversial $135,000,000 recycling plant that had been brought into Hempstead on unusually favorable terms by D'Amato himself. In 1977, the same developers had handed him a blank check in front of a campaign aide.

Such gifts in the primary amounted to well over $100,000, a figure quickly dwarfed when money poured in for the general election. And that early estimate didn't include an unsecured campaign loan of $80,000 from the Bank of New York, which gave borrower D'Amato a bargain interest rate eight points *below* prime. He insisted this had nothing to do with his longtime practice of depositing millions of the town's tax revenues in the same understandably grateful bank without getting a penny of interest for the taxpayers.

Most of this went unnoticed in the mainstream media, which gave D'Amato the free pass he continued to enjoy for years after he entered the Senate. *New York* magazine noted, without irony, that D'Amato seemed "intent on retaining his down-home ways." Occasional profiles in *The New York Times* referred admiringly to his "hard-won stature" in the Senate and praised him for "sticking to local interests." Critics were given short shrift, and the good gray *New York Times* even found the words to endorse for reelection the Senator who'd testified on behalf of a Mafia associate.

Thus guarded against public reproach, D'Amato went about being a Senator—his way. His offices won renown for constituent service, offering cheerful help to every caller with a Social Security or Veteran's Administration problem. On the Hill, where D'Amato was awarded a valuable seat on the Banking, Housing and Urban Affairs Committee, he became known as an abnormally unscrupulous expert in backscratching, favor-trading and contribution-grabbing.

D'Amato's abrasive style has won few admirers among his clubbish, slightly snobby colleagues. It also hasn't met with much success in the White House, where he has regularly twisted arms. The Senate Ethics Committee whitewash last summer was done not out of affection but expediency—though the Senator does enjoy the friendship of the committee's ranking Republican, Warren Rudman. The Fonz, as D'Amato is known, habitually throws his arms around old pals and new acquaintances, pinches their cheeks, and addresses everyone as "babes."

Although he is physically unimpressive, the former high school hurdler considers himself a tough guy and is prone to violent gestures. During the 1980 election, he went to Grand Central Station looking for the husband of a disloyal campaign staffer, and when the man appeared, D'Amato cursed and threatened him.

Richard Korn, a Democratic leader in suburban Long Island, is another casualty. "It was the Sunday before the 1989 election," he recalls, "and all of the politicians on Long Island were at a breakfast sponsored by an Italian-American group. It was really a sort of campaign rally for the Republicans, but I was invited, so I went anyway, just to show my face. So I'm walking in front of the dais, shaking hands and greeting people, and I see D'Amato. He stands up and starts screaming at me: 'You fucking scumbag! Who the hell do you think you are? You fucking cunt! You fucking bastard! I'm going to get you.'

"Then he lunges across the dais, swinging his arm, and falls on the table," Korn says. "The guy next to him grabbed him, and I just said, 'Nice to see you, Senator,' and kept walking. I should've let him hit me."

The reason D'Amato was so furious at Korn was that the gadfly Democrat had threatened to subpoena him in a citizen lawsuit charging misuse of taxpayer funds in one of the old land-development schemes of the Nassau machine. It was a curious reaction, because when the incident occurred, D'Amato already had much bigger problems. In the middle of

his second term, the Senator's ethical lapses were finally attracting notice among his colleagues and in the press.

The process began on the front page of *The Wall Street Journal*, of all places, which published path-breaking stories about D'Amato's favoritism toward investment-banking contributors in the writing of Banking Subcommittee legislation, and about his high-pressure fund-raising tactics in the financial community. Then *The New Republic* published a cover story by Murray Waas that portrayed D'Amato as "Senator Shakedown."

By the time Mark Green, D'Amato's 1986 election opponent, lodged an official complaint with the Senate Ethics Committee in 1989, he could credibly allege that D'Amato was involved in more than a dozen ethics violations. As mentioned above, the result was a timid slap on the wrist from Senate colleagues who seemed more interested in their public images than in seeing justice done.

When indictments came down against Wedtech, the pseudominority Bronx firm that used bribery and fraud to win big defense contracts, there was D'Amato. The Senator had strong-armed the Pentagon into helping Wedtech, and his campaign had, according to the testimony of a former Wedtech official, received about $30,000 in illegal cash contributions from the company's principals. But nobody could prove that D'Amato knew about these funds, and he eventually ended up as a prosecution witness against one of his closest friends, Mario Biaggi, the Bronx Congressman who was convicted along with several other politicians in the case.

But that debacle was nothing compared to the savings-and-loan scandal and the related collapse of the junk bond market and Drexel Burnham Lambert. At their nexus on Capitol Hill stood Al D'Amato, palm outstretched.

By almost every measure, D'Amato was the favorite Senator of the high-flying financial crowd that dominated the Eighties. He received $88,000 in campaign donations from the savings-and-loan industry, ranking fifth in this regard in the Senate, just below Senator Alan Cranston (D–Cal.). He was the third-ranking recipient of honoraria from the financial industry, raking in $52,000 over a four-year period. The only Senators who got more in combined donations and honoraria were Donald Riegle (D–Mich.) of the Keating Five and Jake Garn (R–Utah).

A large chunk of D'Amato's money came directly from the doomed directors of Drexel Burnham Lambert, which did big business selling soon-to-be worthless junk bonds to the soon-to-be insolvent S&Ls. *The Wall Street Journal* reported that in 1985, "just one week before holding a hearing on a proposal to limit purchases of junk bonds by federally regulated thrift institutions," D'Amato was treated by Michael Milken and other Drexel executives to a $1000-a-plate dinner at Chasen's restaurant in Beverly Hills. They wanted D'Amato to kill the legislation that would have restricted their scheme, and he did. Five days later, he got another $18,000 from Drexel, and within a year, his total take from Milken and company topped $70,000.

Lacking any evidence that D'Amato had promised to do specific favors for specific donations, no one could prove that his relationship with Drexel was illegal. It was simply the way D'Amato had done politics ever since his apprenticeship with the Republican machine in Island Park. But he slid much closer to the edge in two other national disgraces of the Reagan era—the blatant influence-peddling uncovered at both Housing and Urban Development and the Pentagon.

The HUD scandal is the centerpiece of D'Amato's current table of woes. Not only were his dealings at HUD the main subject of the Senate ethics investigation, they are also currently attracting the scrutiny of a special prosecutor in Washington and a separate federal grand jury on Long Island. A major D'Amato fundraiser who received HUD favors has already been indicted in Puerto Rico, but

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he was only a minor player. The inquiry being pursued by the teams of lawyers, accountants and FBI agents is a long and complex one, though the basic question is simple: Did an inside group of developers and consultants illicitly obtain millions of federal dollars because of D'Amato's intercession, and if so, how?

Thanks to his seat on the Senate subcommittee that controlled HUD appropriations, D'Amato eventually amassed so much power at the department that officials there jokingly referred to him as their boss. D'Amato controlled the appointments of the regional directors who ran HUD's billion-dollar subsidy programs covering New York, New Jersey and Puerto Rico. So tight was his grip that he forced the White House to appoint Geraldine McGann, a neighbor from back home on Long Island, as director of the agency's New York office. Friends, former staffers and even a girlfriend of D'Amato's (he is separated from his wife) showed up in high positions on the HUD organization chart. And again, his campaign coffers were generously replenished, this time by contractors and developers whose interests he pursued through the HUD appointees loyal to him.

There was something strange and ultimately ironic about the way D'Amato threw his weight around at HUD. He pressed the concerns of contributors and he sought funding for projects in his home state, the way many Senators might have done. But when a House committee investigated HUD in 1989 and the deals involving D'Amato were added up, he appeared to have a peculiar interest in Puerto Rico. In percentage terms, the little island had received a far larger share of HUD monies than New York. The Senator, who has never demonstrated the slightest solicitude for poor people in general or Hispanics in particular, received contributions—some so large as to be illegal—from certain builders and consultants on the island who had reaped millions in HUD grants pushed by D'Amato's office. One of D'Amato's top fund-raisers on the island, a Cuban American named Eduardo Lopez Ballori, has already been indicted for concealing $32,200 in contributions to D'Amato under false names. (D'Amato has since announced he will donate the illegal funds to charity.) There was nothing new or surprising about the favors for Puerto Rican contributors, except that they belied D'Amato's boast about delivering for his state above all.

Even as the HUD scandal broke around him, D'Amato was in the process of securing government money for a big development in Sackets Harbor, New York, for a company named Jobco. The pattern was the same. The executives of Jobco, which received HUD grants and loans for work in Sackets Harbor totaling $6,500,000, had raised more than $25,000 for D'Amato's campaign treasury. And on November 3, 1986, while Senator D'Amato was aggressively lobbying HUD on its behalf, Jobco received a bill of $150,000 from its attorney, who happened to be the Senator's brother, Armand P. D'Amato. In the midst of all this, the Senator was vociferously protesting his innocence, even as the documentary evidence piled up around him.

About the same time the Senator was fighting for his brother's client at HUD, both D'Amatos were neck-deep in another national disgrace across the Potomac. In April 1988, FBI agents were listening to a phone conversation between Charles Gardner and Dennis Mitchell, two Unisys executives whose chatter had already provided evidence of a $5,000,000 slush fund used to steer Pentagon contracts to the giant Long Island defense contractor. These wiretaps were part of an investigation codenamed Ill Wind, which would eventually lead to more than two dozen convictions, including guilty pleas by Gardner and Mitchell.

Sitting with headsets and notebooks as the tape ran, the agents heard a Unisys official asking, "How to handle the rest of [Armand] D'Amato's pay?" Then, three days later, the agents heard Gardner say that Armand D'Amato had turned in "the nicest reports," and ask Mitchell, "Who wrote them?" He replied that he had written them for D'Amato. Gardner then warned Mitchell to make sure he carried out his ghostwriting on Senator D'Amato's office stationery.

These two snippets sparked a federal investigation into the role played by the D'Amato brothers in hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of Navy contracts awarded to Unisys. The FBI found that between 1986 and 1988, Unisys paid Armand D'Amato's law firm $188,000. But the payments weren't for legal services, because the firm wasn't doing normal legal work. Labeled "consultant" or "lobbying" fees and laundered through dummy corporations, these were thought to be payments for Armand's sway over Alfonse. On two occasions, Armand ghostwrote letters on the Senators' stationery, urging that Unisys be awarded lucrative contracts, and sent them to the Secretary of the Navy.

The first letter appeared on the desk of Secretary John Lehman in July 1986. D'Amato wanted Lehman to purchase Unisys missile-firing kits that the Navy Secretary had previously rejected as obsolete. It was a classic Washington squeeze. As a member of both the Armed Services Committee and the Appropriations Committee's powerful subcommittee on defense, D'Amato was a Senator with power over Lehman's entire budget. The Secretary ordered almost $100,000,000 worth of the obsolete firing kits.

On December 1, 1987, Armand again used the Senator's letterhead to write to Lehman's successor, James Webb, seeking a role for Unisys in building a new warship radar system. The letter concluded quite bluntly: "As a member of the Appropriations Committee, I would appreciate being advised of your plans in this regard." Unisys was given what it wanted.

Drafts of these same letters were discovered by FBI agents when they searched Armand D'Amato's law offices. The originals had been written by Unisys employees, then taken to the Senator's office by Armand to be placed on Senate letterhead and sent out over Alfonse D'Amato's signature.

Again, there were legal fees as well as campaign contributions—in this case, $10,000 to the Friends of Al D'Amato in illegal, laundered gifts from Unisys executives. The donors had been ordered by their superiors to make donations to D'Amato and to get reimbursed by falsifying their expense accounts. Ultimately, these costs were borne by the taxpayer. In July 1991, the prosecutors asked that D'Amato return this money, which he did.

By the fall of 1990, Gardner (then serving a 32-month sentence for bribery) and Mitchell were cooperating with federal prosecutors against Armand D'Amato. Those prosecutors felt they had enough by March 1991 to request permission from the Justice Department to indict Armand for fraud and unregistered lobbying. At presstime, they were still awaiting that permission.

•

As these baying hounds gain ground on him, Senator D'Amato is running furiously for his third term. Joining the chase is an eager group of contenders who sense that if the feds don't bring D'Amato down first, the voters will surely do so in November.

There seems to be an inevitability to the arc of Al D'Amato's career. As the first U.S. Senator produced by one of the Republicans' most corrupt suburban machines, it was possibly his fate to become a one-man employment program for FBI agents, special investigators and muckraking reporters. His career was born in the ooze of one-percent kickbacks for patronage jobs and it grew in the slime of Mob friends and favors, of campaign contributions and quid pro quo.

The day after D'Amato won the Republican primary in 1980, one of the most powerful officials in New York State, who had known D'Amato for many years, said privately, "I predict Al will serve two terms in the Senate and one term in Allenwood."

He was referring to the federal penitentiary.

JAPANESE PROBLEM

(continued from page 33)

Night Live, I did have William Shatner in my office in his boxer shorts. I instructed him to grab his own backside and say, "Look at this butt! Is that a beautiful butt?" And when he grabbed his own backside, gentlemen, and shouted, "Look at this butt!" I had the distaste to realize this was the highlight of my sex life at the office.

Yes.

Attractive persons of all ages and both sexes are thrown together in offices eight hours a day in seductive struggles for money and power, and the wretched creatures are being driven almost witless from lack of sex. Is this healthy? The American office is the single best place invented for sex. Where else furnishes a finer excuse for encountering women, provides a smoother playing field for meeting as equals and supplies such glorious opportunities 2000 hours a year? What other locale possesses hot pools of young buds—the typing pool, the steno pool? What exotic land has a language so voluptuous, e.g., "You tell vice president Dunbar she can go fuck herself"? And best of all, where else do you have the daily, repeated, incessant, perpetual chance to fall in love?

The office is the place, and we should have more sex there, not less.

Given these facts, as good businesspeople, we must demand that our corporate directors immediately take action and guarantee more sex in the office. As interested citizens, we must flood Washington with telegrams demanding that the Senate stop having sex in its own offices and hold hearings at once. These hearings should be televised and 150 shy but shapely women wearing see-through blouses should go before the cameras and tell terrifying and disgusting stories about their frightful reactions to not having enough sex in the office. People in wheelchairs who have not had enough sex in the office should be photographed being carried up the Senate steps. Seven women from the House of Representatives should storm the Senate floor and burst into tears because they are not having enough sex in the office.

Yes, gentlemen, the American workplace is dull and stupid enough. Would it not be more interesting to go to the office if we knew we were going there to have sex? Would we not think more clearly, behave more alertly, look more attractive and toil more competitively if we could step off the elevator, open the office door and plunge at once into a sea of exhilarating sex? Corrections officials allow inmates to have conjugal relations, so why can't we have relations at work? How much money would it cost your firm, for instance, to build a cinder-block bungalow like they have at Attica? What trouble could it be for your union to negotiate a contract that guarantees healthy sexual relations along with healthy work conditions?

Here, gentlemen, is the satisfying solution to the Japanese Problem. American rodeo sex will invigorate our workers five times as much as the Japanese morning exercises. Indeed, Americans would soon outfun the Japanese and the Germans, and neck their way back to world preeminence. And with overflowing profits, U.S. companies would create more jobs to provide the opportunity for more sex in the office and thus solve our horrible unemployment problems. Crime figures will drop, Barbara Bush will lose 20 pounds, and with the massive bags of greenbacks from a bursting economy, America will build palaces for the homeless, gorge the hungry and educate the ignorant all round God's green globe.

Gentlemen readers of *Playboy*: The office should be a sexy place! And if it is not, you must tender your resignation immediately. If you find quitting to be absolutely impossible for career or monetary reasons, I have the following recommendations:

(1) Do not be timid because feminists are beating on you like a gong.

(2) Do not be afraid to be a man. Take a "no, thank you" with grace, and take pleasure in working beside an equal.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY

STYLE

Page 28: "Prints Charming": **Shorts** by *Island Trading Company*, at Fashion Channel, Ltd., 510 Brighton Beach Ave., Brooklyn, 718-648-1254; Island Trading Company, 15 E. Fourth St., N.Y.C., 212-353-0297. **Shirts** by *Terranova*, at J.M.R. Chalk Garden, West Coast, to order, 805-494-9395; Cignal, for store locations, 410-538-1000; Oak Tree, for store locations, 800-325-3523. By *Aqualung*, at Merry Go Round, for store locations, 410-538-1000. By *Autograph*, at International Male, 619-544-9900 ext. 7559; Boogie's Diner, for store locations, 800-888-4422. **Jeans** by *Gurilla Biscuit*, at Macy's Herald Square, N.Y.C., to order, 212-560-4696; select Dayton's, Hudson's, Marshall Field's; Fred Segal Melrose, 8100 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, 213-651-4129. **Shorts** by *Nit;Wit*, for store locations, 213-687-0434. "Dare to Bare It": **Sweater** by *Joseph Abboud*, at Bloomingdale's, 1000 Third Ave., N.Y.C., 212-705-3030; Joseph Abboud, 37 Newbury St., Boston, 617-266-4200; Jay Wolf/Los Angeles, 517 N. Robertson Blvd., West Hollywood, 310-273-9893. **Jacket** by *Gianmarco Venturi*, at Gianmarco Venturi, 820 Madison Ave., N.Y.C., 212-472-5083; Stuart/Chicago, 102 E. Oak St., Chicago, 800-428-1990; Lenzo, 131 N. La Cienega Blvd., Los Angeles, 213-651-1272. **Tops** by *Jean Paul Gaultier*, at Marshall Field's Water Tower store, Chicago, 312-781-1234; Macy's, San Francisco; select Bullock's stores. "Hot Shopping: Vancouver": Mark James, 604-734-2381; Boys' Co., 604-684-5656; Bench Sports, 604-685-1111; The Syndicate, 604-688-5552; Boboli, 604-736-3458; Mescalero, 604-669-2399.

PLAYBOY COLLECTION

Pages 106–109: **Clock radio** by *Sony*, for store locations, 800-222-SONY. **Watch** by *Bulova*, at Smart Jewelers, to order, 800-422-6999; Feldmar Watch & Clock Center, 9000 W. Pico Blvd., Los Angeles, 213-272-1196. **Toothbrush sanitizer** by *Purebrush*, to order or for store locations, 407-834-8020. **Rubber-band gun** by *Gatlin*, to order, 800-683-GUNS. **Car-care kit** by *Zymöl*, to order or for store locations, 800-999-5563; Via Moto, Water Tower Place, 875 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, 312-943-1700. **Knife** by *TriEdge*, to order, 800-421-6787. **Radar detector** by *Cobra*, for store locations or product information, 800-COBRA-22. **Golf clubs** by *ATI*, to order or for store locations, 800-477-2007.

PLAYBOY ON THE SCENE

Page 165: **Fax machines:** By *Ricoh Corporation*, for store locations, 800-603-RICOH. By *AT&T*, for store locations, 800-225-5627. By *Murata/Muratec*, to order or for store locations, 800-543-4636.

MICHAEL JORDAN *(continued from page 64)*

"I don't need the cheers. I'm not going to wake up in the night and say, 'Why did the screaming stop?'"

JORDAN: I'd say four years. If I make it, I make it. If I get tired of basketball sooner, I won't make it. All this negative crap that has happened. Who needs it?

PLAYBOY: What if Reinsdorf wanted to make it worth your while to play longer, to keep the stadium full?

JORDAN: I would never play an extra year for money. I play the game because I love it. I just so happen to get paid. If I don't feel I still enjoy the game, I can care less what a year is worth. I'm not going to play the game just because of money.

PLAYBOY: Somehow, it's hard to imagine you just walking away.

JORDAN: People keep saying, Well, you're never going to be able to walk away, you're always going to want that spotlight. All these old boxers come back, but not me. Once I walk away, I'm walking away. I'm not going to embarrass myself coming back, like I really need that roar of the crowd to live. It was good while it lasted. I've got memories of it. I don't need it again to continue to live. That's what my family is for.

PLAYBOY: What's it like to be a married superstar? Does it take pressure off, or put more on?

JORDAN: It's great.

PLAYBOY: Why?

JORDAN: It was a well-timed decision to settle down and get married. And it's been a more laid-back environment for me with a wife and two kids. If I were seeing a person, I might be more nervous about infection than I am now. It would have been magnified even more for me if I were single. But I made a choice to get married and to have kids and to settle down with the family, and I'm glad I made it.

PLAYBOY: You grew up in a pretty stable family environment. Did it seem natural to get married?

JORDAN: It was like walking into another unknown situation. But I was ready to learn what marriage was all about. Every day you learn something. To live with another person for the rest of your life, that's something you have to work at. You're going to have some good times, some bad times. As a couple, as a unit, as a family, you gotta fight your way through it. But having kids always overrides any problems. And you know, it's sad to say, but especially considering Magic Johnson's situation, I look at my kids and think, I'm very fortunate.

PLAYBOY: Do you want a bunch more?

JORDAN: Not a bunch more. Maybe a couple more.

PLAYBOY: How does Juanita feel about that?

JORDAN: She's with me. But she wants all boys; I want two girls. I had two brothers and two sisters, so I want a combination of both.

PLAYBOY: Are you worried about your boys, in terms of being Michael Jordan's sons?

JORDAN: No. I just want them to have their own lives. I'm not going to try to guide them anywhere. I just want to teach them right from wrong, then let them make their own decisions. I know Jeffrey loves basketball. He has a basketball hoop in every room.

PLAYBOY: Does he understand the game?

JORDAN: Yeah. He travels a lot. He knows how to shoot a free throw. I tell him to shoot a free throw, and he backs up, dribbles, concentrates, boom. When he goes in for a dunk, he holds his form. And when he's really excited about things, he starts shooting and saying *Yes!* He's a show-off, man.

PLAYBOY: Whom do you look to for guidance?

JORDAN: Most of my guidance has come from my parents. My mom told me to deal with life as it comes, enjoy it as it comes, and that's what I've been doing. Good, bad or ugly. Whatever good that happens, I'm grateful. I give all my respect and tribute to whoever has a hand in it. But when all the bad stuff comes, I try to deal with it in a positive manner.

PLAYBOY: Are you looking at other players to see how they handled the transition from the N.B.A. back to private life?

JORDAN: Julius Erving is doing exactly what I want to do. Do you ever see Julius? Do you ever hear from Julius? But I know Julius is doing something he wants to do, and he's kind of taken a step back from public life. That's exactly what I want to do. When his time was up and he walked away from the game, he walked away proud, respected. Exactly what I want to do. When I feel that I've reached my peak and I can feel my skills diminishing, or if other players that I used to dominate have caught up with me and are on the same level, I want to step away.

PLAYBOY: You know there's going to be a long line of guys eager to take you apart, too.

JORDAN: And there'd be a long line of articles saying so-and-so killed Jordan tonight. I'd rather step away from the game before I subject myself to that, without a doubt.

PLAYBOY: Very few people have ever been able to walk away.

JORDAN: You know what I think? Very few people play because they love the game. Most of them play because they make good money. They keep playing because of the money. I could care less about it. In five years, I would probably stand to make six to seven million dollars, maybe even more than that. But if I don't love the game, no check is going to keep me playing.

PLAYBOY: Would you ever consider going to play in Europe after you retire from the N.B.A.?

JORDAN: Yeah, I've thought about it. I would love to go to Europe to play for one year. I could play once a week. It would be like a field trip.

PLAYBOY: What won't you miss when you quit the game?

JORDAN: I won't miss the glare, I won't miss the aggravations of people waiting for autographs at all times of the night. The hotels, I won't miss all that.

PLAYBOY: What about the screams?

JORDAN: I won't miss that, either. Screaming for another human being is sort of a waste. What's the purpose of screaming? You're not hurt, are you? I don't need the screams and the cheers and I'm not going to wake up in the middle of the night and say, "Why did the screaming stop?" Because I really didn't need it to keep me going, anyway. It was that inner determination to prove to people that, hey, whatever you think I can't do, I can do. Even last year after we won it all—and I showed people that I could pass, I showed people I can play defense, I showed people I could shoot—they said, Let's see him do it a whole year.

PLAYBOY: What's left? What's the challenge now?

JORDAN: The challenge is to keep winning and get more rings. People don't consider you great until you have three, four, maybe five rings. They consider you the greatest if your team is winning. I want to continue to win and make sure I'm an important factor in winning.

PLAYBOY: What do you think you'll miss the most about basketball when you retire?

JORDAN: The competition, the pre-season. I get a kick out of that, coming back for the next year and going through training camp and seeing all the new players. You go at them and challenge them every day. When someone asks, "What's Michael Jordan like to play with?" I want them to say he busts his ass at practice. He plays at practice like he plays in the game. When I play against someone that's new in the league, I make him respect me. They may have heard about me, but now you get to see me actually in front of you. That drives me. Like playing out West. They don't get to see us that much. I want to come in and say, This is what you're missing.

THE FAX OF LIFE

Fax facts: Although the process was invented about 1850, it wasn't until the past decade, when transmission time shrank and quality improved, that the fax boom began. Today, there are over 6,000,000 fax machines installed in business and home offices. But the big news is that portable fax machines have become almost as hot as cellular phones. Pictured below are three: AT&T's Safari NSX/20 notebook computer offers two-way fax transmission, while Ricoh's 11"x7"x2" PF-1 is recognized by the *Guinness Book of World Records* as the world's smallest facsimile machine capable of sending and receiving letter-sized documents. And the last model, the Murata/Muratec M750, even incorporates a full-function telephone and a photocopier. And that's a fax.

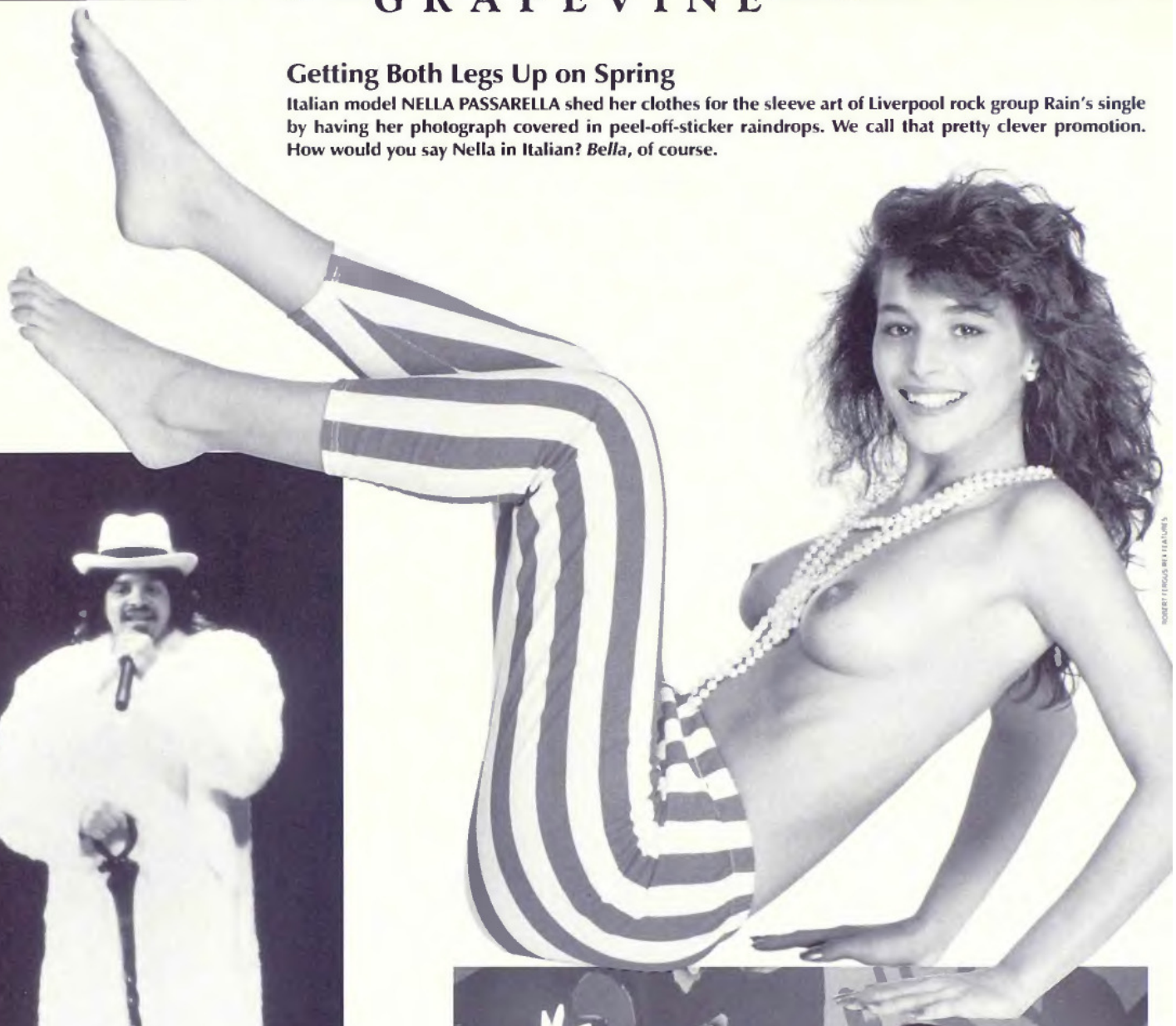
STEVE CONWAY

Below, left to right: Ricoh's PF-1 portable fax machine, which weighs only 5.5 pounds, can be used with three power sources: by an adapter from a car's cigarette lighter, a rechargeable battery pack or an A.C. adapter, $1495. The Safari NSX/20 notebook computer, by AT&T, weighs only 7.3 pounds. It has many features, including the ability to send and receive faxes, about $4200. Murata/Muratec's compact M750 fax machine/telephone/copier features 15-second document-transmission speed, an answering-device connection and a voice/fax switch, about $600.

Where & How to Buy on page 163.

Getting Both Legs Up on Spring

Italian model NELLA PASSARELLA shed her clothes for the sleeve art of Liverpool rock group Rain's single by having her photograph covered in peel-off-sticker raindrops. We call that pretty clever promotion. How would you say Nella in Italian? *Bella*, of course.



What Becomes a Legend Host?

It may not be politically correct in the Nineties, but comedian SINBAD donned floor-length white ermine for a comedy sketch. He had a starring role in *Necessary Roughness*, was a series regular on TV's *A Different World* and a comedy-special host. Look for his comedy LP *Brain Damaged* and have a good laugh.

Creating a Buzz

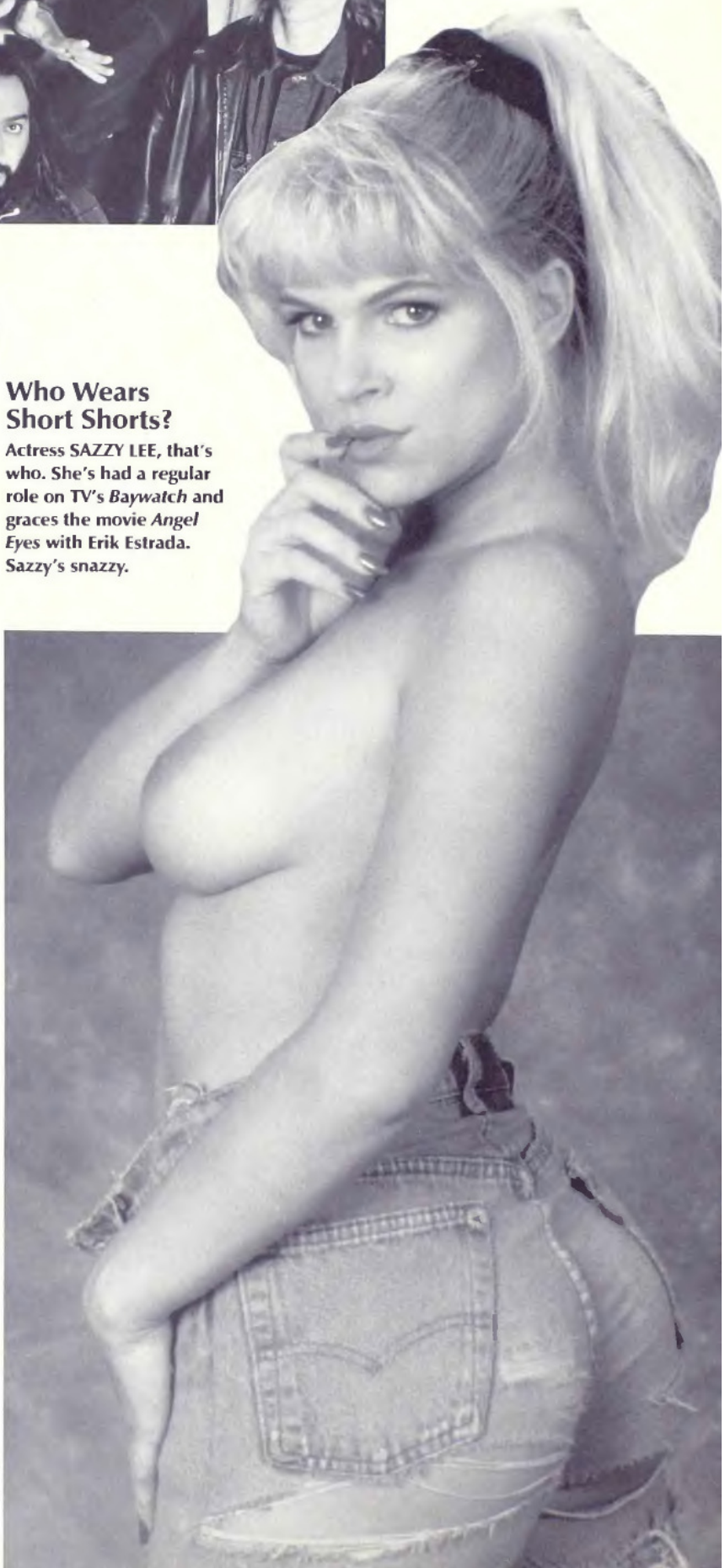
Have you heard VOICE OF THE BEEHIVE? Check out the LP *Honey Lingers* and the single *Monsters and Angels*, and then save a few bucks for their U.S. concert tour early in the summer. The sweet smell of success.

All That Glitters Is Metal

Hot Seattle metalheads SOUNDGARDEN have toured with both Skid Row and Guns n' Roses, playing their hit single *Outshined* from the LP *Badmotorfinger*. They'll stay on the road until Washington State is famous for more than apples.

Brian's Vibrations Are Getting Better

With his problems behind him, Beach Boy BRIAN WILSON can get back to making music. He told all in his autobiography, *Wouldn't It Be Nice*. He's looking for Rhonda to be his muse, again.



Who Wears Short Shorts?

Actress SAZZY LEE, that's who. She's had a regular role on TV's *Baywatch* and graces the movie *Angel Eyes* with Erik Estrada. Sazzy's snazzy.

Melinda's Back and We Have It

Starlet MELINDA ARMSTRONG is seriously cute. She's appeared in national ads for Sears and Toyota, had a guest shot on TV's *Growing Pains* and played the lead in *Bikini Summer*. What more could we wish for?

WATCH WORDS TO THE WISE

If you have time on your mind and bucks in your wallet, then the International Collectors of Time Association may be just your club. For $100 a year, you get six issues of the club's slick magazine, *Timetalk*, that's crammed full of photos and articles on rare or antique wristwatches, pocket watches and cigarette lighters. Plus, there are meetings in New York, Hong Kong and London, and more. Drop a line to 1 Old Country Road, Suite 330, Carle Place, New York 11514 or call 212-838-4560.

ADAM NIKLEWICZ

GIVE YOURSELF A HAND

Blame it on the movie *The Addams Family*, in which a disembodied hand named Thing ran away with the film. Now battery-powered life-sized squirming hands are selling hand over fist, and the Hands On Distributing Co. is the number-one distributor of the product—hands down. Two styles are available: a hand with a self-contained battery pack for $17.50, and one with an external battery pack for $14.50, both postpaid. To order, let your fingers do the walking: 212-496-5150. Thing's been thumbed out.

JOHN SCHNEIDER

ACTING UP

Think of Caught in the Act as a Nineties version of the game Clue. Only the act that occurs is libidinous rather than murderous, and the board is a bachelor apartment complete with great room and whirlpool rather than a creepy old mansion. Like Clue, the winner is the Sherlock who identifies the missing cards—and the couple engaged in sex. (A cheerleader, a jock, a nurse, a banker, a playboy, a detective, a doctor and other characters have replaced Miss Scarlet, Colonel Mustard, Mr. Green and the rest of the Clue gang.) To order a game for $29.95, call the creator, TNT Games in Columbus, Ohio, at 800-284-7529.

A WATERY GROOVE

No, the boat illustrated above isn't a science-fiction artist's notion of what a 21st Century passenger craft would be like. It's the $125,000,000 SSC Radisson Diamond, the largest twin-hull cruise ship ever constructed, which will soon be cruising the Caribbean out of San Juan. Ports of call will include St. Kitts–Nevis, St. Martin, St. Thomas and St. John. What really separates the Diamond from other cruise ships is its catamaran-hulled design, which provides stability with a minimum of vibration, and the fact that 123 of the 177 cabins come with balconies. Prices for four-, five- and seven-day cruises range from $2400 to $4200 per person, double occupancy. To learn more, call 800-333-3333.

STICK IT!

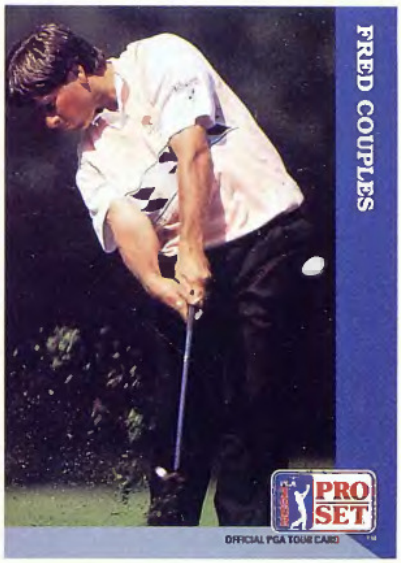
Looking for a different way to commemorate all those great moments in your life, such as your ex-wife getting remarried? Contact Hal Yoak, a gentleman at 11382 Paloma Avenue, Garden Grove, California 92643, whose specialty is custom-carved walking sticks. All you do is supply Yoak with a history of your life and photos of mementos and he'll do the rest. Prices range from $65 to $100. Call him at 714-638-4485 for more information.

NOSHING ON CLOUD NINE

Chocoholics will be in heaven after they've tasted Cloud Nine, a new line of chocolate bars that are available in five never-before-offered delicious flavors: double nut brittle, malted milk crunch, whole sun-dried cherry, espresso bean crunch and pure vanilla dark. The candy bars sell for about two dollars each. Call 201-216-0382 to learn who sells them in your area.

P.G.A. ALL THE WAY

The official player cards of the 1992 P.G.A. Tour will be out soon from Pro Set Inc. in Dallas, and if you're a golfer who's as confused as we are as to who is in competition, this is an easy way to separate the men from the boys. For $40 you get a boxed set of 300 cards that have a picture and statistics on all P.G.A. Tour, Senior P.G.A. Tour and 20 European P.G.A. Tour players—plus a nifty binder with protector pages to hold them in. Golf and collectible-card stores will sell the set, or you can phone 214-407-2850 for the nearest dealer. Play through!



THE SOUND OF EAGLES

Want to know what it was like to be aboard an F-16 fighter or a B-52 bomber during the height of the 40 days of battle in Kuwait? Pick up *Eagles Over the Gulf*, subtitled "Desert Storm: The Pilots' Stories," an audio double-cassette documentary by Cassette Productions Unlimited in Irwindale, California, drawn from interviews with air crews, coupled with combat cockpit recordings. *Eagles* is available at book and record shops for $11.95. A percentage of the sales is donated to the U.S.O.

PAPER DOLLS

Serious pop-culture buffs know that Dave Stevens was the creator of the classic adventure book series *The Rocketeer*, which was made into a Disney film last year. But Stevens is also known for his pinup art; his latest collection, *Just Teasing*, is an oversized softcover book featuring 16 full-color prints of luscious ladies such as the one titled *Wanted* pictured here. (Others include a pirate, Betty Page, space vixens and more.) *Just Teasing* is available for $17.95, postpaid, from Ursus Imprints, 5539 Jackson Avenue, Kansas City, Missouri 64130. Yes, the 15″x11″ prints are detachable.

NEXT MONTH

TOP PLAYMATE

LOVERS' TIPS

PRESUMED GUILTY

SEXY SILK

RALPH NADER, ON THE CAMPAIGN TRAIL AS A WRITE-IN CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT, CALLS FOR A CITIZENS' CRUSADE TO TAKE THIS COUNTRY BACK FROM ITS RULING ELITE IN A SCATHING **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

"AN ELEGY FOR SEPTEMBER"—A LIBIDINOUS COED TURNS A NOVELIST'S VACATION INTO A MID-LIFE CRISIS—FICTION BY **JOHN NICHOLS,** AUTHOR OF *THE MILAGRO BEANFIELD WAR*

HOW DID **BOB COSTAS,** ANCHOR FOR THE SUMMER OLYMPICS AND HIGHBROW CHAT-SHOW MUNCHKIN, GET TO BE KING OF THE HEAP? THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY. A *PLAYBOY PROFILE* BY **LEE GREEN**

LYNN MUSCARELLA, THE HOSTESS OF *VOYEURVISION,* CABLE TV'S RACY PHONE-SEX SHOW IN NEW YORK, GOES NATIONAL IN A HOT-WIRED *PLAYBOY* PICTORIAL

"THE HONG KONG MOB"—AS THE BRITS RETREAT FROM THEIR CHINESE OUTPOST, THE MOST RUTHLESS GANGSTERS ON THE PLANET ARE PACKING UP SHOP—AND MOVING TO THE U.S.—BY **T. J. ENGLISH**

"TEN THINGS NEVER TO TELL YOUR LOVER"—ADD YEARS TO YOUR RELATIONSHIP AS OUR IN-HOUSE ROMANCE EXPERT REVEALS WHAT YOUR SWEETHEART WANTS TO HEAR—AND WHAT SHE DOESN'T WANT TO HEAR—BY **DENIS BOYLES**

"PRESUMED GUILTY"—WHEN DIVORCE AND CUSTODY BATTLES TURN UGLY, A GROWING NUMBER OF WOMEN ARE RESORTING TO ONE OF THE DIRTIEST TRICKS IN THE BOOK: CALLING THE FATHER A CHILD MOLESTER—BY **HARRY STEIN**

PATRICK SWAYZE, THE GUY WHO DIRTY-DANCED HIS BUNS OFF TO BECOME HOLLYWOOD'S FIRST MALE BIMBO, SHOWS US HIS OTHER, MORE SENSITIVE SIDE AND EXPLAINS HOW HE CAME BACK FROM THE DEAD IN A SNAPPY **"20 QUESTIONS"**

PLUS: AT LAST, WE REVEAL THE IDENTITY OF 1992'S **PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR** AND SHOW YOU WHY SHE WON; FASHION DIRECTOR **HOLLIS WAYNE** DEMONSTRATES THE VERSATILITY OF THAT MOST PRIZED FIBER, SILK; ON THE SCENE WITH AUDIO-TO-GO; AND MUCH, MUCH MORE

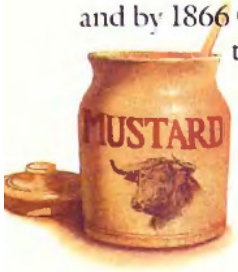
Bull Durham

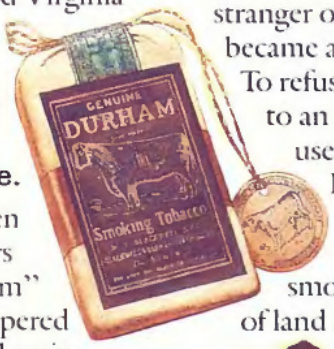
An American Legend Since 1871.

The legend of Bull Durham began during the Civil War in Durham, North Carolina. In a tiny factory, James Green was making smoking tobacco from flue-cured Virginia Bright. A lull in hostilities gave soldiers an opportunity to sample Green's tobacco.

The Genuine Article.

After the war, Green was flooded with letters requesting his "Durham" tobacco. Business prospered and by 1866 Green had registered the Bull trademark, which was actually inspired by the label on a jar of mustard from Durham, England.





Soon, a barnful of imitators sprang up. There was "Sitting Bull Durham," "Jersey Bull," "Black Bull," "Old Bull," "Bull's Head," and many others.

Genuine "Bull" Durham was registered on January 3, 1871.

A Token of Friendship.

Bull Durham, which had become a favorite in the East, followed the settlers to the West. A Bull Durham cigarette shared with a stranger on a lonely trail became a token of friendship. To refuse a "Bull" was akin to an insult. It was even used as a land measure. Buyer and seller would light up a "Bull." The end of their smoke marked the length of land in the transaction.

A Part of America.

By the early 1900s Bull Durham had become as American as baseball. Pitchers went through their warm-ups under the Bull Durham billboards. Hence, the term "Bull Pen."

A Tradition of Good Value.

The taste that has made Bull Durham a legend is still there. It is now being reintroduced (and is available) as a Filter cigarette in both full flavor and lights.

When it comes to good value the legend of Bull Durham lives on.

It's still *"A fistful of flavor for small change."*

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

Filters 14 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine, Lights: 10 mg. "tar" 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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Canadian Club®

A PREMIUM WHISKY, UNRIVALED IN QUALITY AND SMOOTHNESS SINCE 1858.

40% alc./vol. Blended Canadian Whisky. Imported in Bottle by Hiram Walker & Sons, Inc., Farmington Hills, MI c. 1991.